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SYDNEY



debonair men of the city
immaculate black and white,
Women in lame and satin,
Women in velvet and sequin,
meet in the foyer to-night.

FIRST NIGHT

By PHYLLIS DUNCAN-BROWN

With flowers that droop from their shoulders,
And diamonds that gleam in the light,
With perfume and laughter and jest,
Well groomed and exquisitely dressed,
The thrill of another first night.

LADY GAME At... Buckingham PALACE

Her Exclusive Story of the World's Most Brilliant Ball

From LADY GAME—By Beam Wireless

For sheer magnificence, no function in the world can compare with the Court Ball. The radiant beauty of the brilliant ballroom scene gives it a fairylike quality of glamor unlike anything else I have witnessed. But, to begin at the beginning.

First the thrill—impossible to escape the word!—of dining at the Army and Navy Club, better known as "The Rag." Practically all the men were in uniform, and all the women adorned with tiaras—a sure sign of an important social function. Then the drive through the Mall, the lights of Buckingham Palace, the long rows of cars queued up waiting patiently.

We should have waited, too, having no private entree, but our chauffeur had other ideas, and swung round Queen Victoria's Memorial towards the entrance, where, he said, "Ambassadors go."

He was stopped by two burly policemen, but, before more protests were possible, had produced the card with the name of the car's occupant. The result was surprising! "Ho! Hin you go! Straight hin!" And "hin" we went. Triumph of the chauffeur!

INSIDE the palace soft lights, beautiful frocks, diamonds, and uniforms everywhere. Red carpets, too, reminiscent of one that has been in use at Government House, Sydney, through a long line of Governors. Again kind care was extended. A tall friend murmured, "One new policeman take them through." And we hurried by Captain Howard Kerr into a long corridor where, one imagined, "ambassadors go," and through which the Royal procession was about to pass. The rolling of drums announced the approach of the Queen. The King, alas, had bronchial catarrh and had been ordered a fortnight's rest.

Lovely and dignified, she came, this wonderful Queen of ours, bowing to curtsying ladies who awaited her, in pale pink dress shimmering with diamonds, diamonds at her throat and diamonds in her hair. Beside her, in kilt and tartan, was the Prince of Wales, looking astonishingly fair and young. He must have been a proud son that night, and, perhaps, the Queen was an even prouder mother.

I wished the women of Australia could have seen them as they walked together. Following them, the Duchess of York, in glistening white, with turquoises round her throat and a large turquoise-blue feather fan in her hand. She was smiling happily as if at the thought of her two little daughters asleep in their cots. Behind, too, came the Duke of York in kilt and tartan, like his brother. Then the Duke of Kent and the lovely Duchess, graceful in sapphire-blue, and the Duke of Gloucester in the beautiful uniform of his regiment. They passed into the magnificent gold-and-white ballroom, followed by their retinue and the great company of guests. The Royal Artillery String Band played the National Anthem, and dancing began.

Brilliant Sight

YES, the Court Ball is one of the most brilliant sights in the world—a dais at the end of the room with a red canopy behind, and above the Throne tiers of seats mounting high on

Exclusive!

THIS is the first time in history that a description of a Royal Ball at Buckingham Palace has been sent by wireless to Australia by one of the guests at the Ball.

That the writer is Lady Game, so well known and loved in Australia, makes the article all the more intriguing.

each side, crowded with beautiful dresses glittering with the diamonds of women, the polished floor reflecting the lovely colors of the uniforms and decorations.

One must be just—naval uniform stands out pre-eminent in dignity and distinction. This is largely due to the beauty of the epaulet.

Why did not the Air Force add the gold of epaulettes to the full-dress? The crowd was so great, dancing was difficult, but what did that matter with such a spectacle to entrance the eyes? There passed faces known to Australians both in Sydney and Melbourne. Among them were Lord Bledisloe, prominent in the last Honors List, and Lady Bledisloe, smiling in her kindly manner on everyone; Lord Milne, in the magnificent full-dress of a Field-Marshal; Lady Milne, looking abnormally young to be the mother of the attractive daughter accompanying them; Sir Neville Wilkinson—an invisible escort of ladies from Titania's Palace, no doubt, surrounding him—with Lady Beatrice and her tall daughter, Gwendoline, a very keen, efficient guide; and Mr. and Mrs.



MISS MARGARET ALLEN (left), who acted as linesman at Kyeemagh Polo Grounds on Saturday, discusses the game with Mrs. Jim Ashton.

—Women's Weekly Photo.

Thorby, full of enjoyment after their few months "over this side."

TIME passed quickly with meeting and greeting old friends the hand playing old waltzes, new waltzes, and even a polka until the Royal procession formed again for supper. The many supper rooms were beautifully arranged. Gold bowls on the tables held flowering plants, lilies, roses, and gladioli. Here was no clash of color, no rose-pink to be outdone by scarlet uniforms. Red roses of the polyanthus variety, red gladioli, white lilies longiflorum, all toned with the brilliant colors worn by the guests. Footmen in scarlet and gold knee breeches with powdered hair completed the beautiful well-thought-out scheme of coloring.

Every Luxury

ON the walls the gold plate of the palace gleamed against a red background, and on tables was every luxury found in a fairy palace by the Prince in a fairy story that generally melted away as he touched it.

On this night luxuries were of the

solid variety that only melted to the extreme satisfaction of the throng of hungry guests. After supper more dancing, more meetings, more happy congratulations on honors, appointments, and promotions.

The Duke of Gloucester, passing among the guests, recognised two Australian hosts, and spoke kindly of the much-regretted absence of the King, and passed on, leaving two guests with even deeper affection than before for his charming personality. And then the end of a wonderful evening. The shining crowd gathered again on red carpets in the wide Hall, and in beautiful order carriages arrived for departing guests.

One almost imagined the coming of fairy godmothers' coaches and winged steeds to carry away the radiant throng, and the sudden disappearance of the palace with a thunderclap as the last diamond vanished. But, as I passed next day, it stood there stately, serene, no fairy palace, but the home of those who have given themselves to the service of their country, the centre of all that is strongest and best in a nation.

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THE "BARROW WIDOWS" Keep the Home Fires BURNING

Our Exclusive Interview with the wives of the Beechworth Barrowmen

While two men have blazed a barrow trail to Buffalo and world fame, two women have kept the home fires burning.

They are Mrs. S. Evans and Mrs. T. Parkinson, the wives of the passenger and the pusher respectively in the wheelbarrow Derby from Beechworth to Buffalo Chalet, fifty miles up the mountain-side.

WITH her son, Donald, as mainstay of the firm, and daughter, Phil, as further support as book-keeper, Mrs. Parkinson has carried on the business at her husband's garage.

And while Mr. Evans has joyfully blown his whistle round the bends on the mountain road Mrs. Evans has worked the beer handles in the bar at their hotel.

Mrs. Parkinson has also been more or less tied to the house through an injured leg.

There is a cheerful sporting atmosphere in the homes of both the barrowmen, and their wives have a good-natured "boys will be boys" outlook about their husbands' latest exploit.

Sporting achievements are a habit in the Parkinson family. On the sitting-room mantelpiece is a row of cups—some of them won at bowls by Mr. Parkinson, and the others won by the eldest daughter, Phil, in tennis championships at Wangaratta and Beechworth.

But Mrs. Parkinson, plump and quietly jovial, is content to make her garden her hobby.

The full length of the long verandah

is piled with tiers of lovely ferns, which she has collected in the various country towns where she has lived, and every time she visits Melbourne she brings home a new plant to add to her collection.

While the world rocked with anxiety as to which of the barrowmen would win the bet, Mrs. Parkinson was worrying because a rhododendron, claimed to be white and scented, had turned out to be red and without perfume.

Example To All!

Mrs. Evans, a slim woman with a volatile personality, declares she never attempts to influence her husband.

The fifty-mile barrow trip, she says, is one of the best holidays he has ever had. "And if," she added, "the publicity given to the barrow marathon makes a few husbands sufficiently barrow-minded to bring out their barrows and tidy up their gardens and backyards, then Mrs. Parkinson and I can both feel proud that our husbands have done some good through this joke of theirs."

Mrs. Evans plays tennis and croquet in the summer, but lets her husband have golf, his favorite sport, to himself. This attitude is typical of her breezy acceptance of anything her husband or her children want to do.

Let's Talk Of Interesting People



—Hollywood photo.

SECRETARY OF HOSPITAL

MISS MAY MITCHELL has been secretary of the Women's Hospital, Crown Street, Sydney, for nine years.

She is known everywhere for the sympathetic interest she takes in all worthwhile women's organisations. During the years she has held office at the hospital she has endeared herself to all with whom she has come in contact.

Miss Mitchell is an enthusiastic golfer and ice-skater.



WIFE OF AMOUS PEER

LADY TWEEDSMUIR, formerly Mrs. John Buchan, is the wife of the distinguished novelist and historian who is to succeed Lord Bessborough as Governor-General of Canada.

Lady Tweedsmuir aids her husband in his historical researches, and is herself the author of an historical novel, "The Sword of State." She is a great lover of good literature, and is often to be found poring over volumes in the Oxford College library.

Lord and Lady Tweedsmuir intend leaving England for Canada in October.



SPECIAL MAGISTRATE

MRS. F. ESME DESAILLY is one of the pioneers of advanced child welfare work in Victoria, and is well known for her philanthropic work, particularly among young people.

She is the wife of Dr. Desailly, of Brighton, and recently she was appointed special magistrate of the Children's Court at Brighton.

Mrs. Desailly was the first special magistrate appointed in Victoria outside the metropolitan and provincial cities, and up till last year, when she made Melbourne her home, she was special magistrate at Camperdown—a position she had held for many years.

She has always been interested in tennis and golf and all kinds of sport for young people, and is a good friend to all Scouts and Girl Guides. The committee of the Melbourne Ladies' Benevolent Society claims her as a valuable member.

HAPPY SCENES of POLO WEEK



A GROUP OF FRIENDS enjoying cigarettes in between dances. Included are Mrs. James Banks (centre), Mrs. Colin Chisholm on her left, and Mr. Banks on right.



MRS. SAM HORDERN and the hostess, Mrs. Anthony Hordern, at the Polo Ball at Retford Hall.

THE HOST, Mr. Anthony Hordern (right), greets Miss Joan Badgery and Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Bishop on their arrival at Retford Hall.



Miss Lorraine Barnes, wearing two shades of blue fashioned in the Russian tunic mode, and her sister Moya, in black velvet, at the Retford Hall ball.

WITH a spare polo stick in readiness for an emergency, Mrs. R. Wheatley (right) watches the polo. Accompanying her are Miss Peggy Reynolds and Miss Jean Gibson.



MR. AND MRS. CUTHBERT SHELDON and Miss Glenide enjoying a picnic afternoon tea in between matches at Kyeemagh Polo Ground.

Social Highlights from the Kyeemagh Chukkas and the Retford Hall Ball

—Special Women's Weekly photographs.



ENTHUSIASTIC SPECTATORS at Kyeemagh—Miss Vera Hickey, Mr. Wallace Horsley, whose husband plays with the Assamander team, and Mrs. Irwin Maple Brown.

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WHAT I DISCOVERED ABOUT HAIR

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"After using your course for one week my hair stopped falling and began to improve wonderfully. To-day my hair is as healthy as it is possible to be, and the thin parts are almost as abundant with hair as the rest of my head."—G. Hooper, M. B.S.W.

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N.Z.'s "QUADS" Behave Like LITTLE CLOCKS

They Spend 18 Hours a Day in Bed and Grow Fat on Calories

By MARY TRUBY KING

Almost as famous as the Dionne "Quins" are the New Zealand "Quads," four months old on June 26.

When but one-day-and-a-bit, these children of Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, Caversham, Dunedin, were transferred from the hospital in which they were born to the Truby King Baby Hospital, Anderson's Bay, Dunedin.

The babies' weights were then: Bruce, 4lb. 1½oz.; Mary, 3lb. 10½oz.; Kathleen, 3lb. 11½oz.; and Vera, 4lb.

DURING their first two weeks at the hospital the babies were sponged and oiled instead of having the usual bath.

They had only two complete undressings weekly in the beginning; later the sponging, oiling, and dressing were increased to three times weekly, gradually being increased in frequency until the procedure became a daily occurrence.

At first they had a special warmed room (being premature), but now they follow the routine of full-term babies, spending most of their time out on the verandah and having a good exercising each day in the kicking pen.

Frequency of Feeding

THREE-HOURLY feeds plus one night feed were found necessary till the babies reached 6lb. in weight, when the night feed was discontinued. When 7lb. in weight, four-hourly feeding was commenced—the babies then having five feeds each per diem.

Bruce has been, so far, the strongest of the quadruplets, but all of them have made good progress.

General Routine

THEIR days are spent mostly in sleep, for little ones of so tender an age need at least 18 hours of slumber out of the 24. At 6 a.m. they are fed; 9 a.m. is bath time, after which they have their 10 a.m. feed and are tucked up again till 2 p.m. At this hour they are fed again, and then follows their time in the kicking pen.

Each baby in turn is fondled at this hour—it is their "mothering time." Then orange juice is given in boiled water, and the babies are undressed, "topped and tailed," and put down to sleep. At 6 p.m. another meal is brought to them, after which they sleep till the final meal at 9.30-10 p.m.

Absolute regularity of feeding times, sleep times, and exercise times is insisted upon, for good habits must be formed from the earliest age.

Already the babies behave like little clocks, and will be far less trouble to their mother when they are finally handed over to her than would be one spoilt, untrained infant.

The babies' diet for the first three days of life was a 10 per cent. "Karlina" solution, "Karlina" being a sugar specially prepared in N.Z. for infant feeding, and containing a large proportion of dextrose.

During the first few weeks breast milk from foster mothers was given to the babies whenever possible, the total daily allowance being made up with humanised milk containing cow's milk, whey, "Karlina" sugar, water, and Karjol emulsion.

The food at this time contained a



"MOTHERING TIME" for the "quads" is one of the most important hours of the day. Of course, they're popular with the nurses.

relatively high sugar and low fat percentage.

As soon as Mrs. Johnson's health permitted, she followed her brood into the Truby King Hospital, where every effort was made to increase her breast milk supply.

During her stay in this hospital two of her babies were partially breast fed but, owing to Mrs. Johnson's ill-health, it was found impossible to increase the supply above 20 ounces a day.

Orange juice was introduced when the babies were six weeks old.

On June 3 the diet, etc., of the "quads" was as follows:

Baby	Orange Juice	Humanised Milk	Sugar	Fat	Protein	Actual Calorie Count	Theoretical Calorie Need	Weight of Baby
Bruce	30	2.1	8.8	1.7	0.63.1	425	425	4lb. 1½oz.
Kathleen	27.5	2.4	8.1	1.7	0.61.6	375	375	3lb. 11½oz.
Mary	27.5	2.4	8.1	1.7	0.61.6	365	365	3lb. 10½oz.
Vera	27.5	2.4	8.1	1.7	0.61.6	378	378	4lb.



HERE THEY ARE, Kathleen, Mary, Bruce, and Vera Johnson, the famous "quads," of New Zealand.

SOLDIER WHO Became Famous DESIGNER

Few dress-designers have the astonishing record of Lucien Lelong, whose special article for *The Australian Women's Weekly* appears on page 9. Twice cited for bravery during the war, and decorated with the signal French honor of the Croix de Guerre, he was a distinguished soldier before he entered the world of the haute couture.

In the short space of three years he rose to the pinnacle of his chosen profession and his name became one to conjure with in the inner circles of fashion. He had the inestimable advantage, however, of being thoroughly trained in his youth for his work.

HIS father was a dress-designer with a well-known house on Place de la Madeleine, and it was there young Lucien learnt the first lessons as to what constitutes good clothes and good design.

He was 25 when he finally persuaded his father to permit him to present his first showing of clothes he had designed himself. The date set for Lucien Lelong's official debut as couturier was August 4, 1914.

Two days before the chosen date,

Lucien Lelong had joined the staff of General Allenby as liaison officer, and it was not many weeks before he found himself at the front, surrounded by dirt and death instead of the silks and satins of his dreams. The years passed and still the war continued. Lelong distinguished himself. He received the Croix de Guerre, and was twice cited for bravery. During the last year of the war he was so severely wounded that when the armistice was signed he was still convalescing in a hospital.

Dreams Came True

BUT the war was over, and the old dream returned. One year later his name was already known in Paris in the world of the couture. Three years later he was definitely classified among the leaders of his profession. By 1924 his business had grown to such an extent that he decided to give it a sumptuous and permanent home.

He bought the beautiful old house on the Avenue de Matignon, right off the Avenue des Champs Elysees, in the heart of elegant Paris. It had to be completely modernised and redecorated. The sumptuous salons, where society had gathered in the days of the French Kings, remained still sumptuous, but now society came there to look at clothes, and the buyers from all corners of the world crowded in.

Ambitious and enterprising, Lelong soon decided that he must organise a perfume business besides the dressmaking. He did this and then made a trip to the United States of America to open a branch. This was still in 1924. Although still young, he was then only 36, he was given the highest honor in France. He was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour.

The world depression did not catch him unprepared or disarmed. In the face of the advancing crisis, he organised a cheap dress department, where women of taste, who can no longer pay the big price for exclusive models, can still find Lelong ideas and Lelong taste.

SINGING That Spoils CHILD VOICES

Mr. Harold Rogers, of Melbourne, commenting last week on the youthful voices he had heard at the Bexley Eisteddfod, said that their chief fault was that they sang with a maturity beyond their years, and that the children's voices were not natural enough.

He added that he had found the same faults to a lesser degree in Victoria and Queensland.

"TOO much eisteddfod work and too many public appearances spoil a child's voice," said Mr. Rogers.

The subject was discussed with The Australian Women's Weekly during the week by Mr. Roland Foster, noted Australian authority on voice culture.

"I think," said Mr. Roland Foster, "that Mr. Harold Rogers is probably referring to the fact that some music teachers make the mistake of professionalising their pupils."

"Some teachers make a child sing like a grown-up person, with all the airs and graces of a star, instead of with a natural sweet simplicity, which is so attractive. This, of course, only applies to a relatively small number of competitors, and is not an example to be followed. Any attempt at the undue develop-

ment of a child's voice should be carefully avoided, as a temporary gain in volume or range will only react unfavorably on the child's voice later on.

More Expressive

"CHILDREN are naturally inclined to sing more expressively, and often more intelligently, than grown-up singers, because of the absence of self-consciousness, and this ability to identify themselves with the mood of a song or the meaning of a poem can be and should be encouraged.

"But this is something quite apart from the actual vocal capacity of the singer, because in this respect the small voice can be quite as effective as a big one."

"I am always sorry myself when I

hear a child allowed to put on a big tone, as does occasionally happen. It was probably something of this kind to which Mr. Rogers referred.

"In the choice of test pieces for the City of Sydney Eisteddfod we have been very careful to choose songs with an easy range and in which artistic effect will be the main consideration and not volume or range of voice.

"Song is the natural birthright of children—of girls especially—and so long as they are restricted to suitable types of song, the exercise of the voice is in every way desirable. In addition, the deeper breathing, which is necessary for vocal purposes, is healthful and stimulating to the physique.

"Professionalising brilliant pupils is certainly a mistake, because when they are taken about from one concert platform to another, they never think of anything else.

"I want to make it clear," added Mr. Foster, "that the proportion of teachers who do this sort of thing is very small. At a small eisteddfod, the number would probably be relatively greater than in a big musical carnival. It was probably this that attracted Mr. Rogers' attention and drew his comment."

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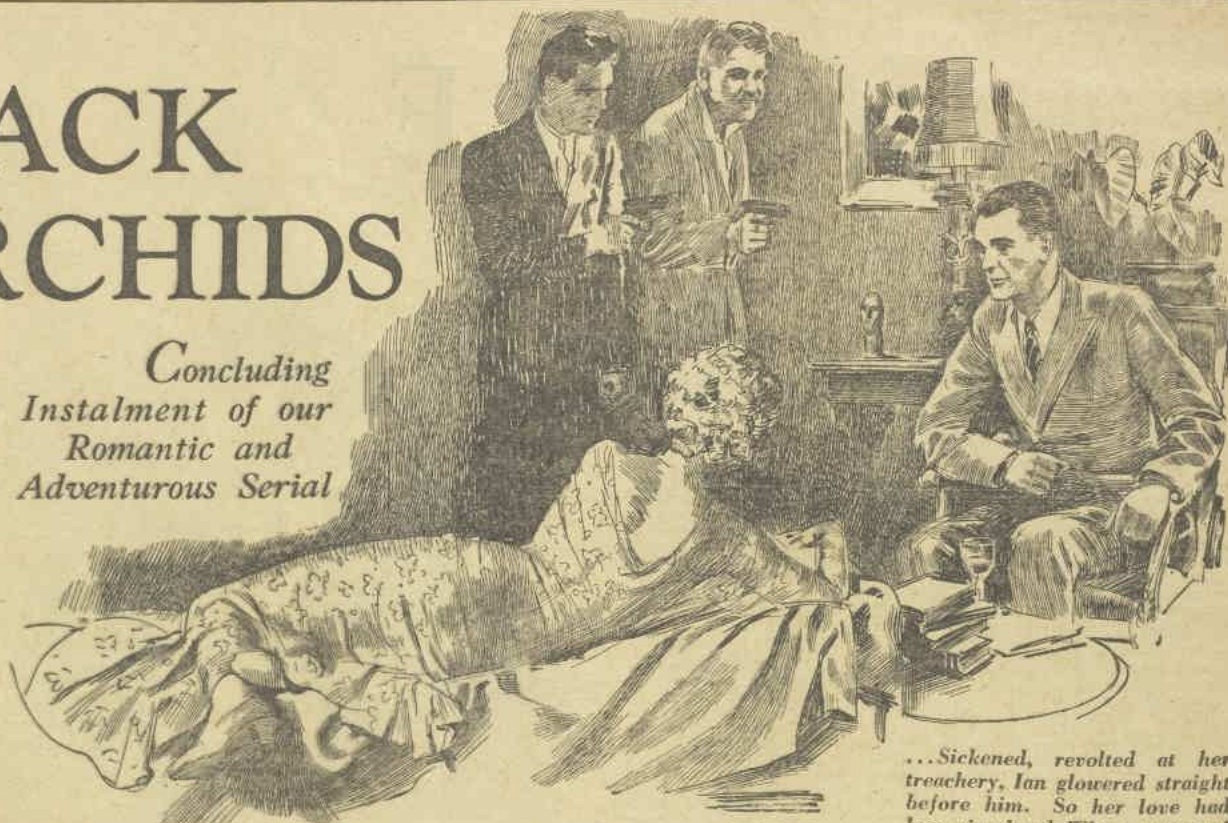
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MASON

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IAN GRAY, First Secretary to the American Minister to Austria, is concerned over the infatuation of his colleague, Leonard Holt, for the notorious Countess Lolita von

Waldeck. . . . But, when Ian meets the Countess at the Austrian Ministry he, too, is fascinated by her beauty and cannot understand how one so lovely and naive could cause the tragedy and heart-break with which she is credited.

He asks her if she realises that because of her, Leonard is jeopardising his position and his engagement to Ilya Zichonyi, lovely daughter of a Hungarian Minister. She mockingly replies, "I am going to devour your helpless little lamb to the last bit of wool."

Much to Ian's surprise, she invites him to her cousin's residence the next afternoon, asking him to say nothing to Leonard. Try as he might, Ian could not refuse. While they are talking, Colonel Soboleff, of the Bulgarian Royal Guards, breaks in upon them, flashing a revolver and crying, "Lolita has befuddled her last lover!" Ian tells him with a blow. The Colonel threatens revenge. Later

him to bring the treaty to his home that night. Ian has five hours in which to recover the valuable document from Lolita, whom he believes an Acquitian operative. So, with a courage under his arm he nonchalantly goes to keep his appointment with her.

A look of fear creeps into Lolita's eyes when Ian tells her Leonard has been sent to Paris. She was evidently worried about how, with Leonard gone, she would get the other half of the treaty. Ian takes Lolita for a ride in his car. Her sleeve falls apart, revealing an angry red mark below the shoulder. Ian is puzzled. They stop at the Schloss, where the waiter leads them to a secluded table at Lolita's request.

CHAPTER 13.

AN old waiter, hurrying past the door of the tower with a tray of cocktails, shot a glance inside and smiled to see a handsome young chap sitting very close to a girl in a green afternoon dress. Quite brazenly this clean-cut young fellow had his arm about the girl and she sat with her head resting upon his shoulder, her mouth very close to his ear.

But the passing waiter failed to note that the young man's smile was a fixed, mechanical one, which was not surprising, since at that moment Lolita was whispering not tender thoughts but a tale so horrible it staggered the imagination.

"Never, beloved," she was whispering, "have I told this before—see how I trust you? It would mean death for me and mine were it betrayed—"

"Go on, dear—and have no fear—"

"Then Samoniev, a lieutenant of this same Bobkine who passes as my cousin, Ernst von Bradensee, ordered mother buried to her neck in the pig sty—after that the swine were let loose."

The slender fingers between Ian's brown palms seemed to grow chill. Through the consuming passion that had seized him, Ian struggled to see clearly. . . . Was this all a lie—a carefully calculated appeal for sympathy? Or was it the truth? He could not decide.

"After that they set fire to the palace, and shot my father and Gregory, my only brother, after lining them up against the dairy wall. Olushka, little Feodor and I were forced to watch; then they dragged us away."

"At first I refused to do anything I was told. I was only a child—fourteen or so. But when Samoniev threatened to secure my even smaller brother and sister, I agreed to serve them for ten years."

The head on Ian's shoulder stirred a little and the scent of Orchids Notes flirted at his nostrils. "That was in the winter of '20-'21—at the end of ten years Bobkine swore to release me, together with my brother and sister; they are still in Acquitania."

"So, they're being kept as hostages?"

"Yes. To-night they are prisoners at Podolsk on the Hungarian-Acquitian border."

"And when will they cross?"

Illustrated by
BOOTHROYD

The girl drew a deep, shuddering breath. "To-night or never. Bobkine forces me on—but wait. For several years I was held in Acquitania where my gift for languages was useful to the secret police. It was hell, but I had to save Olushka and Feodor and it was better than the shame of playing the international adventuress."

"A year ago I was ordered to assume my mother's title—she was Gräfin von Waldeck before her marriage. I was sent to claim her very valuable estates in Austria. Everywhere I went Bobkine was always with me. Re-established, he forced me to—this wretched game. At his command I was forced to flirt to entangle certain attaches, poor souls! Their blood is on my hand—"

She bent on him a deliberate, searching glance, as Ian cried incredulously, "But this devil Bobkine. He can't be that jolly pink and white little fellow I saw at dinner last night."

For answer Lolita twitched aside her wide sleeve to expose the red mark he had seen earlier that day. "No!" she whispered and her eyes were like blue ice. "Last night he did this—when I refused to ask your friend, Leonard, for a copy of a certain treaty—"

At the sight of that tender white shoulder marked by the atrocious red mark, Ian felt his painfully regained self-control slipping!

"Ye gods!" he growled, "just let me get at that—"

"No, no," she panted, wide-eyed with fear. "You see my despair? If the Commissar at Podolsk does not hear favorably from Bobkine to-night, Olushka and Feodor will die such a death as would make a Siberian wolf shed tears of pity."

"And if he hears that all is well?" demanded Ian, very thoughtfully.

Treachery—or Love?

The expression on that lovely, fear-haunted face became lit with an ecstatic joy. "Then my sister and brother cross the border and are safe. Bobkine has his faults—a million of them—but he keeps his word."

"Well," inquired Ian cautiously, "did you get the treaty?"

Jerkily, the girl's head in its broad-brimmed leghorn hat inclined and she stared at Ian with eyes that were wholly tragic.

"Yes, and no. I will tell you everything—men, cher. Last night, for the reasons I have told, I tempted your friend, promised him everything and—"

"—and she shot him a sudden, shrewd look, "but I am sure that you know—you are here to recover the stolen treaty—"

"Yes," admitted Ian, and immediately cursed his precipitation. "Later, I have an offer to make—but now, I am only interested in helping you. And there was to his words the ring of truth."

"Do you really mean that?" she inquired very quietly and with evident relief.

"Yes. Do I understand that your period of service to the Acquitians ends with the matter of this treaty?"

"That is right," she murmured and her hands closed spasmodically. "You, who have always been free, cannot know what the loss of freedom means. As for me, I—I have been a slave, worse than a slave, since to the world I have seemed to be my own mistress. No one blames a slave for doing vile things; everyone knows the choice of conduct is not his or hers—"

IAN straightened, offered his companion a cigarette from his silver case and, when she shook her head, lit one with great care. He wanted time to think. The key to success lay near at hand. A bit of cleverness and he might win. A bit of carelessness and dark tragedy was at hand. Dare he trust Lolita? He loved her—in any case he had to have her. Why then, why not gamble on her honesty? Trust to courage and resource if a chance came to win—otherwise, he'd have Lolita, take her if he had to by sheer force.

"Look here," he said and his eyes shone with a devotion that drew roses to Lolita's cheek that were not paler than the roses twining about the bower. "I will do anything you ask. Perhaps we can work this out—"

The girl shifted sideways on the seat to study him with frank deliberation.

"Ian, my beloved," said she at last, "I believe you are telling me the truth, that you really do love me in spite of the strange, unhappy way we have met. And I—I love—will love you to the last hour of my life. So—"

"Let us arrange things this way—you will bring the second part of Treaty X-2 to Number 73 Kerpepel Ut to-night—"

She beheld his features darken and went on a little breath-

lessly, "so that Bobkine will send the telegram to Podolsk. Once it has been sent I will help you any way I can to recover the whole treaty—to kill Bobkine, anything."

"You must plan how the recovery is to be made and then tell me my part." The daring of her suggestion amazed him—everything would be easy if—she were to be trusted.

"All right," he said, "I'll bring the second half—"

"Be sure it is the real one," she urged. "Bobkine is very clever, he would detect a fraud in an instant and then, Lolita's face stiffened, "he would not send that wire to Podolsk. You see what a terrible blow it was that Leonard was sent to Paris? I hated to lie to him so and tell him that I loved him, but at worst it was his career against three lives—Olushka's, Feodor's and mine—for Bobkine would not hesitate to kill me were he to suspect treachery."

Ian, for the third time that after-

...Sickened, revolted at her treachery, Ian glowered straight before him. So her love had been simulated. What an actress!

noon, drew her close and kissed her. "My darling," he said, "you may rely that I shall come to the Kerpepel Ut to-night, at nine o'clock. With me I will bring the second half of Treaty X-2."

Glad in a dark blue business suit, Ian Gray halted before the door of Number 73 Kerpepel Ut and drew a long breath. The next hour, he sensed, would be reasonably full of excitement. The whole affair was strictly up to him—too bad, he dared not enlist the help of one or two friends, but the theft of a treaty was something to be kept utterly secret. Now that he was away from the magic of Lolita's charm he could think clearly; he'd simply have to watch for his chance and act quickly, without hesitation.

What a mad gamble this was—if Lolita had lied, tricked him, he was doubly lost, for now he had the second half of Treaty X-2 under his arm.

If it was a lie, all that talk about Feodor, Olushka and the telegram, it was clever—yet there was a chance that, with a gun thrust into his jolly pink face, Comrade Bobkine could be persuaded to return treaty and copies—even a red rabble-rouser didn't like to die.

But what would he do when Lolita was present? He wondered. Under her spell he doubted whether he could act at the right time should she wish otherwise.

Never had he felt so uncertain of himself. Hell! There was no use pondering any more. He'd go ahead and hope for the best.

HIS hand, closed tighter on the handle of the brief case and he shifted the cone-shaped bundia which contained two dozen gorgeous roses to his left arm, before reaching for the bell. As he stood there a sudden sense of uneasiness came over him and he stared over his shoulder at the Park opposite. There was a lot of tangled shrubbery there, but—just then the door was opened by a footman who stood a good six feet tall. He spoke in German.

"Bitte herein kommen." The ponderous wrought iron and plate glass door swung back and the campaign began.

The big caller realised his pulses were hammering wildly when he laid his soft grey hat on a graceful Louis XVI console and, still carrying the brief case and the gift of roses, followed the footman up a broad flight of stairs so thickly carpeted as to be absolutely silent.

"Monsieur Ian Gray," announced the footman, and Ian once more was ushered into the little sitting-room he had previously seen.

A single lamp—a beautiful piece in the modern manner—lit the room from its place beside a broad flame-colored velvet settee that was strewn with cushions of various sizes and shapes. On it he was glad were none of those idiotic, long-legged dolls beloved of women afflicted with adult infantilism.

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If There Had Been no Clouds

IF there had been no clouds when the day died
There might have been beauty, still, but not the same
Wild riot of color that set the sky aflame
And bailed the landscape in a racy tide
There might have been beauty, exquisite, austere,
But not the exultant glory that was here. . . .
If there had been no clouds when the day died.
If there had been no tears behind her smiles
There might have been charm and brilliancy unknown,
But not that mellow radiance all her own
Like light through stained glass in cathedral aisles,
Her gentle glance that seems to heal and bless
Might have been hard with pride and selfishness
If there had been no tears behind her smiles.
—J. Somerville Walker.

that night the first half of the Magyar-American Trade Treaty regarding Acquitian goods is stolen from the safe in Ian's office.

After writing a confession of his guilt and a warning to Ian to avoid Lolita, Leonard shoots himself. His condition is critical. The shooting is kept secret, but Ian fears the sordid story will have to be told when Mr. King, the American Minister, requests

The ICICLE



JOHN STANTON rose to take his leave. With formal precision he pressed his lips lightly against the delicately-withered cheek of his Aunt Lorina. Then he turned to touch lightly the extended hand of her pretty ward, Dorothy. The ceremony of the usual five o'clock

Sunday tea in the old house in Princes Gate was concluded. Outside the house he hesitated for a moment, gave a slight sigh of relief and turned in the direction of the park gates. A cigarette under the trees was always welcome after these perfunctory Sunday teas at Aunt Lorina's. Then he would continue his walk across Hyde Park to his chambers in Curzon Street.

After Stanton's departure, Dorothy relaxed upon a pouffe close to Aunt Lorina's chair. A log crackled in the huge fireplace, for the late spring day was chilly. Her gaze, pensive and slightly troubled, sought the glowing embers. The thin, white hand of the older woman strayed caressingly over the shoulders of her companion.

"John Stanton is an icicle!" Dorothy started slightly, but made no reply.

"John Stanton is an icicle," repeated Aunt Lorina, "frost-bitten from his birth. Scratch his skin and I'll wager you'll get blue blood, not red. No emotion—never even had a fight at school. At Cambridge they nicknamed him 'Fish' Stanton on account of his cold blood—and he never resented it. As for the opposite sex, we exist in my nephew's consciousness as a sort of vague phenomenon tolerated in an incurious way—that's all."

"I—I rather think you are mistaken about John, Auntie." The old lady's hand closed with a grip on her ward's shoulder.

"Dorothy, my dear, a sunbeam once tried to thaw an icicle. It was a tough, old Zero icicle, and the sunbeam was young and tender. Do you know what happened to the sunbeam?"

"No, what?"

"It got frost-bitten and turned into a moonbeam!"

"I know," replied Dorothy, laughing softly as she gazed into the fire, "and ever after the moonbeam was called 'Romance'—romance that gently penetrated to the heart of the icicle and kindled a glow which spread and spread until the tough old Zero became a rippling, laughing stream of gladness!"

Aunt Lorina patted the shoulder of her ward.

"Don't be too sure, child. Fifty years ago, I too—out there on the balcony—It was moonlight that night—fifty years—the war gods called the next day—"

Court Jester

I AM the Court Jester.
I am the Fool.
Crows-legged simpleton
Perched on a stool.
Gracious Philosopher!
Pardon a clown—
Craving a privilege—
Lend me your gown!
Behold! O Clever One!
If I should frown:
Who is Philosopher?
Which one is Clown?
—Y. Webb.

he never came back." She gazed dreamily into the fire. Dorothy pressed her cheek against the delicate, white hand.

The thoughts of John Stanton, alias the Icicle, as he sat puffing his cigarette beneath the chestnut trees in Kensington Gardens, were peaceful if not deep. They were concerned mainly with the restful scene around him, and his rather handsome face was expressionless. His mind was functioning, certainly, but the thoughts evolved were too placid for facial expression. In retrospect might have disclosed a mild state of boredom, but he was not actively conscious of its presence.

It was while nearing the end of his fourth cigarette that something occurred which changed the placidity of his thought and caused a slight expression of perplexity and even annoyance to appear upon his countenance. His left hand, dangling idly over the arm of his chair, felt a warm, moist touch. With a start he withdrew his hand and turned to ascertain the cause of the touch. The cause resolved itself into an Airedale dog, full-grown, but so newly-arrived at that

A Complete Story by Byers Fletcher

state that its puppyish characteristics still remained.

As John bent his gaze upon it, the Airedale wagged its tail, cringed, then fawned and, raising a clumsy paw, stroked the immaculate trouser-leg beside him. It was clearly a self-introduction and an invitation to be friendly, but John was annoyed. The claws on the clumsy forefoot raked his leg uncomfortably.

"Go away!" he said, waving his hand.

THE dog did not understand. He licked the waving hand and gave a playful bark. John's annoyance increased. He rose from his chair and strode away across the grass. It was not that he disliked dogs. In fact, he neither liked nor disliked them. He had never owned a dog. He had never given any thought to liking or disliking them. He did not understand them, but felt in a vague, annoyed way that this dog had been unduly familiar. It had interfered with his tranquil smoke under the trees.

Without a backward glance, and with steps that indicated a definite objective, he made his way towards Stanhope Gate. It was with a shock of vexed surprise that, as he passed through the groups of well-dressed people seated on the lawn bordering Park Lane, he discovered the Airedale following him. Not only following, but, in his endeavor to keep close to the heels of his self-chosen friend, the Airedale became entangled with John's stick. John stumbled and regained his balance. There was a slight yelp from the dog, followed by an apologetic wag of the tail and wriggle of the body.

John muttered his annoyance, but went on his way. As he entered the hall-way leading to his chambers, he again became aware of the presence of his follower. He paused in perplexity. No dog had ever followed him before. He did not know what to do about it. He would ask Jarvis. As he opened the door of his chambers, the Airedale glided quietly in beside him and wagged a friendly greeting to Jarvis, who came forward at that moment.

"This dog has followed me from the Park, Jarvis. I don't know why, and I don't know what to do with him."

"Perhaps he is hungry, sir."

"Ah, yes, quite likely. Give him something to eat, and then put him into the street. Er—no, perhaps he is lost. He has no collar. But there's a lost dog's home! I seem to remember such a place."

"Yes, sir, in Battersea."

"Well, take him there after you have fed him."

"I don't think the home is open on Sunday, sir."

"To-morrow then."

"Yes, sir. I'll take care of him until then."

The thought of the Airedale faded from John's consciousness. When Jarvis assumed the responsibility for the solution of any problem concerning his household, there was no further need for thinking about it. It would be done.

He dined at his club, yawned a while with some fellow members over the magazines, then sauntered back to his chambers in the moonlight. As he opened the door there was a growl, a rush and then a yelp of delight as the Airedale projected himself at Stanton.

"Beg pardon, sir," said Jarvis, hurrying to restrain the dog now bounding in circles around the somewhat startled Stanton. "He heard your key in the lock and was out in the hall like a flash. An uncommon fine dog, sir, a thoroughbred, if I'm not mistaken. I've taken the liberty of giving him a wash and brush, sir."

"Quite so," said Stanton, gingerly patting the head of the dog. "I don't know anything about dogs, but he doesn't seem to be vicious."

"No, sir; he's absolutely friendly. He's young and needs training, but if I know anything about dogs, he's a good one, sir."

"Quite likely. Don't forget to take him to the lost dogs' home in the morning."

"No, sir," Jarvis hesitated as if

about to speak further, then led the Airedale away into his quarters.

Stanton lit a cigarette and sank into an easy-chair before the grate in which a fire glowed dimly. A shaded lamp on a table combined with the glow in the grate to soften the cosy shadows lurking around.

The door leading into the hall was slightly ajar. Now it opened wider, as if some unseen force had acted. The force revealed itself as the nose of the Airedale, and the tawny, black-saddled body followed the nose through the doorway. Silently the soft carpet received its footfall, and Stanton's hand, dangling loosely over the side of the chair, felt again that soft, moist touch he had felt in Kensington Gardens. He withdrew his hand, then allowed it to rest in a caressing way on the dog's head.

THE Airedale came closer and, resting its chin on Stanton's knee, looked up into his eyes. Stanton had never gazed closely into a dog's eyes before. They were large, soft, luminous eyes, and Stanton felt in a way uncomfortable and a trifle embarrassed.

For some utterly unexplainable reason he was reminded of the way his Aunt's ward, Dorothy, had looked into his eyes that afternoon. Dorothy—charming girl, no doubt, but—He moved impatiently, took his hand away from the dog's head and touched a button in the wall.

"This dog is here again, Jarvis," he said as that servant entered the room.

"Take him away, sir! I please keep him in your room until to-morrow."

"Yes, sir; I'm sorry, sir," said Jarvis as he led the dog away.

STANTON'S weekdays were methodical. They began with breakfast at 8.15. At 9 o'clock he stepped into his waiting car; at 9.30 he sat down at his office desk in the old building occupied for three generations by Stan and Son, Shipping Merchants and Traders to the East. The old firm name still remained, although the present John Stanton had no son.

On the morning following the Airedale's uninvited visit, John entered his car at the usual moment and was driven towards Piccadilly. He had not gone far before his chauffeur suddenly stepped on the brake, and the car

Then he found himself sitting on the pavement. He still retained his grasp on the leash of the Airedale, who stood over him barking viciously at Bill.

skidded to the curb and stopped.

"A fool dog, sir, nearly ran over him," explained the chauffeur.

Stanton glanced from the window and saw his follower of the previous day making frantic circles around the car. He had evidently eluded the vigilance of Jarvis, and was again on his chosen master's trail. His "chosen master," however, was not pleased.

"Drive on," he ordered sternly.

The car started again, but in less than a hundred yards the sudden application of the brakes almost jerked Stanton from his seat.

"Sorry, sir, but it's that dog again. I don't want to run over him."

Stanton frowned in perplexity. He opened the door of the car with a vague intention of summoning a policeman to handle the situation, but before the law's assistance could be invoked, the Airedale had bounded in at the open door and leaped upon the seat by his side with a friendly grin and bark.

For a few moments Stanton fended off the joyful greetings that followed, then he closed the door and said to his chauffeur:

"Drive to a shop where they sell dog collars."

He had resolved to take the dog to the lost dogs' home himself, and realised that a collar and leash were necessary for even temporary control of this wild and unwelcome guest.

"Fine dog," volunteered the dealer in dog collars as he adjusted one round the neck of the Airedale. "Champions in his pedigree. I should say, sir."

"Er—yes, I think so," said Stanton. The dealer's comment caused him to gaze at the dog with a slightly aroused interest. As he left the shop with the Airedale straining at the leash, he could not fail to notice the admiring glances of passers-by directed at his companion. Jarvis had done a good job the evening before. The dog's tawny coat shone with a golden gleam against the black satiny sheen of the saddle on his back.

It was astonishing, too, how dif-

You'll enjoy this romantic tale... of the sunbeam that thawed the icicle!



Illustrated by FISCHER



ferent he looked, with a collar, how its presence banished the derelict appearance. It said plainly: "Here is a dog that owns a master, that has a home and food, that has a god to obey, protect and love. No more aimless, homeless drifting; the derelict has been salvaged and towed into the harbor." All this that collar seemed to say.

THE Airedale perhaps heard it more plainly than anyone else, but some faint echo of it seemed to reach Stanton. He paused beside his car and pondered for a moment. He remembered now that they destroyed lost dogs at the home if they were not claimed within a certain time. It would be a pity, he thought, to end the joyful existence of such a beautiful animal. He was beginning to see it faintly as Jarvis and the dealer saw it. The pull on the leash certainly gave a peculiar tingle to the muscles of his arm. At the end of the leash was sixty pounds or more of an entity that had chosen him among hundreds of other human beings in the Park the day before, had picked him out as a master to be followed and loved.

The warm body of the Airedale pressed against his legs as he pondered, and now its nose was thrust into his hand. Again he gazed into the eyes of the dog as he had gazed the night before, and again he wondered impatiently why those eyes should remind him of Dorothy. But before he removed his gaze from the dog's eyes, his decision was made. He would take the dog with him to the office and decide later about the lost dogs' home. It was just possible that the dog might blend with his ordered scheme of things. If not, there was always the alternative of the home.

"Pick me up at Wellington Street," he said to the chauffeur. "I'll give the dog a little run."

Please turn to Page 26

AMATEUR LADY

Out of
Tragedy
Comes
Happiness.



SIMON was at home. He had been in the crowd round the fence during the saddle events, but he had watched not so much the showing of the horses as the Ransome

group, of which Philip was a part. He had noted with uneasiness Gilead's friendly presence among them. And he had seen with a bitter hopelessness the expression of Philip's face when Christine rode into the ring. The rapid, breathless incident of the two frightened horses and Christine's triumphant management in avoiding a serious accident had filled him with despair. He had been in the crowd that surged towards the stable after her, and had seen, though not heard, the brief exchange of words between the girl and Philip.

Blind with a conviction that she was irrevocably lost to him, he turned away, got himself out of the crowd, and went home. And now, suffering, tortured by jealousy, by the loss of what he most wanted, he sat in his house, his head in his hands, his body racked by pain and longing. He got up and paced the room, glad there was no one to witness his agony. Hating everything about him—the chair where Christine had sat reading to the children, the table where she had helped to set meals, the rooms where she had stood so often talking with him—he stumbled to the back garden.

The pump had been removed from the well, but the heavy

My Favorite Poem

Dreams For Sale

If there were dreams to sell,
What would you buy?
Some cost a passing bell,
Some a little sigh.
That shakes from life's fresh crown
Only a rose-leaf down.
If there were dreams to sell,
Merry and sad to tell
And the crier rang the bell,
What would you buy?
A cottage lone and still,
With bowers high,
Shadowy my woes to still,
Until I die.
Such pearl from life's fresh crown
Pain would I shake me down,
Were dreams to have at will,
This would best heal my ill,
This would I buy.

—Thomas Lovell Beddoes.

Sent in by Mrs. G. Trenouth,
93A Lower North Rd., Prospect,
S.A.

cover still lay on the grass at one side. He should have told them to replace it—it was too heavy for him to lift alone. He went and looked down into the water. It sparkled back at him, and made him feel thirsty. He must, he thought dully, get some planks from the barn and lay a temporary covering over the well. It was dangerous like this. Someone might fall into it. But even this simple action was beyond him then.

He turned aimlessly back to the house. Would it serve any purpose to make a final appeal to Christine? Supposing he went to her now, pleaded his great need, his overwhelming love,

By...
**Barbara
WEBB**

Author of "Three Who
Were Strong."

repeated to her all the objections to her marriage with Philip? Would it bring her any nearer to him? He went through the house, half-determined to carry out this plan. And in the doorway he stopped, afraid to believe his eyes.

Christine sat there, her face still white, determined. She looked up at the sound of his step and they stared at each other for a long moment.

"I've come, Simon," she said at last.

He opened the door and stood leaning against the lintel, feeling his knees weak, his faculties dulled as though he were in a trance.

"Do you still want me, Simon?" she asked.

"Want you?"

She was standing now, facing him, watching him steadily.

"If you do," she said, "we can be married now, this afternoon. We can go to the registrar's office. You said a long time ago that you had a licence ready in case I changed my mind."

Simon began to breathe rapidly.

"You mean it, Christine? You really mean it?"

"Yes, Simon."

"You won't go back or turn away while I'm gone to—to see about things?"

"No, Simon."

"You are afraid you will give in to Philip if we're not married at once?"

"Yes. You said you would take me on any terms, Simon."

"What will you do about him—after we are married?"

"Speak politely to him if we meet; nothing more. That's finished. We're not likely to meet often—Philip and I. He will—perhaps even hate me, for—"

"For marrying me," Simon finished bluntly.

"For marrying you," she agreed calmly, the tremor gone from her voice.

Simon moved a step closer to her. He wanted to put his hand on her hair, to take her hands in his, but something forbade his touching her yet. He began to speak eagerly.

"We'll be married, then, Christine, immediately. And we'll drive off directly after the ceremony and stay away a week or so, let things calm down a bit. I'll go now and see the registrar—I—I—"

He bent towards her, but she did not look up. He hesitated just a moment, moved by some obscure pity for her, then straightened his shoulders and moved down the path.

WHEN he was out of sight, Christine slipped down to the top step and sat there, perfectly still. She looked long out to the hills, feeling stir within herself all that had happened these last months. Philip's coming. Their love. The barriers to its fulfillment. Her own hard refusal. The sapping of her will to do what she believed right by every sight of him. Her renunciation. This accomplishment of her purpose by taking herself finally and completely out of his life, through marriage with Simon.

"There's no other way," she said to herself.

A long shadow lay athwart the hills now, and Christine watched it. Above the shadow the sun lay clear and golden green on the tops of the pines.

"I'm in that shadow," thought Christine. "It's where I belong. Philip is in the sun above me. If he came into my life, he would come into the shadow, too."

And suddenly a sob rose in her throat. Her whole being was rent by a pang, so sharp, so deadly that she felt it like a knife, cleaving her flesh, penetrating her very bones. Like birth, like death, like the profound sorrow that wars always with human happiness. It passed, and she felt sweat on her forehead, knew that her



Illustrated by
BOOTHROYD

He stumbled, lost his balance, clutched wildly at the air, and fell, his head striking the masonry, his body disappearing with a crash into the depth of the water below.

hands were trembling, that she was shaken and weak.

The shadow still lay upon the hill, but now its borders had softened, grown blue and misty. Its severe austerity was gone, merged into the peace that was part of the calm and unmoored beauty of the hills. Christine's lips trembled into a smile. So would her life lie, hard and sharp at first, then soften as she grew in acceptance of it. She sat quietly until the sound of a car coming down the road warned her of Simon's return. Then wishing to do him honor, she went into the house, going up to Lydia's room to freshen her appearance.

She was brushing her hair when Simon stood in the doorway, looking at her with an expression she had never seen on his face before. Fear, longing, something almost humble, as though he were beholding a miracle.

"I thought—I was afraid—you were gone," he stammered and put out a hand to touch her.

"I'm here, Simon," she said, laying her hand in his. "I'll always be here, after to-day."

He put his two hands on her shoulders and looked deep into her eyes. Then he bent his head against her hair and something like a groan burst from his lips.

"I can't do it, Christine," he said.

"Then I will marry you."

They stood together, Simon and Christine, and the old man began the ceremony. What his thoughts were, no one knew. He had known Christine since her early childhood.

Near the end of the service something made Christine glance towards the window. And there she saw the frightened and unbelieving face of Sandy, pressed against the glass. She tried to reassure him with her eyes, but he stared unblinkingly back at her. She felt her heart beat faster. Gilead must not know of this until she and Simon were well away.

The ceremony was over.

The words fell with dreadful finality on the afternoon air, and even as they died away Sandy vanished from the window. With a hurried word, Christine went to find him, but he had gone, perhaps to the

speech, "We'll not speak of that again, Simon. I will be all you want me to be to you, all that I can be, Simon."

They confronted each other for a moment, then Simon took her hands, "I'll be good to you, Christine. I swear it. I'll love you as no woman has ever loved before. I know you don't love me now, Christine. But I can wait. I will wait for that, Christine, by every good thing in my life, I swear to make you happy."

She smiled at him. "Then it's all right, Simon. And—thank you. Shall we go now?"

He dropped her hands, restrained the impulse to hold her close to him, to feel his lips tremble under hers.

"The registrar is waiting," he said. They went down to the office together. The old man looked at them keenly. Christine went to him and he took her hand.

"You are of the same mind as Simon, Christine?" he asked.

"Yes, Mr. Dewall."

"Does Gilead know of this?"

"I am of age," Christine answered. "Simon has wanted me to marry him for a long time. Gilead doesn't approve. It is better for him not to be here now."

"Marriage is a serious step, Christine; you are quite sure of what you are about to do?"

"I am quite sure."

They silence answered him. Gilead took a step towards Simon. "You let her do this thing, Simon. Fielding, liar, speller of good men's names, betrayer of women, son of Babel! that you are—you let her do this thing?"

Simon gave the barest nod. Christine pressed against the tree, breathless, terrified.

"You knew she loved another man? A man her own age, who loved her? You took her in her foolishness, in her flight from happiness? You, Simon Fielding?"

The old man's rage was terrible. His face worked. His hands were clenched fiercely before him.

"I know your abominations, Simon Fielding. I know you down to the better marrow of your bones, thief, robber, despoiler—God in Heaven, why do you bring down my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave?"

Terrible as an army with banners, he stood there. Simon shrank back, put up his hands as though to ward off a blow. He stumbled, lost his balance, clutched wildly at the air, and fell, his head striking the masonry, his body disappearing with a crash into the depth of the water below.

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Running Away From Love

in a strangled tone. "Can't let you do this—you know—after to-day, there won't be any objection to your marrying Philip. You love him—he—he cares, terribly—for you. He'd marry you in spite of everything. I didn't mean to say this to you—but—but I must—"

Christine took a step away from him, and looked at him fully. "I know all that, Simon. But, unless you send me away yourself, it doesn't make any difference. I came to marry you, hoping that would be enough. I want the truth between us—I'm running away from Philip—running to you for safety. But if you don't want me, Simon, then I'll go."

"No—no! I can't let you go. I want you for any reason, only something made me—somehow I had to be fair to you—to remind you—"

She shook her head, checking his

speech, "We'll not speak of that again, Simon. I will be all you want me to be to you, all that I can be, Simon."

They confronted each other for a moment, then Simon took her hands, "I'll be good to you, Christine. I swear it. I'll love you as no woman has ever loved before. I know you don't love me now, Christine. But I can wait. I will wait for that, Christine, by every good thing in my life, I swear to make you happy."

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"Marriage is a serious step, Christine; you are quite sure of what you are about to do?"

"I am quite sure."

The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Lait,
sketched by Petrov

ACCESSORIES that spell SMARTNESS



• **BLUE WOOL** suit bound with braid and worn with yellow accessories.

• **A BLACK** wool skirt and long coat with a fur collar has a printed taffeta blouse in white, red, emerald, and black, and a bunch of matching flowers.

SMARTNESS is judged, not by dress alone, but by every detail of the costume. Accessories such as shoes, bags, stockings and gloves are as important as the dress. An insignificant black frock, worn with the right accompaniments, can be as "chic" as the most expensive Paris model.

It is possible, these days, to give a dress or suit several different appearances by the judicious use of accessories. Just as a new hat gives life a fresh savor, so a fresh white collar or a gaily-colored scarf will assure a spiritual uplift. With pastel or bright-colored dresses and suits, shoes, bag, belt, gloves, and scarf are usually dark—the hat is dark or the same color as the dress.

With dark frocks, bag, gloves, collar, scarf, and belt may be light, shoes are dark, hat is either.

There is nothing smarter than a pastel dress, suit, or ensemble in either wool or silk worn with navy-blue, dark brown, or black accessories.

Shoes, belt, bag, and gloves can be all suede—the hat felt or fabric. Shoes, bag, and belt can be leather, and the gloves kid or fabric or suede. All these in brown, navy, or black can be worn with pink, blue, pale green, yellow, or beige frocks and dark coats.

With navy and black frocks or suits, white jabots, collars, cuffs, pique flowers, belts, scarves, sashes and bows, and blouses are worn with white gloves. A white bag too, if you like, dark shoes always, and perhaps a white hat if the day is warm.

With black, navy-blue, or brown dresses there are pastel and brightly-colored scarves, collars, and belts. With these your bag, gloves, and shoes match the dress. A brown wool suit has a turquoise-blue pique blouse and revers, a turquoise blue felt hat, and the bag, shoes, and gloves are brown.

A black dress has a bright coral scarf and belt, black hat and other accessories.

A navy-blue coat is worn over a yellow dress, the belt, shoes, gloves, and bag are navy, the hat yellow.

You must always have a dark hat to match your shoes etc., but a colored one to match the dress or scarf, perhaps made of the same material, will be a welcome change.

Pigskin Touches

VERY new are natural pigskin accessories—these come in belts, bags, and gloves—they are a crummy yellow, and are worn with black or grey.

New belts are made of a soft, brightly-

colored lineum, and are many inches wide. Chamotis accessories are the rage in Paris. With navy-blue, grey, or black, chamotis (which, as you know, is a dull yellow) gloves and blouses and hatbands.

Short one-button white gloves have appeared again. They are worn with tailored clothes and three-quarter length sleeves.

You will wear them with your short-sleeved cotton dresses next summer.

Flowers in Favor

FLOWERS, worn in great profusion on every type of costume, make the latest news from Paris.

A real flower in the lapel of your tailored suit. A bunch of real or artificial flowers on your topcoat. Fabric flowers on your day dress, every kind of flower in the evening.

White pique and organdie fashion

shaggy flowers for dark frocks. With pink frock and brown accessories, two brown crepe flowers at the neckline. Flowers trim the new spring hats; they are bunched at the necklines of the spring dress, they are tucked into the waistline of evening frocks. Fabric flowers are not difficult to make.

Smart Examples

THE importance of the correct accompaniments is well illustrated in the sketches on this page. In the first suit of navy-blue wool bound with braid, smart accessories are the yellow daffodil in the lapel, yellow chamotis gloves, handkerchief, and yellow cotton batiste blouse, and navy-blue hat, shoes, and bag. For a change, the yellow accents could be replaced by others of white pique.

The second sketch shows a black skirt and long coat; by adding a white

taffeta blouse printed in green, red, and black, and a bunch of artificial flowers in the same color, the ensemble would be perfect for the evening cinema.

A yellow or coral tailored crepe blouse as a daytime alternative.

With the next simple black wool dress is worn a fresh white pique jabot trimmed with stitching. The new very short white gloves are seen, and a smart white handbag with black handle and initial.

The sheer wool dress in dusty-pink has nigger-brown suede accessories. A wide belt with two initials instead of a buckle, brown antelope hat and brown suede shoes; the brown suede gloves and bag are closed by suede laces passed through metal eyelets. Navy-blue or black accessories would be equally attractive.

Sports accessories with the grey flannel coat are navy-blue leather buttons and belt, navy hat, shoes, and bag, and a red jersey scarf.

P E T R O V

• **BLACK WOOL** dress with a white pique jabot, short white gloves, and white bag.

• **PASTEL DRESS** with nigger-brown suede accessories; initials instead of a belt buckle.

• **GREY FLANNEL** sports coat with blue accessories and red jersey scarf.



Lucien Lelong writes about Movement in the Mode

in This Exclusive Article

By Air Mail

• A NEW NOTE is introduced by Lelong into the ermine cape with its wide lapels in the shape of a big bow. It is worn over a gown of taffeta.

• PRINTED TAFFETA is used for the Lelong evening model above, which is patterned with small flowers on a navy background. Very chic also is the frilly little white organdie cape which accompanies it.

• A LELONG knitted ensemble features a divided skirt in blue jersey and a sweater knitted in blue and white. The clever little cap, which is also blue, is coarsely knitted.

• FOR BEACH WEAR or deck wear Lelong designed the attractive ensemble at the right. The skirt is of thick white linen. The vest and cape of red linen encrusted with flower motifs in blue and white.



It has always seemed to me that a gown must be regarded from these points of view—first, its lines and its beauty in repose; next, and more important still, its lines and its beauty when the

wearer is in motion. With the thought that life is always motion I design my clothes.

More than ever the woman of to-day moves. In fact, she is most active and, although she has plenty of moments of repose, often the line which is beautiful when the wearer is still, suddenly becomes unbecoming with the modern free movement.

Moving Models

For this reason, when creating new models on living mannequins, I make them walk and keep constantly preoccupied with their surroundings.

When in motion a gown is mostly personal; it attains its real expression, and even the most tailored suit bends to this conception. At each movement a gown must disclose new and continuous beauty. Just as d'Annunzio says: "One must feel will-

ing to stop each movement for ever."

In introducing movement in my clothes, I naturally have to take account of the nature of the material I intend to use, even in details. For example, this season I am showing many big jabots on dresses and suits, wide flattering lapels made of stiff and yet ethereal organdie. For the evening gowns I tried to obtain this sense of loveliness by making the skirt fit the hips snugly and only having it swing out from below, touching the ground in full, flowing lines, which bend as the wearer walks.

I also have many draped effects on the skirt in order to add in creating this effect. Another innovation is the use of a fur band about a foot from the hem above an organdie ruffle, which not only gives weight to a skirt, but also a feeling of width.

We do not want to invent styles to be imposed on women. We try to be extremely sensitive to the currents of life and capture them before others have become aware of their existence. And having caught some new trend, we present it to our customers. It is left to them to give approval, or to say:

"No this time you have made a mistake. This does not please us."

Fashion Arbiters

No style has ever been forced on women. They are always the first and the last arbiters of what they wish to wear and to be seen in. Just as the athletic Australian woman knows best what she could wear throughout a day well filled with many occupations, so is the Parisienne pastmistress of the art of wearing an evening gown—the gown designed for the most frivolous and also the most serious moments of life.

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

Don't
neglect your
COLD

Treat it with the
Best Remedy—

**HEARNE'S
BRONCHITIS CURE**

Obviously the Best
Remedy is the Best
Treatment.

Hearne's Glo-Rub
PREVENTS COLDS
A Vaporizing Rub for 2.

For
Coughs and Colds

An Editorial

JUNE 29, 1935

GREAT DEEDS IN PEACE



RECENT events have proved, if proof were needed, that the human will and spirit can rise above the fear of death when the lives of fellow beings are at stake.

Australia has been thrilled in the last few days by a recital of deeds as outstanding in quality as anything done or dared during the war years.

We read of airmen braving gales of hurricane force in a search for the crew of a yacht in peril off a storm-lashed coast. At the same time a naval destroyer ploughs through mountainous seas, which threaten every moment to overwhelm it, in an effort to locate the missing craft.

These aviators and seamen were taking their lives in their hands. They were illustrating the truth that it does not need the incentive of battle or of armed combat to call forth the virtue of courage in its highest form.

Deeds of civilian rescuers have been just as heroic. A boy is swept to sea off Bondi beach; a passer-by plunges into the boiling surf, and in spite of being battered against the rocks succeeds almost miraculously in bringing the drowning child to land. A Victorian miner braves almost certain death to rescue a mate suffocating from coal-gas.

From Queensland comes news of a Roma resident who died from injuries received while trying to extricate a fellow passenger from a plane that had crashed and caught fire.

These are not rare or isolated examples of what happens in this and in other countries. We hear of them again and again. When the call comes, there is nearly always someone to answer it, no matter what the risk.

There are several forms of courage. There is the moral courage, which is as valuable as any, even if it is not showy or spectacular. There is the physical courage that manifests itself in enduring hardship—the kind of thing that justifies a claim like the poet Henley's to be captain of one's soul.

With a lustre all its own shines the courage that braves death, and often meets it, for the sake of others. It is the more noble because there is no incentive of monetary reward or of public applause.

While this trait is part of our heritage, while it flames out in all manner of places, no one can say the race is decadent. No one can say that as a nation we do not know how to live—or how to die. —THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

Conducted by A. J. BUCHANAN

Women in Conference

THERE is a Women's Empire Conference sitting in London, and the topics down for discussion are interesting and important. They include such subjects as immigration, scientific treatment of aborigines, and the great racial problem of the half-caste. These are in addition to the recurrent problems of the nationality of married women, and economic independence of wives.

There is a broader outlook on the part of women who meet in conference than was the case even a few years ago. Also the topics on which they are qualified to speak cover the widest range—social, racial, hygienic, and economic. The pity is that there is no legislative force behind what they do, or decide.

Most people are tired of the wrangling over loans and taxes and tariffs that is all we get from men's political gatherings. The case for women in public life gets stronger every day.

In a Cigarette Tin

CIGARETTE-SMOKERS the world over will be interested in the story of the Melbourne factory-girl who placed a card with her name and address in a tin of cigarettes she was sealing. The card contained an invitation to the receiver to write to her. In due course came a letter from Tonga, jointly written by a native of that island and his wife.

The quaint missive, as it appears in a Melbourne paper, has a charm all its own: "I found a piece of cardboard," writes the husband; "I was pleased because I always want a friend to write to because our little place is a lonely little home." And the wife adds in a neat handwriting: "We would like to have a friend like you so you can tell us news about your big city."

Will the card in the tin that went to Tonga start a new form of communication between lonely souls? No one knows. But the Melbourne girl is a resourceful pioneer.

Romance in the Outback

WHAT would life be without romance? Lady Hore-Ruthven, wife of the New South Wales Governor, made a tour of the Cessnock district recently. She asked the wives of some of the out-of-work miners what kind of books they liked. "Something with a bit of romance," was the almost invariable reply.

These women in outback districts, cut off from most of the things that city dwellers regard as indispensable, have a way of creating their own pleasures. There is no romance in their everyday life, but they get it vicariously from characters in books—when books are available. You realise the truth of Milton's great saying that "the mind is its own place." It can make a heaven out of a depressed mining district.

It is well, of course, that it should be so. And the movement to supply country people with books gets a fillip from what the Governor's wife related on her return to Sydney.

Shoo-ed Off Wives

"HOME they brought her warrior, dead!" The story of the Lady of Provence is a sad one, but at least she had the satisfaction of knowing that the warrior was hers to the last. She had the opportunity of ministering to him before he went into action, and the consolation of attending the last rites when he was brought in.

It is different in these days. The wives of our peace-time warriors are not allowed to go near the firing-line. All they can do is to hang over gates, and look through paling fences.

No one knows when an extra-fast delivery at Lord's or Nottingham will reduce the batting hope of his side to a flannelled piece of ineffectuality. The wife of the prostrate warrior will not be allowed to attend him. Officially she is not in the same part of the globe.

Marriage with one of these internationals has its drawbacks.

Shaw on Mixed Races

ONE of the penalties of fame like Bernard Shaw's is that anything he says in jest or earnest is liable to go round the world. This talk about mixed races and the advantages of inter-marriage between white and black populations is a typically Shawian utterance, though a little more startling than usual. Perhaps Shaw at 78—he will be 79 next month—realises that it is harder to get people to take notice than it used to be.

The Zulus have a staunch defender in Bernard Shaw, as they had in Rider Haggard before him. "The Zulus," says G.B.S., "are markedly superior persons, and all attempts to keep them in an



PLUS FOURS NOW!—A new fashion for the modern lass, which has made its appearance among the smart set in London.

inferior position will break down." Perhaps it is as well that we should be shaken out of our white race complacency, but the suggested remedy—inter-marriage of whites and blacks—is too much for the conscience of the ordinary white man or woman.

The brightest Australian comment is that of Mr. W. M. Hughes. Would Mr. Shaw like to try the experiment himself?

Lyric of Life

A Parable

There once was a mighty god of gold
Set up in the market-place;
So tall was he that the low-hung clouds
Were a veil about his face.

The little men who had set him there
And fashioned his golden limbs
Kneled at his feet in humble prayer
And wrote him a million hymns.

Until from weathering all the years
Of storm and dust and sun,
Now battered and tarnished, green and old

The reign of the god was done.
Then the children flung their mud and stones.

At a god that gleamed no more,
And the young men mocked and wondered what
The god had been fashioned for.

P. DUNCAN-BROWN.

You Can't Get Away from George & Mary!

The Jubilee celebrations have not been responsible for an extra wave of Georges and Marys at christenings, said the Metropolitan Registrar of Births in Melbourne the other day.

THIS is not to be wondered at, seeing that the names George and Mary are already so common among British people they could hardly become any more so.

One might almost say that there are far too many Georges and Marys, to say nothing of Toms, Dicks, and Harrys, and that it is about time people thought out some new Christian names.

Many well-meaning people have already done this, some with what may be disastrous effects on their offspring's future.

From inquiries made of registrars, it has been learnt that a few zealous Victorians have named their children "Centenary."

If these unfortunate children have any sense they will turn it into "St. Henry" when they grow big enough. But perhaps they'll be called "Centy" for short.

In N.S.W. it has been reported that one child at least has been christened "Jubilee." She will probably be called "Ju-jube" by all her friends.

As examples of originality these two are not very brilliant. It is a good idea to think out new names for people, but it is not such a good idea to saddle them with ridiculous ones.

It Is an Art

THERE is an art in selecting suitable Christian names. An American theatrical producer who has studied the subject declares that the syllable content of first and second names must be taken into consideration.

To illustrate his theory, he chooses Nell Brown with variations.

A one-syllable last name he thinks sounds sweetest with a three-syllable first name.

For example, he says, "I like the sound of Elinor Brown better than Nell Brown." Elinor Brown has a smooth, liquid flow, is a lovelier, more enticing description than short "Flain Jane" Nell Brown.

With a two-syllable last name he prefers a three-syllable first name. Elinor Browning sounds better than Ellen Browning or Eleanora Browning.

A three-syllable last name he prefers with a single-syllable first name—Nell Brownington, for example. The dignified though lengthy rhythm of the surname is thus given a refreshing slip.

This simple pattern, of course, can be varied to suit any combination of names.

Hard-sounding names, he thinks, should be softened. Hard "g's" and "n's" and "b's" with liquid "m's" and softening "l's."

If the surname happens to be Jones, Bruce, Smith, to harmonise choose Marianne, Lillian, Patricia—having the three-syllable first name in combination with the single-syllable surname, and the softening "m's" and "l's" and gentle, almost voiceless "p." Should the surname be Nicholson, try Sue, Pat, or Grace.

Stars' Names

ACTORS and actresses, particularly on the films, have realised the box office appeal of having attractive names.

Loretta Young has one of the most musical names of any, yet she began life as Gretchen Young. This was a discordant combination, although Gretchen can be very beautiful.

Other stars have changed the whole of their names to obtain a more attractive-sounding title.

Greta Garbo was born Greta Gustafsson. Mary Pickford was Gladys Smith, Winnie Lightner was Winnie Hanson, Carol Lombard was Carol Peters, Jeanette Loff was Jan Love—can you blame her?—Colleen Moore was Kathleen Morrison. Anita Page—a delightfully euphonious name—was born Anita Pomares.

AT one time the meaning of the Christian name was of some importance, but that idea has gone overboard of late, and perhaps it is just as well.

In America, where there is a craze for thinking out new names, there are young women called "Noma," which, in medical nomenclature, means something exceedingly nasty. Nedra, another new name, is quite pretty to our ears—but it means a poisonous adder. Many new names proclaim people to be blind, lame, bald, big, little, or downy-faced, so that any real significance in names has come to be quite ridiculous.

It is surprising to learn that even in America, where they do try to use new names, and where there is an abundance of "Dukes," "Kings," "Earls," and "Hirams," William—or plain Bill—leads at about five million as the most popular plain name, and more than 20 million are named Charles, James, George, or John.

You can't get away from George and Mary wherever you go—except perhaps in the wilds of Tibet.—B.B.



BLONDIE

Exercising For Health



ROYCE

PUSHING BARROWS is *Child's Play* TO ME

My Elephant-wheeling Trick Thrilled the World

By L. W. LOWER

Illustrated by

Australia's Foremost Humorist

:: WEP ::

All over Australia, and particularly in Victoria, people are pushing each other up mountains in wheelbarrows. There's a farmer in Yackandanda who intends to pull a sulky 190 miles with a fourteen-stone passenger in it. They are doing these things for a bet.

That kind of thing is child's play to me. Now, if the fellow who is pushing the chap up Mount Buffalo in a wheelbarrow took the wheel off the barrow and then pushed it there'd be some merit in the thing.

MYSELF, I'm prepared to carry the "Encyclopædia Britannica" up Mount Everest and then read it out loud with two hard-boiled eggs in my mouth.

I was challenged to stay out all night three times in one week, but the wager was only a measly £10,000, and I had a good look at the wife and decided it wasn't worth it.

All these stunts show a high degree of intelligence in those who participate in them. Also I have noticed that a certain class distinction is creeping into the industry. Extract from a Sydney paper:

"CHRISTCHURCH, Tuesday.—Two men here have undertaken a 50 miles in 8 days wheelbarrow stunt for a wager of only £5." The sneer in that last bit! Only five pounds! No sooner do the

upper strata of the intelligentsia start something exclusive but the blinking rabble start imitating it.

Elephantine Feat

ONE record I made remains unbeaten. It was when I carried an elephant from Perth to Brisbane. One of my elephants—I kept a herd of them to keep the grass down on my back lawn—took sick and it was apparent to my skilled eye that he needed medical attention. I merely mention this in order to convince you that the feat was not carried out in a spirit of frivolity, but rather was it a matter of urgent necessity.

I set off from Perth at dawn with a man walking in front with a red flag. We ran so short of provisions on the way that the man ate the flag.

As a matter of fact, by the time



we got to our destination there wasn't much left of the elephant on account of me gnawing at him from time to time.

It was a bitter struggle, tramping across the pitiless desert in the blinding sun. The only shade I had was the elephant.

At night I would cover it up with my coat and sleep in my singlet beneath the stars. Later, it got so cold at nights that I used to pull the elephant over me. It was much warmer that way.

As the days wore on he became feverish, and one night he started whimpering. I got up and gave him his paragon, but it didn't seem to do him any good and, would you believe me, I had to walk up and down all night with him. You wouldn't believe me? All right, then. Anyhow, I got him off at last, but he lost a ton and a half in less than a fortnight.

Needless to say, I was worried to death. I would sit beside him holding his paw and listening to his breathing. Every now and then I'd take his pulse out and wash it in an antiseptic, after which I would have to fold up the antiseptic, replace the wheels on it, and grind its valves.

After about three weeks, the man with the red flag went mad, and the antiseptic boiled in terror. I shot the man and, carefully placing the elephant on the ground, I marked the place with a stick so I could find him again, and set off after the panic-stricken antiseptic.

I caught it at last and led it back to where the elephant lay bleating pitifully. I applied a tourniquet in order to stop him from bleeding to death, and, gathering him up in my arms, I staggered on, followed by the thoroughly chastened antiseptic.

A Tearful Drink

IT was at about this time that I started eating small pieces of the elephant. I started on his ears as they were pretty ragged anyhow, and he didn't seem to mind, but when I commenced on one of his front legs he looked at me with such a pitiful expression that the tears welled up in my eyes and ran down my face, and that was the first drink I'd had for four days.

On the fourth week I was so emaciated (don't show your ignorance!) so emaciated that I was compelled to remove my spurs, fasten them on to the elephant's tusks, pick up his hind legs, and wheel him.

It was in this fashion that we staggered into Melbourne. (I thought you were going to Brisbane?) That, my girl, is the fault of the printer. Printers are always making mistakes like that. Uncle Lennie NEVER makes mistakes.

When I took what was left of the elephant to the vet, he said, "What was this?"

"My elephant," I replied weakly. I was almost spent. As a matter of fact, I had hardly any loose change.

He rolled my elephant up and handed him back to me.

"I can do nothing for you," he said. Sadly I put him in his trunk and left him at the Railway Parcels Office.

Sometimes, in the long winter evenings, I take the ticket out and look at it. Ain't life hell?

Marching on to Pancake Day with an elephant round my shoulders.

ON YOUR FEET ALL DAY?

SHOP to shop . . . counter to counter . . . just where your fancy takes you. But there's a price to pay, when the day's shopping is done, in weary, sore feet. This is where Zam-Buk is a blessing. Footsore folks will find it a soothing, healing balm which relieves chafing and swollen ankles and takes all the soreness from over-tired feet.

Try this Method for Relief.

Bathe the feet in warm water and rub Zam-Buk in over the soles and between the toes, and massage the ankles. As it is absorbed you will experience a feeling of ease and comfort such as you had not thought possible. This simple treatment will amply repay you in freedom from the strain of tired, aching feet. Try it to-night.

1/6 & 3/6 Everywhere

ZAM-BUK
for tired feet

'FLU' 'FLU' 'FLU'

An awful, woeful tale to tell!



And well may one sympathise . . . This most devastating of ills will strike anyone low. The FEVER, the COUGH, the aching limbs, the languid heaviness! 'Tis time to fly to Bonnington's Irish Moss. It abates severest symptoms, it SOOTHES parched tissues, it quickly checks the CATARRH.

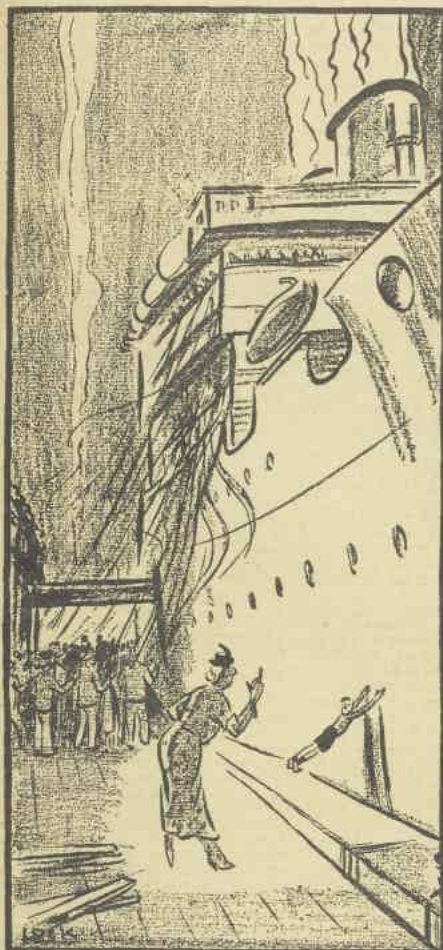
IMITATIONS: Don't have them! Get "Bonnington's"—1/9 and 3/-.

Bonnington's
"IRISH MOSS"
FOR COUGHS and COLDS

Some NEW LAUGHS

Conducted by L. W. LOWER

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."



"Now, Tommy, wait till the Captain gives the word."



SHE: Can't you understand when I say you are not to follow me?
HE: Yes, I follow.



SHE: I wonder why people cry at weddings?
HE: Most of them are married, dear, and haven't the nerve to laugh.



"Annoyed! I should think so! I've been treating a patient for three years for yellow jaundice and I've just found out he's a Chinese."



TOURIST: Why, you've lost your leg, haven't you?
OLD SALT: Darned if I haven't. Now, I wonder where the dashed thing has got to?

strong & durable

Dewhurst's

100 YARDS REELS SIZE No. 40



BLACK WHITE AND OVER 300 SHADES

(Sylk Substitute) **Sylko** MACHINE TWIST

Super-quality mercerised thread for all sewing

Sold by all leading Departmental Stores

lustrous & smooth

Brainwaves

Prize of 2/6 paid for each joke used

SHE: Would you lend me £5? I'm making an heroic effort to get out of debt.

DOCTOR: What's your diet?
Fed-up Patient: Two sucks of thermometer daily.

PRIMA: I can't get my feet into these shoes.
Donna: Swelled feet as well?

LAWYER: From what you have told me your husband appears to be an unmitigated scoundrel.
Client (furiously): I came here to get advice about divorce, not to hear my poor husband blackguarded!

MRS. NEXTDOOR: My daughter has arranged a little piece for the piano.
Old Grump: Good! It's about time we had a little peace.

GOGGS: D'you feel the cold much this weather, old man?
Meggs: I have so many blankets on my bed, old boy, that I have a bookmark to know where I get in.

DRINK CRAVING CONQUERED

By EUCRASY with 40 Years' Success.

"20 years ago you cured my husband. Now I want it for a son," writes a grateful woman. You CAN bring happiness to YOUR home by using Eucrasy.
It can be given secretly or taken voluntarily. Not costly. Call or write to-day for a FREE SAMPLE Booklet, and many testimonials. Dept. B, EUCRASY CO., 297 Elizabeth St., Sydney.



Do Your Hands say Housework?

If so, why allow them to become rough and sore through their various domestic tasks when by using Mirpil your hands can be kept soft and lovely?

Mirpil is an ideal soothing lotion for Red Hands, Rough, Chapped and Chafed Skin, Windburn and Sunburn, Chilblains, Sore Feet, as a base for powder, and after shaving.

Obtainable from chemists, hair-dressers and stores, or from the W. H. Comstock Co. Ltd. (makers of Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills), 23 Lang Street, Sydney. Price, 2/6 per bottle, post paid.

A Fresh and Clear Complexion is Best Maintained by the use of Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills.

As we all know, one of the greatest charms a woman can have is her complexion. If one stops to think—have you ever seen on the stage, in the pictures, or in daily life, a woman or girl who has been proclaimed beautiful, and at the same time have a sallow or pimply face—the answer is "No"! It is the aim of every girl, or it should be, to keep her complexion clear and bright. It is pitiful to see a young girl at a dance who should be enjoying herself, continually being what is commonly termed a "Wall Flower," and all because she does not know the secret of keeping her complexion clear, as Nature intended.

As it is impossible to eliminate the rash which comes from measles, or such-like diseases, by external applications, so it is impossible to clear the complexion by applying soap, creams, lotions, etc., superficially. Instead, the system has to be cleansed internally, which is done most efficiently by the use of Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills. The careful compounding of Nature's medicinal roots and herbs, which are used in these pills, enables them to act on the stomach and other digestive organs and so cleanse the system to a point where it does not have to throw off impurities through the alternative channels causing pimples and eruptions on the skin.

If She knew to-day what She MUST know a year from now

Those Dizzy Spells, constant Back and Side Pains—days of pain following nights without sleep—she doesn't realize these mean dire Kidney Trouble! Next year she'll pay a heavier penalty still—UNLESS she ends the trouble NOW!

Kidney Trouble—Bladder Weakness—Rheumatism—Toothache—Excessive Painful or Smarting Urination—Limb, Joint and Muscular Pains—all go from bad to worse unless properly treated in time. Harrison's Pills, signed remedy of a London Doctor, give quickest, most reliable benefit. They cleanse, soothe, heal and restore inflamed, sore kidneys and urinary organs. Pain goes fastest way known, because the cause of pain is ended in the best way known to medicine. No harmful drugs. No dyes. No danger. You keep youth if you have it, and regain it if you've lost it. (Of course, kidney troubles can get too bad to cure if neglected.) Now—get a bottle of Harrison's Pills from your Chemist under guarantee—Quick Relief—or Money Back. Three economical sizes, 2/-, 5/-, 10/-. With Harrison's Pills you take no risk. Without them, maybe you do!

HARRISON'S Kidney & Bladder PILLS

Proven effective remedy for Backache, Rheumatism, Kidney, Bladder & Genito-Urinary Trouble, Neuritis, Sciatica, Dizzy Spells, Stiff, Swollen Limbs, Joints or Muscles.

She
Would
END
Kidney
Trouble
AT
ONCE!



NEW BOOKS

CONDUCTED BY JEAN WILLIAMSON



Louis Adamic Dissects Contemporary American Life

Louis Adamic is an American writer of European family who, before publishing his latest novel, "Grandsons," had already achieved a place among the most significant of his contemporaries with "The Native's Return," a fine piece of work which attracted the attention and praise of both public and critics.

Some admirers of this author were doubtful of his ability to follow his impressive autobiographical volume (for such "The Native's Return" was) with a book that would not be disappointing in comparison. These pessimists can now banish their fears; "Grandsons" is a good novel, by no means unworthy to stand beside anything Adamic has done or may do in the future.

PREOCCUPIED with America, the land he has adopted as his own, this young writer has attempted, very successfully, to explain it through the medium of the fictional character he has created. Created, though, is the wrong word. Adamic has invented the incidents, the events, through which his characters pass, but they themselves were simply beckoned

by him out of the continuous drama of American life, into his book.

The people who have their being in "Grandsons" combine to present a vital picture of American civilisation. The author has got beneath appearances, has looked deeper than superficialities, and has exposed the terrible mental malaise that is producing gangsters and radical agitators, artists and futile "intellectuals." It is not a cheering picture, but it is a terribly true one.

To Adamic, as to many other novelists in other countries, the great mass of his fellow-countrymen are hopeless when considered as potential units in any move to bring about saner conditions in the land they inhabit. Adamic, however, goes further. He examines the minority groups, those who are making much clatter about art or the proletarian movement, and here, too, he finds little to encourage him.

For one sincere, honest worker, fighting for what he conceives to be justice, there are dozens of neurotic, radical publicity hounds; for one man struggling hard to write as he feels he wants to write, a host of empty poseurs, hangers-on to the fringe of the arts, parasites, pseudo-Bohemians.

IN selecting the people who form the dramatic personae of his book, Adamic has chosen types which are to be found not only in the United States, but in any country. Even Andy Gale, alias Miles Away Andrews, big shot racketeer, is, in essence, a citizen of the world. In America his energies have found their outlet in racketeering; in any other civilised community, where conditions for gangsters are not congenial, men of Andy's stamp still exist; the only difference is that they defy the law in different ways. The point is that Andy Gale, his brother Peter, his cousin Jack—all grandsons of old Anton Gale



LOUIS ADAMIC, whose novel, "Grandsons," is reviewed on this page.

—although differing in the form their reactions take, are all suffering from the same sickness, the terrible mental sickness of those who can find no stability in life, no satisfying core to existence.

The same is true of all the other diversified characters who are introduced—life has no meaning, and so, in order at least to pretend that they are not wholly negligible, they plunge into any extravagant movement or situation which will serve as a narcotic or bring some temporary, cheap notoriety or excitement.

In describing this America and these people, Adamic neither preaches nor satirises. He fulfils the function of any good novelist by putting down artistically what he sees. And behind the sorry mess that is humanity—and not only United States humanity—he makes one see the essential America, the country of majestic mountains, rolling prairies, forests, that will always be there, awaiting the time when men will be rid of their neuroses and able to appreciate the permanent, stable things. You should read "Grandsons." It is a good novel, but, apart from this, it will help you to see America as it is to-day. It might even help you understand something of Australia.

(Collins. Our copy, The Roycroft. 7/6.)

SHORT REVIEWS

"**MARTHA BROWN, M.P.**" Victoria Cross. Most people would say that if anyone was an authority on a woman's reaction to love that person would be Victoria Cross, writer of so many popular novels based on that theme. For this reason her disposal of Martha Brown, M.P., who gives the title to her latest book, is not surprising.

"Martha Brown, M.P." is written in prophetic vein, depicting life in England under woman's rule in the 30th century. The present century, with its man-made laws, is dealt with very scathingly, but one feels that few, if any, women would be glad to accept the substitute Victoria Cross offers. Maybe she sees the handwriting on the wall, for some of the things of which she writes do actually exist to-day. But even admitting the desirability of some reforms which the supposed women's rule accomplished, the changing conditions that went with them are rather sickening.

To return to Martha Brown. She had reached the pinnacle of success, and was about to become Prime Minister of England, when an American, of the real "he-man" type, laid siege to her heart. He came from a land where women were only permitted to have one husband, and he would not accept Martha's love unless she renounced the things which had brought her greatness, and of course the husband and sundry lovers she was supporting. Victoria Cross is, above all, a romanticist, so the end of the story is easy to guess. (T. Werner Laurie. Our copy, Dymocks.)

"**COMRADES OF THE GREAT ADVENTURE.**" H. R. Williams. Mr. Williams achieved instant success with his former story, "The Gallant Company," and has now followed it up by another book which deals not with carnage and bloodshed, but rather with the personalities of those who were in many of the gallant companies. (Angus and Robertson. 6/-.)

"**A DREAM COME TRUE.**" Pamela Wynne. A well-written and pleasing romance—the sort of book a woman will find pleasure in reading by the fireside these chilly nights. Margot Martin was an only child, and rebelled against the hum-drum life she was forced to live. She didn't wait for things to happen, however, but sought and found adventure in a way that would surely satisfy the most avid seeker for it. There was the inevitable hard-hearted man to conquer, and other intriguing details which comprise the ingredients of an interesting story. (Collins. Our copy, Dymocks.)

"**FAGGOTS CLOSE.**" Margaret M. Brash. This is the story of a young man's rehabilitation and a good one. Derek Freer, serving a second term in prison, has an unexpected chance of escape and takes it. Without any desire to re-embark on a career of crime, he thinks there is nothing else he can do if he wishes to keep his whereabouts unknown to the police. But Fate intervenes in a most unexpected fashion and he is trapped into a course of action from which escape is difficult. Derek Freer, in an environment of love and simple honesty, with demands being made on all that was best in his nature, finds himself in a strange position, but he emerges from it in a way that most readers would wish him to. (Anchor Press. Our copy, Swain.)

"**BETWEEN THE TIDES.**" Annie S. Swan. This author has won a special place for herself in the realms of romantic fiction, and "Between the Tides" is a typical example of her work. The story is wholesome, with just sufficient sophistication to provide agreeable contrast. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

H. O. H. BROOK says: "When appetite's in sorry plight, Brookbrook's Buns will put it right." The World's Appetiser.***

"SOOTHING?
I SHOULD SAY SO!"

"When I suspect in the slightest degree that I am getting 'edgy'; that my nerves are taking most of the strain, I light an Ardath De-Luxe cigarette.

"A few luxurious puffs and I feel myself growing calm, my nerves becoming soothed and rested.

"Ardath De-Luxe are a blending of special tobaccos, produced from a traditional English formula, to protect the nerves.

"But such tobaccos provide, of course, unique qualities of flavour and fragrance... and, naturally, they are 'kind to the throat'."

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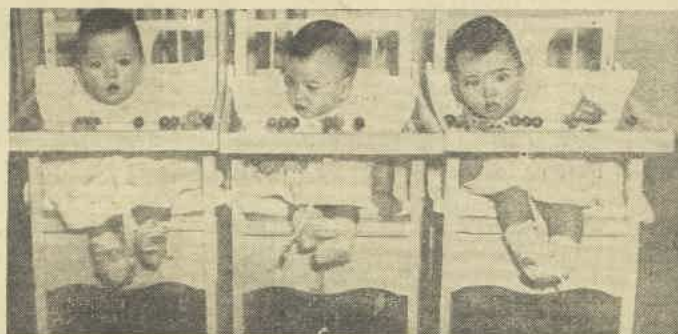
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"QUINS" All DRESSED UP

Copyright in Australia by
The Australian Women's
Weekly.



THESE THREE LITTLE "QUINS" have been bathed and dressed and fed, and have had their medical overhaul, and so now they are free to play. Annette, Emelie, and Yvonne displaying various degrees of interest in their counters.



ABOVE: Little Cecile being helped into her party frock for the great occasion depicted in the picture below. "If people stare at me," she says, "I'll stare back at them!"



RIGHT: All this dressing up was in honor of Premier Mitchell Hepburn, of the Province of Ontario, Canada, who made a special visit to the "Quins." Left to right: Marie, Emelie, Cecile, Annette, and Yvonne.



ABOVE: Marie being fed by Nurse Leroux. When they were younger, mothers from all over Canada contributed natural milk to foster the amazing "Quins."

LEFT: "Well, of all the cheek! I don't know whether to be angry or merely amused!" is what Annette seems to be thinking as the photographer snaps her during an intimate scene in her boudoir.

Pond's New Powder makes Blonde Skin Dazzling

... gives Brunette Skin a Glow!

Hidden tints in new shades
bring out real beauty of every type

THAT faded dingy tone which characterises so many complexions is really caused by the lack of certain color notes in the skin. What these lacking color notes are has now been discovered, recorded scientifically, and the Pond's Company have cleverly blended them into their exquisite new Face Powder! That is why Pond's Face Powder brings life to your skin—instantly! Blonde skin is immediately brightened until it appears positively radiant. Brunette skin gains a new sparkle—a vibrant glow. All skins take on a suave, velvety texture.

And this scientifically blended powder clings so closely, spreads so evenly, that it never "cakes" or blotches. It gives the complexion that enchantingly fresh, naturally bright young look.

A Sensation Overseas

In America, where it was created, Pond's

Powder became an instant success. Then famous beauties in other parts of the world discovered the vibrant loveliness it imparts to all skins, whatever their type, and they made it their choice too. Pond's Powder is ideally suited to Australian women. Its quality of imparting youthful freshness is of vital importance in a climate which is apt to toughen and age the skin.

We want you to try this new powder, to discover for yourself how glamorous it is. Fill in the coupon below and send for your shade—you'll find your skin becomes smooth, fine and thrilling before your very eyes!

Over 200 Girls' Skins "Color-Analysed"

When an optical machine which reads the skin "color-analysed" over 200 girls' skins it showed that blonde skin has a note of bright blue—brunette skin, a tone of brilliant green! These same tints, blended invisibly in Pond's new powder, flatter dull skin and give it youth and glamour.



Special Offer! Mail this coupon with 4d. in penny stamps to cover postage, package, etc., for free sample of Pond's new Face Powder and Pond's Two Creams. Check shade wanted: Brunette (Rachel) [] Light Cream [] Rose Cream (Natural) [] Naturelle (Light Natural) [] Rose Brunette [] Dark Brunette (Suntan) []

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An Astounding NEW Way to Gain

BEAUTY—where beauty begins...



TO LOOK YOUNG—to be beautiful—you must get the deep-down dirt out of your pores. Don't think soap and water can do this. Wrinkles come from drying out of the skin through alkali. Open pores, rough, or red spots, may come the same way. All skins need a better, safer cleansing than ordinary methods give. **SCIENTIFIC CLEANSING...**

'Facial Youth' Cleansing Cream floats out every particle of grease, wax, old make-up and dust. Simple, thus, to wipe away the new hidden enemies of your loveliness. This clever cream refines the skin, normalizes the texture, firms the texture. So

gently that it may be used on a tiny baby's skin. Directly after using 'Facial Youth' Cleansing Cream, your skin begins to 'breathe'. Blackheads near the nose, mouth and chin—faded signs of skin breakdown—are wiped away. Your face is then ready for heat, to appear, next morning, with a new-found radiance. Or ready, as you desire, for a protective, flattering film of 'Facial Youth' Day Cream, and the enhancement of glamorous, adherent, griff-free 'Golden Youth' Face Powder.

Get a 2/6 jar of 'Facial Youth' Cleansing Cream to-day. Keep it handy, in home, office or shop—wherever you need to refresh your skin. Don't think that cold cream can do the same work. This new-type cleanser does essential work that cannot be done in ANY other way.

Kathleen Court's
"FACIAL YOUTH"
Cleansing Cream
A NEW AND TRULY SCIENTIFIC PORE CLEANSER

A poor rouge
clothes the skin.
You can only
see one of the
Kathleen
Court rouges.

A MORNING Trip Round the WORLD

Business Girl's Impression of the
Women's Weekly Travel Bureau!

By WANDA

£38 to London! £50/10/- to Frisco! £90 round trip to Japan! Ah, how I would love to see Piccadilly, the electric signs on Tokyo's Ginza, bustling Broadway, and the Rolling Motion Square in Lisbon!

But what's a poor girl to do who hasn't £90, nor £50/10/-, nor even £38? I'll tell you. She can do as I did and have a poor girl's trip round the world.

AT The Australian Women's Weekly Travel Bureau, at 300 Pitt Street, Sydney, I saw a score of countries, visited a hundred cities, and sailed the seven seas, all on a chilly Thursday morning—and for nothing.

If my visit to this fascinating picture-world has made me long more than ever for pastures new, it has also made me reconstruct my travel views, for I know now how much there is that can be seen that the orthodox tourist misses

and that travel ways may be many and varied.

The wanderlust was heavy upon me when I took an early peep at this big exhibition, and passed from the cold of Pitt St. through the Gateway of the East to find pretty Balinese girls all unashamed in their semi-nudity, sleek Filipino wenches dancing in Manila's mighty Santa Ana cabaret, and quaint little Japanese honoring "Happy Childhood" with their fascinating dolls.

I passed the Great Wall of China and knew I was within measurable distance of Shanghai, city of wonderful underclothes, and its Street of a Thousand—and-one Nighties. Suddenly there was India and elephant and huge black Sudanese beckoning to Africa and the mystic Nile.

A corner turned, and my castles in Spain had come true, and, in spirit, I sat in the decorated wagon of pretty Andalusian peasants and drove to a gay fiesta. I saw turreted Carcassonne with its age-old battlements and San Michel with its monastery perched on a mountain.

I discovered Britain and knew at once that I should love Cornwall no less than Devon, and Devon no less than Somerset—if I could tear myself away from the fascination of London.

NORWAY, Denmark, Sweden, where one's pound is still more or less a pound, intrigued my economic sense, and I stood by Hans Andersen's picture, murmuring, "Once upon a time there was a Boy called Exchange..." but Holland's tulips ended the story abruptly.

I stood spellbound at the sight of a gorgeous Ramburg-Sud America boat sailing a romantic sea, and discovered the potent charm of cheap melody when I came upon the Isle of Capri. Lovely Venetian and a score of other Italian cities loomed into view.

I found new glories in Poland, where astute and energetic fathers paint their houses in bright colors to notify passing bachelors that there is a marriageable daughter therein. I learned that in Latvia one may officially bathe in the nude!

I saw the Rockies, and chugged, in spirit, in the Patagonia express southward from Buenos Aires. I browsed in magazines in strange languages and revelled in travel literature, and the hours slipped by.

I had missed my lunch, but look where I'd been—round the world for nothing as the guest of The Australian Women's Weekly!

DON'T FORGET

That "An Open Day" will be held at Moterland Special School, North Springfield, June 29, 2.45 p.m. Train from Central 12.14 p.m. and from Springfield 4.30 p.m.

The afternoon horseback ride through the bush being arranged by the Sydney Tourist Club at 2.45 p.m.

The afternoon horseback ride through the bush being arranged by the Sydney Tourist Club at 2.45 p.m.

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EXTRA MONEY

YOU can increase your weekly income by growing MUSHROOMS

for us in your cellar, shed, boxes and open garden the year round.

No experience of special equipment required.



We show you how and buy your crops—any quantity, at a guaranteed price which ensures a high margin of profit for you. Distance no disadvantage. Take this opportunity of obtaining the first British "Pure Bottle Culture" Spawn imported into Australia. It has proved to be the best in the world.

NOW IS THE TIME TO START

Write to-day, without obligation, for FREE 28-page Book entitled "Mushroom Growing for Profit" and fascinating story of remarkable new bottle culture spawn. (Enclose 2d. stamp to cover postage.)

GET THIS FREE 28 PAGE BOOK NOW

To BRITISH MUSHROOM INDUSTRY, Dept. 1117, Chailis House, 6 Martin Place, Sydney.
Name
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Now I can Wear Pretty Clothes Again MY UGLY FAT'S GONE

"I was so fat I just wept when I tried to get fitted to youthful styles. Nothing for me but horrid 'fat' styles." But then I heard about the Hon. Kora treatment—and in only 3 weeks my 35 excess pounds went!

Such personal stories are common in letters grateful women write us. Why don't you try Hon. Kora? Get a big bottle now. Hon. Kora will reduce your weight and improve your health simultaneously. IT CANNOT FAIL to help you because every ingredient has known health-giving qualities.

NO THYROID—SAFE OBTAINABLE AT ALL CHEMISTS, G.O. BOTTLE. If your chemist cannot supply Hon. Kora, enclose a Postal Note for 4/6 to Schaeffer & Co., Box 2021, G.P.O., Sydney, and the full-sized bottle will be mailed to you Post Free in plain wrapper.



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EAT WHAT YOU LIKE! NO MORE Indigestion

Prof. H. Maclean's Famous London Formula, Proven in Millions of Cases, Can Help YOU, too!

Indigestion is dangerous as well as painful. Best not ignore that fact. "It couldn't happen to me," says the stomach-sufferer who hears of dire operations. Ah, but you who permit stomach unrest to turn to stomach ulceration. Prof. Maclean, of St. Thomas' Hospital, London, won world fame for his discoveries on the proper treatment of Digestive and Stomach Disorders. Harrison-Maclean Stomach Powder, based on the famous Hospital findings, offers the best relief possible—and more than relief—a strengthening of the stomach to full, healthy vigour! Harrison-Maclean Stomach Powder instantly stops harmful stomach acidity. It PROTECTS the stomach against ulceration. It shields the bowels from attack. It heals raw, inflamed internal tissues. When you take HARRISON-MACLEAN Stomach

Powder you say "good-bye" to Stomach unrest. You start, the world's most proven way, to win back the strong stomach of a healthy youngster. Try it! Whether you have Acidity, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, Flatulence, Heartburn, Gastritis, or Ulceration—HARRISON-MACLEAN Stomach Powder, costing 2/6, of any good Chemist, will give you sweet internal calm, healthier appetite, more restful sleep, sweeter breath and, naturally, an improved feeling of all-round fitness. If any difficulty in procuring, order from Amalgamated Laboratories, Australia House, Sydney.

HARRISON-MACLEAN
ANTACID
Stomach Powder

MY ROMANCE WAS FADING...

—do hope you can come for the week-end since you and he used to be such very great friends. He's bringing a girl called Nora who seems to be running after him.

RONALD! I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU FOR AGES! I'VE BEEN PRETTY BUSY, YOU KNOW. INTRODUCE ME, RONNIE!

LATER. PAM LOOKS RATHER OUT OF THINGS. WHY DON'T YOU TAKE HER FOR A WALK, RONALD? SHE SAYS SHE'S TIRED. BESIDES, YOU PROMISED TO TAKE ME INTO THE VILLAGE, RONNIE.

THAT NIGHT. BUT, AUNTIE, IT'S SO AWFUL WHEN EVERYBODY KNOWS WE'RE ALMOST ENGAGED—AND THAT HUSSY NORA WHO'S ROUND HER LITTLE FINGER. PAM, YOU OUGHT TO MAKE AN EFFORT—WHY ARE YOU SO SPIRITLESS? I'M BEGINNING TO THINK THERE MUST BE SOMETHING WRONG WITH YOU.

WAS AUNT MARY RIGHT? PAM ASKED HERSELF. THAT WEEK SHE SAW A DOCTOR. I CAN SEE YOU'RE SUFFERING FROM NIGHT-STARVATION. THE ENERGY YOU USE UP WHEN ASLEEP FOR BREATHING AND OTHER AUTOMATIC ACTIONS IS NOT BEING REPLACED DURING THE NIGHT, AND NATURALLY YOU WAKE UP IN THE MORNING LOOKING AND FEELING TIRED OUT. THERE'S NOTHING LIKE HORLICK'S FOR PREVENTING THIS.

ONE EVENING. SORRY TO HINS YOU UP AT SUCH SHORT NOTICE BUT I'VE JUST GOT TWO TICKETS FOR... SHE THINKS SO I'M ONLY A STOP GAP NOW! I'LL SHOW HIM SOMETHING. SHE SAYS THANKS, RONNIE, I'LL COME.

I SAY, PAM, YOU LOOK STUNNING TONIGHT. CAN'T I SEE YOU MORE OFTEN WHAT ARE YOU DOING TOMORROW? SH-SU RONNIE.

Girls who always feel tired-out miss more chances of happiness than they realise. In so many cases "Night Starvation" is to blame. You see, all night long you burn up energy—breathing alone takes 20,000 muscular efforts. If this energy is not replaced, you wake tired. Horlick's Malted Milk, taken every night, guards against "Night Starvation" by actually replacing lost energy while you sleep. Horlick's needs no milk—just add water. The flavour is rich and malty. Prices from 1/6. Horlick's Mixers 1/-.

Do you know these amazing facts about "Night-Starvation"?

- (1) The average person stars once every 10 minutes during sleep. The body shifts this way and then that in order to rest all the muscle groups in turn.
- (2) During an 8-hour night, you expend 20,000 muscular efforts just to breathe!
- (3) All night through your heart has to beat and pump blood—about 85,000 beats between 11 p.m. and 7 a.m.
- (4) Unless this energy is replaced during the night, you suffer from "Night-Starvation". Actual tests show that Horlick's, because it is an easily digested, restores this energy while you sleep.



HORLICK'S GUARDS AGAINST NIGHT-STARVATION

THIS MEANS YOU SLEEP SOUNDLY, WAKE REFRESHED, AND HAVE EXTRA ENERGY ALL DAY.



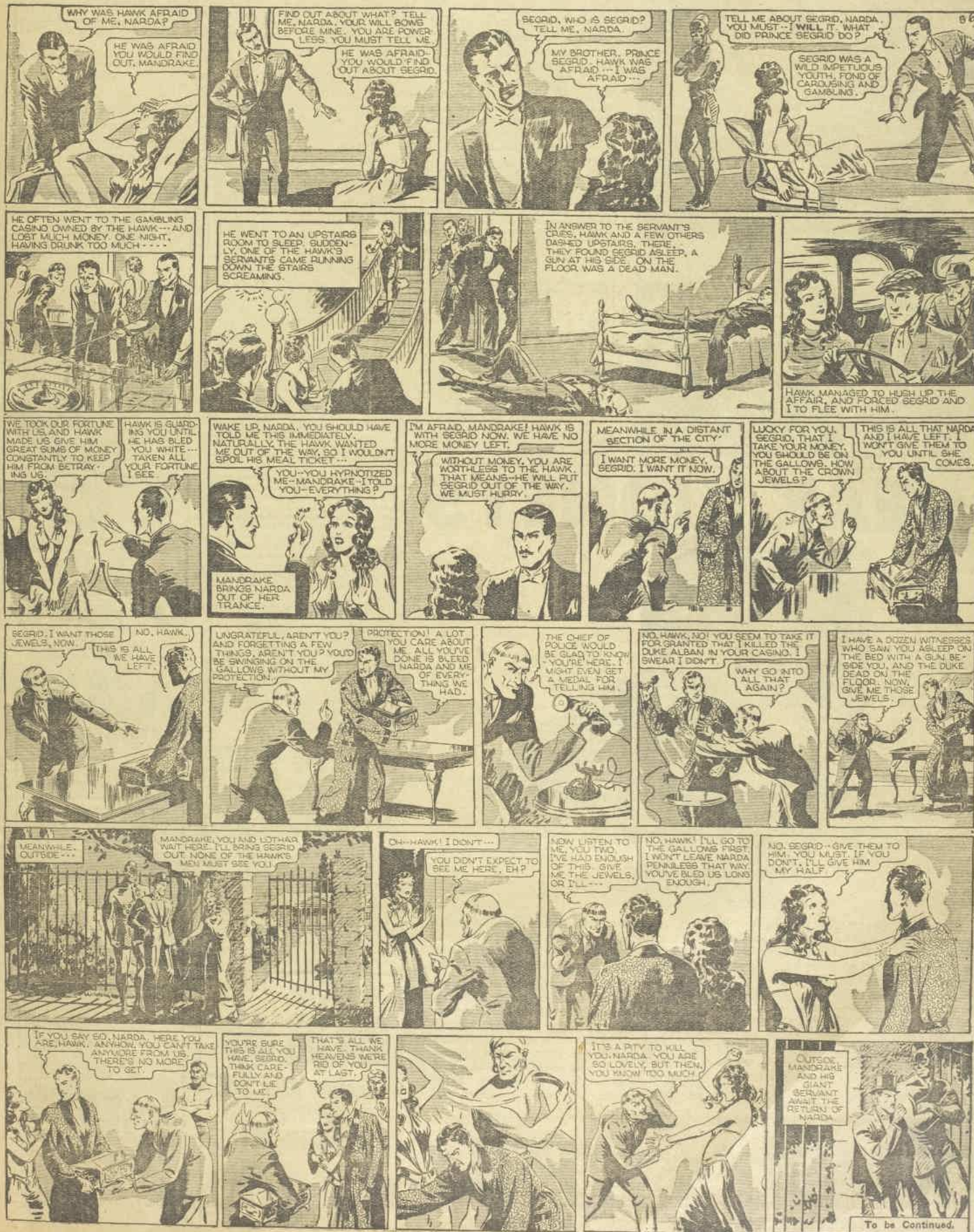
Mandrake the Magician



PICK UP THE THREAD OF THIS ENTHRALLING SERIAL

MANDRAKE: Master of Magic, has been drawn in the web of intrigue which surrounds the **HAWK:** A criminal who exercises some mysterious power over **PRINCESS NARDA:** A beautiful young girl. Hawk, using Narda, has made several attempts on Mandrake's life, but the great Magician, aided by

LOTHAR: His Nubian slave, has always managed to foil these villainous plots. Intent on finding what power it is that Hawk is using to force Narda to do his will, Mandrake, failing to persuade the girl to tell her story, hypnotises her with the idea of getting the truth from her while her mind is under his control. Now continue.





— and now for
Cornwell's
Malt Extract

AUSTRALIA'S GREATEST BODY BUILDER FOR YOUNG & OLD

DAVIS CUP Each for Hardcourt & LAWN Players

Tennis Controversy On Court Surfaces

By RUTH PREDEY, who conducts The Australian Women's Weekly sports page.

Why not a Davis Cup for lawn tennis players and another for hardcourt players? The suggestion seems reasonable in view of the controversy that has been aroused at Wimbledon this week, because some international champions accustomed to hard courts have been unable to practise on the famous lawns in readiness for the championships.

A standard court surface for world championships has been suggested. Mensel, however, argues that since 37 of the 40 Davis Cup nations play on hard courts, why should grass courts survive. A ruling from the tennis authorities that the championships were to be definitely played on one or the other varieties of courts would probably solve the matter.

THERE is probably no game in the world so universally played as that of tennis, and because it has now reached the international stage, where each country enters for the Davis Cup matches, the need of a standard surface tennis court appears to be a necessity.

Rain and rain-soaked courts have always been the bane of tennis players, and those assembled in London for the Wimbledon championships are feeling very dissatisfied because, owing to weather conditions, they have been unable to practise on the courts at Wimbledon, prior to the commencement of the championships.

It must not be forgotten, however, that tennis was originally invented to be played on grass, hence the name lawn tennis, but if all nations are to compete in matches on equal terms, then a uniform-surfaced court must be found.

Gate money plays a large part in these big tennis matches, such as the Davis Cup, and one scheme that would benefit the associations would be to build an enclosed stadium, capable of seating many thousands of onlookers.

But would the players like this? Would they be content to play in an enclosed area, simply because the rain might affect the "game," and they might be afforded the opportunity of meeting their fellow players on a standard court? Personally I think not.

More Grace

LAWN tennis players will always be reluctant to give up their standard court for one of the hardcourt variety. The hard courts do not produce the graceful players like the grass-courts do. Would Norman Brookes have been a tennis genius if he had played on hard courts? Would Victor Trumper have been the batsman he was if he had played on a matting wicket all the time? Grass undoubtedly lends itself to scientific play, and is the ideal surface for all outdoor sports.

For instance, the swimmer and the surfer both propel themselves along in water, but what a vast difference there is in the methods employed? The same applies to tennis players, and it might be as well if the ruling tennis authorities recognised the fact that there are at present two distinct games of tennis being played.

The hardcourt player relies to a great extent on hard hitting, whereas the lawn player relies to a great extent on placements.

Although the majority of people aver that the hard court produces the faster play, I am still inclined to favor the grass-court play in this respect. I feel certain if a meter was attached to the foot of a grass-court player, it would be found that he had travelled much more during a set than hard court player.

Two Cups

WHY not leave the Davis Cup to be competed for by players of the lawn court variety, and produce another cup for competition among the nations who desire only to compete in hard-court events? Would not this simplify matters considerably? It would not deprive the player from any nation entering in any zone he wished, but the onus would be on the association if they entered a team of grass players for the hardcourt championship and vice-versa.

H. W. Austin, the well-known English Davis Cup player, some years ago advocated a wooden court as a standard court for tennis.

Personally, I think that although the grass-court players play with the same kind of racquets, with balls perhaps slightly different in weight, on courts that measure to the same standards, their method of executing the strokes, and in playing the game, is entirely different to that of the hardcourt player.

Therefore, I think that each player must keep to the court that is most adapted for his kind of play, and that the players abroad will have to form the Hardcourt Davis Cup games as well as their Lawn Tennis Davis Cup matches.

If a change is made in the courts there is not the slightest doubt that Wimbledon will soon lose its prestige, and the Mecca of tennis players will be transferred to some foreign field.

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Takes the "ill"
out of
CHILL
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its best."
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Quickly—Easily

Now you can actually reduce that ugly, fleshy double chin—by this NEW, simple method. Secretly in your own room—you can really watch ugly fat vanishing and your chin changing to its normal size.



SEND NOW! — 10 DAYS' TRIAL TREATMENT OFFER!

Test this wonderful method in your own home, and if it doesn't reduce the size of your chin to its proper proportion, IT COSTS YOU NOTHING. I want you to prove, as hundreds of other women have, that you really can banish that oversized chin. Send the coupon below now with ten shillings to cover cost of treatment—remember, you are risking nothing, my Money Back Guarantee protects you—get the coupon into the post To-day.

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Thomas Britton, Desk 27

Lombard Chambers, Pitt St., Sydney.

Dear Madam,

Please send me, under plain wrapper, your

Treatment for Banishing Double Chin. I

enclose 10/- as full payment. It is understood that I can have the benefit of your

Money Back Guarantee if dissatisfied with treatment.

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Winter's
Chill in
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Why shiver and shake?
Let Kayser Woolies keep
out wind and cold. Soft.
Cosy. Exclusive Kayser
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Illustrated: Kayser Woolies
Dressing Jacket, K276, in
pure wool lace stitch loom fabric,
trimmed with washable Marabou
..... 29/11

For Daywear, for Slumberwear,
choose Kayser Woolies. Knick-
ers from 4/11. Solos from 7/11.
Vests from 2/11. Nightdresses
from 14/11. Pyjamas from 19/11
Dressing Jackets from 9/11.

KAYSER
Woolies

AT ALL GOOD STORES

KAYSER
HOSIERY-GLOVES-WOOLIES

WEAK KIDNEYS



No wonder you
look haggard
and old before
your time

IF EVERYBODY realised how vitally important to general health was the naturally, healthy working of the kidneys, not one case of kidney weakness would go a day untreated. Every drop of blood in your system must pass through the kidneys, there to be filtered of all impurities and poisons—chief amongst them being uric acid. If the kidneys are too weak to discharge this duty properly the blood stream carries the uric acid all over the body. This uric acid will then form jagged crystals that settle in joints, causing painful swellings, stiffness and finally the stabbing agony of rheumatism. The crystals may actually lodge in the bladder, giving rise to gravel, stone or

chronic inflammation. Kidney weakness, which can be recognised by backache, heaviness and general lassitude, joint pains or baggy eyes, should be treated at once with De Witt's Pills.

DE WITT'S Kidney and Bladder Pills act directly on the kidneys, toning them up and assisting them to clear the blood stream of impurities. That the soothing, healing elements of De Witt's Pills actually reach the kidneys will be proved to you within twenty-four hours. Sold only in the white, blue and gold boxes, from chemists everywhere. Price 3/6, or the larger, more economical size, 6/6.

Be sure you get the genuine—

DeWitt's Kidney & Bladder **Pills**
For RHEUMATISM, BACKACHE, Etc.

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published on this page.
Pen names will not be used, following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page recently.

So They Say

IT'S YOUR PAGE
The "So They Say" page is your page. You can write what you like in it, about what—and how—you like! No topic under the sun, if it is interesting, will be banned! So go ahead and get that pet theory of yours off your chest.

WHY NO DOWRIES?

A YOUNG Frenchman of my acquaintance has expressed amazement at the fact that it is a very rare thing for an Australian bride to have a dowry.

He argued that the bridegroom contracts to maintain his wife for the rest of her life and is entitled to some monetary compensation by whomsoever would otherwise have to shoulder that responsibility. According to my friend, a working-girl should endeavor to provide her own dowry.

Another point raised was that as the establishment of a home is principally for the benefit of the woman, she should contribute towards the cost of it.

£1 for this letter to Mrs. B. Ballantine, 12 Charles St., Kew, Victoria.

SOUVENIR-HUNTING

I THINK one of the many modern problems besetting the community is the amazing extent of "souvenir-hunting." If the practice is not of recent origin, frequent examples afford evidence of its widespread character, irrespective of possessions or social character. I think in the most lenient view, it amounts to a gross breach of hospitality and trust; from another standpoint, it is scarcely distinguishable from theft. The mere calling of the practice by the name of "souvenir-hunting" does not establish its innocence.

Almost every Government House party and civic function has an uncomfortable aftermath of discovery of the kleptomaniac. A light, irresponsible view and a readiness to be amused tend to overlook its very grave and objectionable aspects.

Obviously, I think, the evil has gone far beyond the humorous stage, and its "trophies" afford no ground for complacency or boasting. "Souvenir-hunting" calls for a sustained effort to put a stop to it on the part of the entire community, for the offenders are of all ages and conditions. Its persistence presents to the educated conscience of the whole community—a challenge.

I would like to know what other readers think about this subject.

A. K. Fisher, Prince's Avenue, Caulfield East, Vic.

BABIES AT HEART

WHILE visiting a city school, I was delighted with the singing and poetry of a group of children whose ages ranged from nine to twelve years. For a short period of relaxation, volunteers were asked to recite a humorous poem or to sing a humorous song; to give, in short, an impromptu concert.

Imagine our surprise when a very intelligent boy sang "Sing a Song of Sixpence," and one of the most advanced girls serenely chanted "Ten Little Nigger Boys!"

These children were happy, unrepentant, and enthusiastic. All were keen readers, and their literary work showed decided originality. Yet each volunteer, anxious to provide humorous entertainment for his fellows, reverted to his kindergarten days with their wealth of delightful nonsense rhymes and jingles.

Does this mean that we are all babies at heart and that the spirit of the infant school is always with us?

Ira S. Parker, Buchanan St., Bellerive, Tas.

A KINDLY IDEA

WHEN schemes for brightening the world are discussed, I often advance my idea—to take women from institutions on motor drives, not in the country, which bores them, but through the towns, visiting the shops so that they can see what is going on. At other times, I would drive them to a matinee or some bright, peppy cinema, with chocolate-boxes, such as girls receive, given them in the intervals. Everyone shouts with laughter at my "oddness."

Why is it always considered ridiculous to give old women really amusing times? Why do not people realize that old ladies get tired of being put in quiet homes and staying put? I know many persons with motor cars and old lady acquaintances, yet not one of them takes even for a drive those people who have no other pleasure.

Jean Baxter, 48 Constitution Rd., Windsor, Brisbane.

Road Accidents And How They May Be Prevented

IN reply to Mrs. Allardice's letter (8/6/35), I wish to say that road accidents would be considerably reduced if pedestrians did not walk along the road or, where there is no footpath, if they walked on the RIGHT-HAND side, towards the oncoming traffic. If pedestrians could only place themselves in a car in the night and see how dangerous it is to walk with cars coming at them from the rear they would never commit this folly again. With the glare of headlights from approaching cars it is impossible to see anyone on the road in front within ten yards, and in these days of almost silent motor transport the pedestrian is often unaware of the approaching danger.

Miss Val Rees, 42 Elizabeth St., Artarmon, N.S.W.

Carelessness the Cause

THE suggestions put forward by Mrs. Allardice for preventing road accidents hardly provide a remedy. All road accidents do not happen at night, nor are they due to the vehicles being "unroadworthy." As a matter of fact, I think most of them are due to carelessness—of the pedestrian and of the motorist.

Those speedsters who like to try out the new car should be imprisoned when they make an unfortunate pedestrian, who is not quick enough to dodge a car travelling at 60 m.p.h. Similarly, those pedestrians who, through carelessness, are knocked down, should be punished.

Mrs. J. G. Taylor, Leslie St., Bardon, Qld.

High-speed Cars

RE Mrs. Allardice's letter: So far as night accidents are concerned, the powerful headlights in use at the present time should make any pedestrian discernible to the motorist at a distance which would enable him to avoid a collision.

In almost every case, accidents are due to new vehicles, which travel at a high speed not attainable by the older makes of cars. We have often narrowly escaped a serious collision, especially on mountain roads, because we have been driving slowly and carefully, whereas the other motorist has been travelling at a high speed on the wrong side of the road, and in every instance the vehicle was practically new.

I consider a safety device would not be necessary if all drivers maintained a moderate speed, strictly observed the traffic rules, and were always on the alert.

Mrs. W. Kinson, c/o Post Office, Chatsworth Island, Clarence River, N.S.W.

Is The Mother Of The "Quins" To Be Pitied?

HOW very sad is the plight of Mrs. Dionne, mother of the Canadian quintuplets!

Instead of so much money being given to the babies, would it not be better to give it to the parents to enable them to provide all necessities for the infants and at the same time be in constant attention on their themselves?

I quite agree that something had to be done to save the precious little lives, but to take them from the parents is cruel; all the attention in the world will not compensate the children for the loss of mother's personal attention and loving care, nor the mother for the loss of the wonderful pleasure of rearing her own children.

Mrs. B. H. Farrell, Jamoon, Martindale St., Denman, N.S.W.

"KEEPING SEATS"

I WONDER what your readers think about the habit of "keeping seats" for friends who arrive later, at the tables, etc.

Sometimes one member of the family will arrive early at the show, and place coats, etc., on, perhaps, half a dozen seats. The friends may arrive just as the show begins, and enjoy a better seat, thanks to the first arrival, but with no extra charge, than many who have been there quite early. "Take your place in the queue" does not apply once they are past the booking-office.

I think the management should insist on the seats being filled up as patrons arrive.

Mrs. F. E. Thomason, 276 Park Rd., Paddington, N.S.W.

Wonderful Start in Life

I CANNOT understand why Mr. and Mrs. Dionne should have such hard feelings towards the State for the care that is being taken of the quintuplets. It is very obvious that they would have died without that care and special treatment; at least some of them would have done so.

As far as I can see, the parents have nothing to fear. The "quins" are still their babies, and they are being given the best start in life for which anyone could wish.

Miss G. Waygood, 396 Lutwyche Rd., Windsor, Brisbane.

Screen Oddities

By CAPTAIN FAWCETT

SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S POPULARITY HAS CAUSED THE BANK MANAGED BY HER FATHER TO INCREASE 20 PER CENT.

DAVID HORSLEY WAS SELECTED AS THE IDEAL MAN IN A VOTE CONDUCTED BY RKO STUDIOS AMONG 5000 WOMEN.

JEAN PARKER IS FORCED BY HER CONTRACT TO CONFINE HER SAILING IN HER 25 FOOT YACHT TO THE STILL WATER OF LOS ANGELES HARBOUR, BUT SHE IS PLANNING A TRIP TO PANAMA BETWEEN CONTRACTS.

AGAINST LOTTERIES

AUSTRALIANS are rapidly becoming known as a nation of gamblers. The trouble is that so many refuse to admit it as an ill at all. The specious argument is that the many part with an unconsidered trifle to provide a total that will be valuable to the few. If that were all!

In Australia, gambling sits enthroned, with a thousand and one pathways to its pedestal. Is the rent unpaid or the baker? No matter: they can wait! The next drawing may make us rich. This is the attitude of thousands of people.

Experience shows that the hope of gain without working, as a result of blind chance, is everywhere demoralising!

F. Giles, 31 Glen Osmond Rd., Eastwood, S.A.

ETIQUETTE



DON'T MAKE unnecessary remarks about obvious situations. This can be absolutely maddening.

LET'S ADVERTISE!

WHAT is wrong with Australia's products, and do our Trade Commissioners in London attach sufficient value to the advertising of our goods? On perusing the pages of English magazines that find their way to our sunny shores, we find full-page advertisements, depicting the English housewife making purchases of New Zealand butter. The whole scene is clever, the butter is packed in attractive cases, the very appearance of the article sells itself.

Then a little further on is another well-drawn advertisement, depicting the pleasures to be derived from the purchase of a nice piece of Canterbury lamb. What I cannot understand is, why Australia's products, which compare favorably with our New Zealand neighbor, are not brought more before the notice of the British people.

If Australia's products are to be boosted, genuine advertisement does a great deal towards the selling of the articles.

R. T. Cottler, P.O., Adge, N.S.W.

WOMEN'S SECRETS

IS it possible, these days, for a woman to keep a secret—an intimate, personal, exciting little secret? And should she be expected to do so? I wonder.

How many women and girls are there who will cheerfully relate some spicy piece of gossip and then shamelessly admit the fact that they received the news "absolutely in confidence," and had "promised faithfully" not to "breathe a word." These "promises" are surely nothing but pass-in and pass-out checks to the fields of social knowledge, elusive rumor, and skeleton cupboard. And with the pass-words, "keep it dark," "don't tell a soul," and "this is between you and me," the glorious tit-bits are released on receipt of a promise from one's most intimate friend, who can be trusted implicitly.

Then behold! There is no more secret! The spark leaps into flame, the fire begins to spread. Is it astounding, this state of womanly gossip, or funny, or wicked? Or quite humanly natural? Is it proof of a feminine weakness, or misdirected courage? An inherent desire for admiration, or a sweet, generous aim to share all things unselfishly with one's fellow-men? (or women?)

I personally, don't think a woman can keep a secret. Any woman, or any secret.

But it is hard to blame her, for doesn't the driving need of the first woman to share her secret justify the betrayal of her very best friend?

Miss A. Higginbotham, 7 Kingston St., F. Malvern SE5, Vic.

If Dreams Came True — What You Would Do!

I SUPPOSE we all have our daydreams like Miss Lambert (8/6/35), and here are some of my own.

To possess a beautiful singing voice, to have heaps and heaps of lovely clothes, and to be able to buy stockings at 30/- a pair. To have eyelashes like Greta Garbo and a complexion like those you see on soap advertisements. I would like to be one of those enviable women who can escape gracefully from an embarrassing situation, and one of those nice women who never lose their temper. I would like to read every new book that comes out (how many lifetimes would I need for this?), and to learn all there is to be learned about sketching. Perhaps, most of all, I would like to travel around the world.

Mrs. L. Quinlivan, 1 Cromie St., Murtoa, Vic.

To Write, Read, Speak Well

I TAKE it that Elizabeth Lambert (8/6/35) means our own personal wants—not what we wish for those near and dear to us.

Well, here are mine! I want to write and I want leisure for writing. I want to be able to speak in public without wobbling at the knees. I want to buy new books—especially those I see reviewed in The Australian Women's Weekly. I want to be well-dressed, without having to waste time and thought on my clothes. I want to travel, first all over Australia, then to the United Kingdom, and then everywhere else; and I want health to be able to appreciate it all.

A. M. McLaughlin, Buckleton, Springsure, Qld.

A Happy Ideal

I WOULD like a house on a hill and a garden in which I could spend a large part of each day revelling in the sunlight and the joy of producing beauty by flower-growing.

I would like to have time to enjoy more of the glorious music that is written.

I would like to travel and spend every springtime in the English countryside motoring along the beautiful roads and lanes and staying at wayside cottages.

In the winter time, I would like to master the art of skating, which, to me, is very beautiful. Lastly, I would like never to know where I was going next. I even envy hired-car drivers this.

Our lives are so filled with commonplace tasks and cares that the beautiful things are shut out because we have no time for them. Surely this is not Nature's scheme of things!

Miss I. Forbes, Thorne St., Windsor, Brisbane.

Wants To Be Beautiful

I WOULD like to give Miss Lambert (8/6/35) a pat on the back. So many of us are daydreamers, yet we are afraid to let people know we are. I, myself, would like to travel to Germany and Switzerland and roam around the islands. I want to skate and ski and to be beautiful and interesting.

I want to dance and ride well and speak different languages. I want to drive a car and attend it mechanically, to drive a speedboat and aquaplane superbly. I want dozens of big dogs. I would like to be a really successful artist, and, above all, I want to be able to see the beauty in everything and appreciate it.

Miss L. Hockey, 33 Elizabeth St., Paddington, N.S.W.

Wants Happiness Mainly

MY ambition would be to write a book, have it printed and published, and feel proud of my success.

I would like to travel and travel; to all countries, to little out-of-the-way places one reads about; and to the Pacific Islands to bathe and burn a golden brown in the sun and swim in the blue sea.

I would like to stand 20 or 30 feet above the water and dive straight as an arrow, without too much splash. I would like to go out for a round of golf and hit long straight shots like those of my brother; to be able to hit the ball cleanly would give me a pleasant feeling.

I would like to have a good carriage and always feel confident in myself. Mainly I would like to be happy and spread happiness.

And I would like to go on daydreaming. Miss F. L. Coate, 2 Derrill Avenue, Malvern SE4, Vic.

**SOOTHE
YOUR
THROAT**



MEDICATED
WITH INGREDIENTS OF VICKS VAPORUB

LEG ULCER DISAPPEARS

Another "VAREX" Success

"Just a line to tell you that 'Varex' Treatment has been quite a success in my case," writes one grateful user. "The ulcer, with its consequent pain and swelling, has entirely disappeared, and the leg is quite normal."
"Varex" is a simple, inexpensive home treatment. No reading required. Only one dressing per week. Write for free booklet. Ernest Healey, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Varex Ltd., 3rd Floor, Gurnock's Building, 42-44 George Street, Sydney, 228 Collins Street, Melbourne.***



Recipe for Trim Slenderness

Take one part Gossard Talon Step-In:

Slip it on and slide up the Talon fastener. Note how the satin finished "all-way" stretch elastic moulds your figure to natural looking slenderness, how the concealed boning in the satin paneled front and the top back prevents the girdle from rolling over.

Add one part Gossard Uplift Brassiere:

See how the dainty lace sections uplift, and mould the bust to a youthful, rounded curve. Observe how the elastic section of the lace diaphragm band gives greater breathing ease. Garnish with a new autumn costume and sally forth.

GOSSARD

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OSCAR DENES for Our Sessions at 2GB

"London is to-day the great metropolis of the world," says Oscar Denes, famous Hungarian actor, who will star in "Ball at the Savoy," which opens at the Theatre Royal on July 6.

PARIS, Berlin, Vienna—they are great cities—but London is the hub of the universe; it is even the fashion centre of the world at the present time, he said.

"Do I like Australia? I love it. Just as you might long to visit Europe, so my dream has been to come to Australia, and here I am! Your people, they are delightful; your city, it is alive, it has color; and your beaches are the most beautiful I have ever seen." Mr. Denes had just come from Bondi when he was interviewed by Dorothea Vautier, The Australian Women's Weekly's special radio announcer on Station 2GB. "I had been told to get up early to see the harbor. I did. It is a memory that will stay with me always. I shall take it all over the world with me; it is so wonderful, so beautiful!"

"To me the greatest thing in the world is to make people happy," said this charming actor, with the flashing smile. "When the curtain goes up and I hear the applause of my audience I am so happy, because I have made them glad."

"They are my friends. I love them, and I want them to love me."

It would be impossible to imagine anyone not loving this genial and delightful artist, this maker of mirth, this lover of mankind.

Miss Vautier asked Mr. Denes to talk to Australian Women's Weekly readers during The Australian Women's Weekly sessions one day from 2GB.

"But I couldn't, my dear young lady," he said. "Not a speech, please, I beg of you."

"Well, just a chat, as we are chatting now," she said.

"Ah, but that would be delightful," he said. "For you I will do it..."

And so, this Thursday, June 27, at 3.30 p.m., The Australian Women's Weekly has pleasure in announcing that Mr. Oscar Denes will be interviewed at the microphone by Dorothea Vautier.

Don't forget to tune-in for this chat and hear what one of the world's greatest actors thinks about Australian girls, and things in general.

PEACE WORK for CHILDREN

There is probably no radio personality more intimately known to the school children of New South Wales than Uncle Frank of 2GB. Every Saturday morning 2GB's studios are crowded with children from one or other of the schools, and most of these young people are members of their school's choir, come to raise their voices in an hour's song for the sick people.

UNCLE FRANK wasn't always Uncle Frank, nor was he always interested in the young people. It really began on the battlefields of France. After being wounded in 1916, it was suggested to him that he should represent the Y.M.C.A. with the 3rd Divisional Artillery under Brigadier-General Lloyd.

Uncle Frank, who was then just Frank Grose, replied that he didn't know much about religion, and pointed out he had only once nearly won a Sunday school prize, but was caught by the Sunday school superintendent returning home from a Sunday surf and so didn't get his prize after all.

Nevertheless he accepted the job, and became known as "The Rough Y.M. Bloke," and if you would know any more concerning that part of his life, you will find it all in his book of that name.

It was during his work among the diggers, that he realised that these men, often without religion, were living and dying with the nobility of saints. Religion, he decided, was something more than a name put down on a census paper, and in tribute to the sacrifices made by the Australian soldiers, he decided that he would continue working for the cause for which they were dying—peace on earth.

Saints and Prigs

THE problem is not to make little saints and prigs of our children, but to turn their energies in the right direction. Uncle Frank illustrates his point with the story of the teacher who asked the children what they intended to be. One replied, "Either a missionary or a burglar," and added, "It all depends which side gets me." Uncle Frank is not only an authority on the adolescent, having studied their problems in conjunction with an international committee at Geneva, but he is also the proud father of two boys.

When Frank, Jun., aged six, went to school recently, his mother asked him what he learnt on the first day. He replied "I learnt so much that I don't know what to do with it."

And that, says Uncle Frank, is the problem of to-day. We have all learnt so much, and we must learn what to do with it or court disaster.

On Sunday afternoons, too, the choirs of various Sunday schools have their hour. In this way Uncle Frank comes in personal contact with many thousands of children. But his activities in connection with the young folk do not end there.

He is a very busy life, and he is frequently called upon to adjudicate debates at the schools, to attend prize-givings and other functions.

STAMMERING

Speech Defects, etc., cured by Specialist. WRITE for free booklet: L. W. DEBEN, Ph.D. (Spd. Thl.), M.D.S.G. (Lond.), 301 Macquarie St., Sydney, N.S.W. Late staff R.P.A. and R.A. Hospital. Law free.***



Vigorous Health!

A HOT cereal breakfast is necessary for the children these cold winter mornings.

Breakfast D-Light is the most valuable hot cereal. Youngsters eat it eagerly, because they know nothing could be better for them than the home-cooked hearts of sun-ripened wheat, for that is really what Breakfast D-Light is.

Make Breakfast D-Light the favourite breakfast and overcome the difficulty some mothers find in getting youngsters to relish their morning cereal by saving the packet tops and exchanging them for thrilling free gifts.

Enjoy the "Swiss Family Robinson" Broadcast from Station 2GB, Sydney, and 2HD, Newcastle, 6.20 p.m. every Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings.

Breakfast D-Light

The "Second Helping"
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(late Continental & Museum Fur Stores)

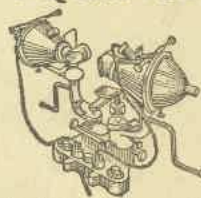
GENUINE REDUCTION SALE

Ladies, you are invited to make an early inspection of the finest quality furs in Sydney.

BUY FROM THE MAKER. Select your own skins from our extensive stock, and have your winter coat or cape tailored to your measure according to Fashion's latest decree. Renovations a Speciality. 8th Floor, State Shopping Block, Market Street, SYDNEY.

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SQUINTS CAN BE CURED



Many parents who have children with a squint or a cross-eye, which is most disfiguring, will be glad to know that we have a synoptoscope which is the latest and most scientific instrument for correcting and exercising the external muscles to relieve eye strain. In most cases the sight can be restored, and the eye become straight by a course of training, without an operation. With a synoptoscope the character of the squint can

be diagnosed and upon this diagnosis depends the treatment.

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What Women Are Doing

Fifty Women Play "Jolly Miller"

THE 50 delegates from all over South Australia who attended the State Country Women's Association conference at Quorn threw all formality to the winds on the night of their arrival, and played "Jolly Miller," "Push the Business On," and many other kinds of party games that give zest to a visit to the outback, or country towns.

Within a few minutes everyone knew everyone, which made the business of the next two days go with a great swing, and there was certainly no need for formal introductions.

Women Play Important Part in Writers' League

THE Victorian branch of the Writers' League, formed only last February, already has 30 members, has run one short story competition, and is now advertising a competition for a sketch of not more than 2000 words, to close on July 1, and a novel competition which closes in December, 1935.

Women play an important part in the League, as they do in the Writers' International, of which it is a part. The president of the Australian Writers' League is novelist Katherine Susannah Prichard, and the national secretary is Betty Rowland, whose play, "The Touch of Silk," is said to be one of the best things yet written by an Australian, and has been produced overseas.

The Victorian Writers' League has John Harcourt as president, but it seems likely that women will always fill the position of secretary. The first was Aileen Palmer, the clever daughter of Vance Palmer, but when she left for England that young and capable person, Anna White, took over the work, which entails a lot of organising.

Widespread and Active Interest in Public Welfare

MRS. J. T. MARSH, J.P., who was presented with a gold wrist-watch by members of the Vaucluse (N.S.W.) Branch of the U.A.P. recently, has long been an energetic worker for patriotic and political causes.



Mrs. J. T. Marsh, J.P.

She was Mayor-elect of Paddington during the war years, and was prominently identified with all patriotic movements and a representative on the committee of the original Repatriation Board.

Mrs. Marsh is also a worker in the interest of the Parents and Citizens' Association, Limless Soldiers, Community Service Association, T.B. Soldiers, Picton Lakes Chalet settlement, the establishment of the Eastern Suburbs Hospital, Far West Children's Health Scheme, and Anti T.B. Association.

Didn't Always Want to Be the "Pretty Lady"

AUSTRALIAN audiences will look forward to seeing Erna Living once more in one of her inimitable characterisations, this time on the screen. Her stage name, thought of on the spur of the moment when first appearing on the professional stage, is itself an indication of her sparkling humor. Her father was a graduate of Dublin University, and it is no doubt from him that Erna Living inherits her wit.

Even as a tiny child she derived the greatest amusement from "dressing up" with her efforts always in the direction of emulating some elderly character of her acquaintance rather than a "pretty lady."

Apart from her many appearances in amateur productions, Erna Living has appeared professionally in "Getting Married," where she took the amusing role of the Mayoress, and in "Anna Christie."

She has also had experience in radio and film work, and will shortly begin rehearsals for her role in the Australian film, "The Burgomaster."

Exhibiting Her Pictures At Melbourne Art Show

KATHLEEN SAUERBIER, the well-known young South Australian artist, is at present visiting Melbourne. She will exhibit some of her pictures at a show which includes the work of Arnold Shore and other well-known contemporary artists.

Perfect Petticoat Party

WOMEN will take the air with a vengeance on July 3, when they will present an entire national broadcast.

That mirth merchant, June Mills, is arranging the "perfect petticoat" party, and she has some well-known people in her little group of entertainers.

They include Kathleen Goodall, songs at the piano; Nell Fleming, soubrette; Bertha Jorgenson, violinist. Mollie Mackay, Madeline Knight, and Freda Treweek will dispense melody, and Mabel Nelson and Essie Morison will present their two-piano work.

Informal Education of Adolescent Girls

TO meet Miss Maymie Law, formerly activities secretary of the Y.W.C.A. in Auckland, and now girls' department secretary in Adelaide, a representative group of women interested in the education of young girls gathered at the Y.W.C.A. Hall, Adelaide, last week, and listened to Miss Law's address on the work and experiments she had carried out in New Zealand on the informal education of adolescent girls. This important work has been done by means of the classes in handicraft, drama, and so on, combining real education with the fun that the girls all expect in the Y.W.C.A.

Among the women who accepted invitations were headmistresses and past heads of girls' schools, directors of the free kindergartens, the secretary of the League of Nations Union in Adelaide (Miss E. M. Dwyer), officials from the Housewives' Association, the Women's Non-Party League, the Legacy Club, and Mrs. M. Wilcher (acting-head of the S.A. Women Police.)

Artist's Wife is the Organiser of His Exhibition

TOM GARRETT, the Sydney artist, is very lucky in his wife, for she is his business manager too.

At present she is in Adelaide holding an exhibition of his water-colors and miniatures, two months ago she was in Canberra, and last year she took some of his pictures to New Zealand, where, incidentally, she was very ill from double pneumonia.

She is planning to go some time this year to Perth, for Mr. Garrett has never shown any of his pictures there, but, in the meantime, she is to spend a little while in Adelaide after the exhibition closes on June 22.

Mrs. Garrett always conducts her husband's exhibitions for him, saying laughingly that "he is a nuisance" when it comes to dealing with hangers and organising officials.

Cataloguing and Classifying At University Library

MARGARET FULLER, that pretty little Hobart girl who took her B.A. at Hobart University, and has done rather well in inter-varsity basketball during the past two years, has crossed Bass Strait to take up a job in Melbourne.

She is a daughter of Mr. W. E. Fuller, a Hobart bookseller, and, as she has been brought up among books, it is not surprising that her tendencies are towards library work.

She is the new assistant librarian at Melbourne University, and so far most of her time has been spent in cataloguing and classifying.

Disciple of Hay Diet is in Melbourne

MISS MOIRA MASTERS, who returned recently to her Melbourne home to practise as a dietitian, is a disciple of the Hay diet, and believes that she is the first dietitian trained under the eye of the famous Dr. William Howard Hay to reach Australia.



Miss Moira Masters

After her training was completed, Miss Masters had charge of Dr. Hay's own restaurant in Toronto, where 180 Hay lunches were served every day.

The diet is not for slimming, but to keep the body well. Miss Masters describes it as "the art of compatible eating," and it largely consists of not mixing proteins and starches, or acids and starches, knowing how to prepare food, insisting on five hours between all meals, and using food in as unrefined a state as it is possible to buy it.

Miss Masters is much travelled. She began moving about during the War, and has had many trips to Singapore, Ceylon, Egypt, and England.

News of the Latest School for Women's Physical Training

MISS GLADYS SMITH, who returned to Hobart recently from a holiday abroad, brings news of the Mensendieck School of Physical Training, which she was deeply interested in during her stay in London.

Originating in Germany, this system, as evolved by Fraulein Mensendieck, has revolutionised ideas for women's physical training in Europe and America. It is based on correct muscular control in every movement of the body, and results in extraordinary grace in walking, standing, and sitting. Miss Smith also studied dancing and deportment with Josephine Bradley and Victor Silvester at their famous school in London.

In addition to the time devoted to these studies of the latest advances in her profession, Miss Smith had an even more absorbing study—the English countryside—which she toured leisurely in company with her brother. They motored to all sorts of places off the beaten track as well as visiting well-known places of interest.

Won the Cup Awarded For Best Budgeter

FOR the first time in the history of the South Australian Avicultural Society, a woman has won the cup for the best budgeter in the show.

One canary—and the fact that she had been ill and spent much of her time out of doors—led Mrs. C. Cook, of Goodwood Rd., Renne Park, to add birds to her hobbies of gardening and ornamental fish. Now, 34 years afterwards, she not only won the championship with her canary "budgie," but also the trophy for the highest aggregate points for growings. In the last show of the society, a record for the society as well as the record for women exhibitors.

Mrs. Cook has bred all the colors for budgerigars except violet and a deep blue shade, and her champion has been judged perfect in form and markings.

Prominent W.C.T.U. Workers Visit to Adelaide

MISS ISABELL McCORKINDALE, national director of the W.C.T.U., and Miss Ada Bromham, national recording secretary, visited Adelaide this month to report on their visit to a world convention at Stockholm and the 26th International Congress on Alcoholism in London. These two women have travelled every mile of their long and fascinating trip together, and now for the first time are separated, for Miss Bromham has returned to her home in Perth, and Miss McCorkindale is remaining in Adelaide for a few weeks longer.

A busy programme of addresses and welcomes at the Y.W.C.A., Women's Non-Party Association and District Unions was carried out during the week before Miss Bromham left.



Gave Chairs and Tables to Adelaide Public Library

MISS KILMERY SYMON is looking forward to the official opening, which is to be soon, of the room at Adelaide's public library wherein her father's books are to be preserved, because she herself has donated the rosewood tables and cedar chairs.

Like her father, the late Sir Jostiah Symon, who left his books to the State, Miss Symon loves libraries, and is hoping to visit the most famous ones in America toward the end of the year. She has travelled over most countries of the world and visited many famous libraries in England and on the Continent, where it was the very old ones, full of manuscripts, in Italy, that evoked her deepest interest.

But, though she reads Italian and French as well, it is the German literature that most appeals to her. Miss Symon says she is very glad her father's library is being prepared for students, as she believes books are "dead" when seldom used.

Famous Authors Tell Her About Themselves

A SERIES of broadcast talks entitled "Yours Sincerely—Personal Letters from Living Authors" has been going on for the last three years, and every time a personal greeting from a special favorite is read somebody listening in gets a big thrill, and begins to wonder about the soft-voiced woman who reads the messages from letters written from the authors themselves.



Miss Jeanne G. Shain—Lafayette.

She is Miss Jeanne G. Shain, one-time kindergarten, and now partner in a popular Melbourne library.

She had the temerity to write to authors all over the world, and has gathered an amazing amount of information, as the response has been nothing short of wonderful. A hundred and sixty of our contemporary writers have corresponded with her, and been delighted to do so, and through their letters she has received the most intimate details about their lives and interests.

Her latest batch of mail includes letters from Hans Fallada, who wrote in German; Countess Elizabeth Russell, the rather mysterious author of "Elizabeth in Her German Garden"; Henry Handel Richardson, who explains how she came to use her pseudonym; W. C. Sellers, of "1936 And All That" fame, and many others.

Hobart's Lady Mayoress Is a Busy Woman

HOBART'S Lady Mayoress, Mrs. J. J. Wignall, is one of the busiest women in the city. Quite apart from her innumerable public duties, she is associated with nearly all the philanthropic work in the city. At the moment she is head of the Women's Shilling Fund which operates in conjunction with the King's Jubilee Fund.

Mrs. Wignall has also been occupied in assisting Lady Clark with the big bridge party at Government House on June 12 in aid of the Red Cross.

And now with that last effort safely behind her she has turned her energies in the direction of organising a big charity ball to take place in August, the object of which will be to assist destitute families.

In the very little leisure that is left to her Mrs. Wignall devotes herself to her garden. She is passionately fond of flowers, and loves to present them to the hospitals, the churches, or for wedding celebrations of her young friends.

IN and OUT of SOCIETY -- By WEP.





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If your health is troubling you in no matter how hopeless your case may seem, WRITE TO-DAY.

No charge is made for advice, and if he can do nothing for you he will tell you in a straightforward manner.

Hundreds of grateful letters testifying to the wonderful results of his personal treatment may be seen at his rooms.

Read what Mrs. D. G. F. (Woombye) writes: "After having been given up by three doctors and spent hundreds of pounds, I went for your treatment. After 2 months I am completely cured, much to the astonishment of my friends. My previous doctor says it is marvellous, and I cannot thank you enough. Your personal treatment is a miracle."

Treatments are specialised for in the following complaints: Asthma and hayfever. Dyspepsia and ulceration of the stomach. Kidney trouble. Eczema, psoriasis, dermatitis, and all skin complaints. Nerves, headaches, and loss of vitality. Catarrh. Antrum trouble without operations. Sinus affections. Ulcerated legs. Varicose veins. Blood pressure. Rheumatism. Rheumatoid-Arthritis. Dandruff.

Readers suffering from any of the above complaints are invited to write (enclosing stamped envelope) or call on CHEMIST ROUSH, the RADIO chemist, 8th Floor, Colonial Mutual Building, Queen St., Brisbane Q. Phone, B 4224. Hours: Mon. to Frid., 9.30 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. Sat., 9 a.m. to 12.30 p.m.



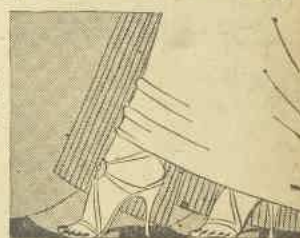
CHEMIST ROUSH.
The holder of 8 gold medals

SANDALS and Brogues for BRIGHTLY PEEPING TOES

No dress accessory makes or mars us with the certainty of shoes. The wrong shoes at the wrong moment are as devastating as a georgette frock worn for a morning's shopping.



TWO SKETCHES of this season's shoe styles. Welled soles, medium heels, high vamp, tarian and plain linen combinations, are featured.



SANDALS SHOW to advantage on stockings feet. This model, on Grecian lines with silk heel, has medallion finish on instep.

CONSIDERING the importance of our footwear on our health, comfort, and smartness, the only wonder is that shoppers do not first of all purchase their shoes and then build up their ensemble from them.

Every doctor and foot specialist will hail with delight the news that low heels are coming into vogue, both for night and day wear. In point of fact, low-heeled evening shoes had a small following last winter, but did not meet with any great enthusiasm in this country except with the girls whose inches were greater than those of their favorite dancing partners.

Vanity, after all, plays an important part in all fashions, and as feet look smaller, and higher of instep, in high-heeled shoes, it is unlikely that this style will be discarded without a struggle.

To meet girls' shoes of the Girl Guidish variety would look impossible out of place with a frilly turbejow frock, but how many pause to think of the incongruity of wearing light kid court shoes with a heavy tweed coat and skirt. Far better to keep to light frocks and cloth coats if heavy footwear is painful to our individuality.

Sandals, too, can be a trap for the unwary. Sandals look their best when worn without stockings, but it is only the perfect foot that can, or rather should, be shown unadorned.

One's hostess also should be considered in this matter of bare and brightly-polished toes that peep through a sandal's trappings. All people, specially if they belong to just a decade or so ago, have not become quite used to bare legs in formal attire.

The story is told of one fair maiden who attended several tennis parties in an exclusive home. When it was discovered by her hostess that her legs were innocent of stockings she was never asked to another party.

Shoes for spring and summer are already jostling their winter cousins from the most spectacular show-cases. Among the most fascinating of the new designs are the shoes to be known as "Regency Flat." As the name indicates, the heel is low, and a broad round toe is decorated with rows of stitching in lieu of a toecap.

Moccasin trimming designs are also shown on a number of court shoes with an occasional bead or so to give added character.

For everyday wear nothing could be more comfortable and snappy than the white buckskin models, square of toe, showing a decided alpine tendency in shape, and with a roueaus of navy kid outlining the ankle and navy kid laces through two pairs of eyelets.

Two tones will be quite the thing, and natural linen allied with navy or brown is a popular combination.—V.M.

PRIZE-WINNERS in Tea Competition

We here announce results of the Tea Competition recently conducted through our pages.

Competitors were asked to write a short essay covering certain angles of tea-drinking:—(1) Who drinks tea in your home? (2) When do they drink tea? (3) Why do they drink tea? (4) In what form is it most popular?

This was a splendid opportunity to show not only tea appreciation but literary merit, and hundreds of readers entered with right good will.

Judges report the general standard high. Prize-winning essays were selected because they were well-written, clear, and concise.

Here are the winners:

First Prize: £3/3/- to Mrs. M. Paisley, 17 Francis Street, Kogarah, N.S.W.

Second Prize: £2/2/- to Mrs. I. Parker, 107 Kuroki Street, Penhurst, N.S.W.

Third Prize: £1/1/- to Miss M. H. Wenmoth, 26 Wills Street, Balwyn, Melbourne E.A.

A special prize of 10/6 went to Miss Agnes McNab, Bourke, N.S.W.

The 100 special prizes have been mailed. All these essays showed distinct merit.



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4

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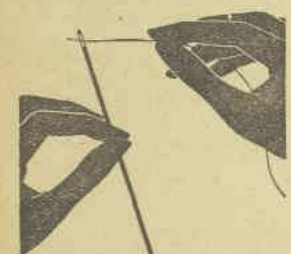
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Under the direct supervision, control, and operation of MASTER LADIES HAIRDRESSERS of international repute. Students of this Academy receive individual instruction from fourteen leading New South Wales Hairdressers. Evening classes for the profession will commence on Tuesday, July 2.

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For your eyes' sake consult an Optometrist once a year.

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CORONER'S Inquiry Into Death of MOTHER

Doctors and Nurse Did Everything Possible: Crookwell Case

From Our Special Representative

CROOKWELL, Monday.

The district coroner, Mr. J. J. Manion, held an inquiry to-day into the circumstances attending the death of Mrs. Kathleen G. Price, of Macalister, Crookwell, who died in the district hospital on June 2.

The death was one of a series of four maternal deaths during a period of four weeks and was the sixth during the present year.

Details of these deaths were given in last week's issue of The Australian Women's Weekly in a special article which urged that, for the sake of all concerned, full inquiries should be made into this unusual sequence of maternal deaths.

WITH the temperature below freezing point, and heavy snow falling, very few people attended the proceedings in the early stages of the inquiry.

The Coroner allowed some evidence of the deaths of the five previous women, but before the inquiry had proceeded far he shut out evidence not relating to Mrs. Price's death.

At the conclusion of the brief evidence the Coroner found that death was due to sepsis following childbirth, and added the opinion that no fault could be found with the treatment by Doctors Howell and Burns, and everything possible was done in Harley Hospital for the woman.

Sergeant Gray said that Harley was spotlessly clean, and the matron's reputation and that of the hospital was excellent.

The District Registrar, Mr. McFarlane, said that on account of so many deaths he felt it his duty to report the matter to the Board of Health and Coroner.

Dr. Sandford Morgan reported that she had inspected Harley, and found everything satisfactory to the Board of Health. The hospital was automatically closed after Mrs. Price's death, and she had granted a fresh clearance.

The wards appeared to have been recently fumigated and carbolic.

Every Care Taken

SHE investigated Mrs. Price's death, and with the medical history given her was satisfied with the cause of death as stated in the certificate. She approved of the treatment given by the local medical men, and saw no reason for an inquest. She refuted the suggestion that the deaths were due to any mysterious germ. Only two of the six cases were septic. Matron Tulloh had a high reputation.

Dr. Howell said he had attended Mrs. Price since September, 1934. She had a septic condition with her first child and a history of difficulties with pregnancy and childbirth. This last birth was a normal one, but complications followed. Every precaution was taken with regard to the sterilisation of gowns, gloves and instruments. Sepsis developed, and although everything possible was done she died a fortnight after the birth of the child. He had two consultations with Dr. Burns during the last fortnight of her life. Mrs. Price died on June 2. She was removed from Harley to the District Hospital under the Board of Health's regulations.

None of the other deaths had any relation to Mrs. Price's. Harley was always carbolic and fumigated after deaths, and the greatest care was taken in the sterilisation.

He had every confidence in Matron Tulloh and his instructions were always carried out to the letter. He had attended 100 cases in 15 years' practice and had never lost a mother until this year. The sequence of six deaths could not be attributed to any mysterious germ. The causes of death in each case were quite clear and well known.

He had seen Mrs. Price three times a day. Death was due to sepsis following childbirth. Since June 2 there had been a number of births in Harley without trouble.

Dr. F. A. Burns, Government Medical Officer, corroborated the evidence of Dr. Howell. He had never heard a complaint against Dr. Howell or Matron Tulloh.

Husband's Evidence

HAROLD PRICE, farmer, of Macalister, told the Coroner he was perfectly satisfied with the treatment of his wife by the doctors and the matron.

His wife enjoyed good health, but always had trouble with pregnancy and childbirth.

Matron Florence Tulloh said she followed the instructions of Dr. Howell in the Price case and had had no complaint from the patient. She had been nursing since 1917 and at Crookwell since 1920, had attended 1099 confinements, and had never had a case of

death from infection before. She took every precaution against infection and particularly in regard to the sterilisation of gowns and instruments.

THE main purpose and endeavour of active educational effort must necessarily be the training and equipping of youth to face and successfully surmount the trials and problems of life.

In all things a habit commenced in childhood, while the mind and individuality are plastic, is far more likely to prove lasting than when begun later in life.

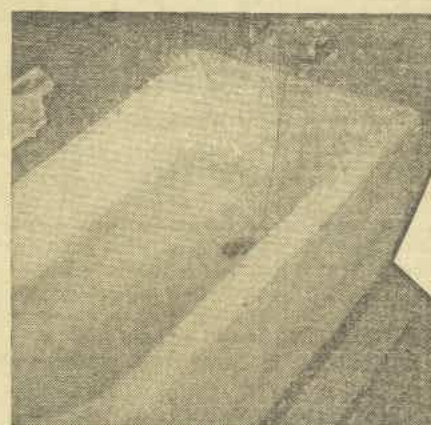
It was with a full conception of at least one great purpose in the pursuit of knowledge that the Commonwealth Savings Bank planned its service to apply as directly for the benefit of children as for adults. The depositing of regular weekly sums in a Savings Bank account is a practical and logical illustration of the thrift lesson, and the Commonwealth Savings Bank has extended its facilities throughout all Australia to make that lesson easy and valuable.

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When your bath and tiles begin to lose their sparkle, blame gritty cleaners. To keep bright and glossy, porcelain must have smooth cleaning. Keep a tin of Vim in the bathroom. No risk of ugly scratches, with Vim. The soft Vim grains are soap-coated. They gently lift the dirt off and away. For faster, smoother, cleaner cleaning—Vim!

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T.35.15

PRIVATE VIEWS

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

★★ NAUGHTY MARIETTA

Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy.
(M-G-M.)

VICTOR HERBERT's operetta is a happy choice for Jeanette MacDonald. The dress of later 18th century France, particularly the simpler garb of the casquette maids sent out by Louis XV to Louisiana as brides for the colonists, suits her beauty to perfection. She proves also once more a charming singer of melodious airs, and a sprightly heroine of romance. Nelson Eddy, too, uses a good baritone voice with great effect, and, whether as the stalwart young captain of the patrolling troops who rescues the casquette maids from pirates and finds himself attracted to the spirited girl who rebuffs him or as the lover who finally carries off his princess in defiance of her guardian, he makes a gallant figure.

The settings are lavish. There has been little attempt to capture the true Parisian atmosphere in the earlier scenes, and the appearance of Schumann as the princess' elderly music master is puzzling. But the quayside of New Orleans, its streets and interiors are very picturesque. Frank Morgan, as Governor of the colony with a more than paternal interest in the boy of new arrivals, has a part after his own heart, and Elsa Lanchester gives sardonic emphasis to his justifiably suspicious lady. —St. James, com. June 28.

★★ THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH

Leslie Banks, Edna Best. (G-B.)

EXCELLENT melodrama, relieved by plentiful flashes of humor, sums up this picture. Besides a swift succession of thrills and an unusual variety of background there is a naturalism in the acting, and a correctness in the detail that are very satisfying. The structure of the story is simple: An Englishman and his wife (Leslie Banks and Edna Best) enjoying winter sports in Switzerland, through a recent acquaintance pick up a clue to the plot of some international anarchists, who take measures to secure their alliance by kidnapping their little daughter (Nova Fibben). The three members of this domestic partnership in the affectionate banter of the early scenes, and later, as distraught parents and terrified child, act very well indeed.

Sinister doings at a dentist's parlor and at the tabernacle of a strange religious sect in Wapping, where Hugh Wakefield plays a most self-sacrificing part, are followed by a concert of richly harmonized choral music at the Albert Hall. As climax we have a massed attack by police on the gang's headquarters, which is reminiscent of the famous "Sidney Street siege" of 24 years ago, sole incident of its kind in the annals of the Metropolitan Police and staged by the impetuous Winston Churchill, then Home Secretary. The rather thin German actor, Peter Lorre, presents a subtle arch villain. —Lyceum, com. June 29.

★★ GOLD DIGGERS OF 1935

Dick Powell, Gloria Stuart, Alice Brady, Adolphe Menjou. (Warner Bros.)

SEVERAL preliminary shots of a summer hotel being made ready for the annual influx of visitors prepare us very pleasantly for what follows. Among early arrivals are the skintight millionaire, Mrs. Prentiss (Alice Brady), with dowdy, repressed daughter (Gloria Stuart), and son (Frank McHugh), who has so far detached himself from the maternal apron-string as to have been married and divorced four times. There is also a millionaire collector of snuff-boxes (Hugh Heston) whom Mrs. Prentiss has nobbled for her daughter. Already ensconced are a medical student (Dick Powell), and a hotel tycoon (Glenda Farrell).

We could hardly believe that Mrs. Prentiss would think it necessary to lay out any sum, however small, in the cause of charity. But even she cannot cope with the Russian producer of her musical show (Adolphe Menjou) and his expensive colleague. However, the entertainment no doubt cost all this is faintly coerced in the end to pay for it includes platoons of white-enamelled grand pianos which form and re-form into crazy geometrical patterns under one's eyes. This is a brisk and amusing piece. —State, com. June 28.

★★ THE RIGHT TO LIVE

Colin Clive, Josephine Hutchinson, George Brent. (Warner Bros.)

WHEN an author of Somerset Maugham's calibre sets out to deal sincerely with a problem of human relationships, he should be well served. In this film version of "The Sacred Flame" we are happy to note a sensitiveness and a quiet reserve in the acting which accord with his intent. Colin Clive expresses admirably the plucky endurance and the hope against hope of the young husband cruelly maimed in an accident, his adoration of his wife and his desire not to cloud her life by his misfortune. Josephine Hutchinson also is tender and sweet as the young wife, giving all she can to her husband but

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—
excellent.
★★ Two stars—
good films.
★ One star—
average films.
No stars no good.

realising eventually despite herself that she has more to give to his brother (George Brent), who arrives later.

So far the rendering is good. We are not even worried by the mixture of English and American accents in the English setting. But the working out departs from the original. It does not matter so much that the love of the wife for her husband's brother has not reached the stage it obviously has in the play. But what of the mother? Maugham clearly makes this older woman, who sees the whole thing without bitterness, out of her loving pity and the intolerable strain. To alter this is to sentimentalise the play. —State, com. June 28.

★ THE CASE OF THE CURIOUS BRIDE

(Reviewed by E.M.L.)

Warren William, Margaret Lindsay. (Warner Bros.)

CURIOUS is hardly the adjective for that terrified and desperate victim of circumstance, the bride in this case. But of law and order in California as here depicted we may well say with Alice in Wonderland, "curiouser and curiouser!" For, apparently, it is no one's concern that justice should be done. The District Attorney is out for a conviction, by whatever unscrupulous method, while the counsel for the defence obstructs the officers of the law, suborns a witness to commit perjury, and generally conducts himself in a way which in any British community would justify his being disbarred. Warren William is slick and virile as the sleuth-attorney. But the scene where, in a spirit of broad comedy, he seeks the assistance in prison of a gangster whose neck awaits the noose, is distasteful. —Capitol, com. June 28; King's Cross, com. June 29.

★ ONE HOUR LATE

Helen Twelvetrees, Joe Morrison, Conrad Nagel, Arline Judge. (Paramount.)

LIGHT comedy-drama suits Helen Twelvetrees much better than some previous roles. Here as the fluffly little office girl, discouraged by the squire of the apartment she shares with her married sister and family, and unable to make up her mind to risk a continuation of it if she marries a young man (Joe Morrison) employed at the same office, she is just right. Her nervous incompetence when she has to go to the boss's (Conrad Nagel) private room as substitute secretary, her childish, over-awed pleasure at the indigestible picnic lunch of her own choosing he orders to make amends for his annoyance, her little airs and graces, the rupture with Morrison and the eventual reconciliation are all well done.

Morrison, as a crooner who rather surprisingly holds aloof from the radio, sings two new numbers acceptably. —Capitol, com. June 29; King's Cross, com. June 29.

★ A WOMAN'S MAN

John Halliday, Marguerite de la Motte, Wallace Ford. (Monogram.)

WHY not "a man's woman?" we are tempted to ask. For the film star who plays heroine here seems able to twist at least four men round her little finger. The film-backer and the director (John Halliday), who suffer in their business from her tantrums and temperament, rail at her, but can always be wheedled, until at length Halliday breaks loose and gives her a whacking piece of his mind. And the promising young prizefighter (Wallace Ford) is her unquestioning slave until he overhears her lying about their relationship to the wealthy Englishman whom she intends to marry.

That this spoiled darling should also possess a faithful, though cynical, woman friend would seem to be rather overdoing it, even if Marguerite de la Motte were better able to impress us with the seductiveness necessary to attract this devotion. —Lyric, com. June 28.

★ THE PHANTOM LIGHT

Gordon Barker, Binnie Hale. (G-B.)

AS good as most mystery thrillers, this one. The motives of two unauthorized persons in the reputedly haunted lighthouse are for some time obscure, and there is a period of extraordinary and time-wasting indecision on the part of the new lightkeeper (Gordon Barker) when the light has been put out of action by wreckers. But defects are compensated by Barker's priceless mug and by the introduction of piquant Binnie Hale. —Embassy, com. June 21.



FRANK MORGAN and Margaret Sullivan in a scene from "The Good Fairy."

AN ACTOR because he LOVES IT

Frank Morgan

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

FORTUNATELY a number of people rise to eminence in various professions, and most of them attain distinction because they delight in their work. But not nearly so many achieve success in their chosen career while being assured of a good income from quite another source.

FRANK MORGAN, however, who has carved for himself a special niche in stage and screen roles, is a man of large independent means who has no need to engage in the toils of a very exacting profession unless he wants to do so.

His part of the South American merchant in "The Good Fairy," soon to be released, is imbued with a zest which supplies the answer to the query: Why is he an actor?

The wealth, which comes to Frank Morgan as inherited, and for a while in his youth he was concerned in the marketing side of the business from which he now draws an income as vice-president of the corporation.

After completing his education at Cornell University he also tried other avenues of commercial life, becoming in turn a brush salesman, a real estate man, and even for a while a reporter and a cowboy. But eventually he followed his brother Ralph to the stage.

Angostura

IN some ways the story of the family business in which the two Morgans are more or less sleeping partners is as romantic as any role they have either of them enacted. It is the manufacture by a traditional and secret formula of Angostura Bitters, a popular ingredient of cocktails and a flavoring of various drinks, alcoholic and otherwise. The essence is procured from a rare herb only found in the tropical island of Trinidad, a British colony, and the formula of its preparation is known only to three white men in the world, and not to either of the Morgans.

There is an element of mystery in any closely-guarded secret of this kind. But more interesting, perhaps, is the history of how the Morgans came to be connected with it.

The tale goes back to the time of the Napoleonic Wars, when a family named Siegart left Germany and settled in Trinidad, where they made their discovery, and have ever since carried on the manufacture of the bitters. In the late 1860's an American ship's captain, by the name of Hancock, anchored his vessel off Trinidad. He had with him on board his daughter Josephine, and ashore they were met and entertained by the Siegarts.

While they were there a young employee of the firm named Wupperman was introduced. Soon he and Josephine Hancock fell in love and were married, and his employers gave the young bride-

room the sales rights of Angostura Bitters throughout the United States of America, Canada, Mexico and Cuba for a wedding present.

It only needs to be added that Wupperman is the actual surname of the two brothers, whose stage name is Morgan. After the repeal of prohibition, when an increase of the family business was to be expected, it was thought that Frank Morgan might retire from the stage and screen to take a more active part in the management. But he says not.

Name of Morgan

THE adoption of the name Morgan came about in this way. Ralph took it as being more euphonious than his own when he decided to be an actor. His admiration for J. Pierpont Morgan also influenced him. And when Frank followed his brother's choice of profession he also followed suit with the name.

These two are among the actors most in demand in Hollywood for playing important supporting roles. They are both accomplished and adaptable actors, and, as there is a certain family resemblance, a director unable to get hold of one of them has often been just as satisfied to secure the other.

All the same they are in no sense mere replicas of one another. Frank is considerably taller and broader than his brother, and, whereas Ralph inclines more to strong drama, Frank shines especially in light, sportive roles, where his faculty for presenting the humor of the middle-aged man who fancies himself still young can have full play.

QUITE soon after his entry on the stage, Frank Morgan decided that the opportunities for good-looking juven-

iles were too limited. He had his share of good looks, and from some angles his face still reminds one of John Barrymore's famous profile. But romantic heroes come and go, unless their special abilities and charm and so on make their day unusually protracted. So Frank resolved to go in for character parts.

In order to shift himself definitely out of the juvenile class he deliberately decided to get fat. Not too fat, of course; just enough to acquire a middle-aged thickness.

Having done that, and proceeding to concentrate on middle-aged roles, he quickly leaped to success. He is one of Hollywood's free-lance actors, and for the last several years he has been kept hard at work.

AS the Duke in the costume comedy of "The Affairs of Cellini," he made a great hit, his portrayal being undoubtedly the highlight of a piece in which neither Constance Bennett nor Fredric March played with a sufficiently light touch. He has also quite recently acted the part of the Governor of New Orleans in the "period" musical piece, "Naughty Marietta," giving yet another clever study of a bespectacled amateur of youthful female beauty.

There are lines and situations belonging to his part in "The Good Fairy," of an amorous, wealthy business man who wants to have a gay time with a pretty little girl whom he picks up at a restaurant, that might cause offence if played by someone else. In fact, the stage play has been known to provoke criticism on that score. But the artistic performance of Frank Morgan in the screen version removes any unpleasant innuendo and renders the character one to chortle over.



FRANK MORGAN here has a distinct look of John Barrymore.

Intimate Jottings



Did You Know That—

Much digging and delving taking place on tennis court of Munro home. Keera, Bingara? Charmian Mack, Gordon's fiancée, is keen player.

Eightsomes Dance

SENSATION caused at Retford Hall ball by dancing of eightsomes. . . Mrs. Jim Ashton, Mary Hordern, Anne Gordon, and Pat Farquharson, partnered by gentlemen in kilts, skipped and skirled to strains of bagpipes. . . Much applause from bystanders. . . Party brilliant success. . . Guests still loath to depart at three o'clock. . . Gorgeous frocks, furs, and jewels. . . Hostess Mrs. Anthony Hordern in mink furs wrapped over jade-green tailored frock, and host's daughter Mary wore lovely cape with bands of chinchilla over Margaret-Rose pink gown. . . Shade of green chosen by Faith Macarthur Onslow slightly chilly for this weather.

Brigadier J. L. Hardie, D.S.O., and Mrs. Hardie entertained by president and members of United Service Institution on Saturday. Reception and dance big success.

Polo Pleases

POLO spectators have gone enthusiastic once more. . . Horns cheerily bonked at Kyeemagh when goals hit on Saturday. . . Among fairest present was Mrs. Doug Henty. . . Looked lovely in lime-green suede coat and matching hat. . . Little black dog on leather lead was fashion accessory chosen by Mrs. Doug Levy. . . Margaret Allen and young Skene lady well turned out, booted and spurred, for linesman's job. . . Pam Richards, in black and Marina-green, and Judy Molesworth, in brown tweeds, among ingenues.

Fifty-three Hostesses

BLAZING logs and hot drinks popular at The Dansant at Number Eleven, Onslow Avenue, Tuesday afternoon. . . Cocktail frocks of much elegance superseded tweeds and brogues. . . Absence of polo match during afternoon made fashion parade possible. . . Mrs. Jim Ashton wore lovely ensemble of French-blue crepe-de-chine. . . Pinky-beige fox fur followed line of cowl back and straight neckline in front. . . Jessie McMaster, who assisted her in secretarial duties, wore tabac-brown angora cloth with matching hat and furs.

Blush-pink slipper-satin chosen for Enid Hull's dance frock at Romano's on Saturday. Large bow halfway down skirt fell into train, giving Regency effect.

First Aerial Party

MURRAY WINN knows thing or two about bright parties. . . On attaining ripe age of eight took fourteen Cranbrook friends for aeroplane ride. . . Last Sunday saw boys stacked into Brisbane-to-Sydney air-liner for Sydney's first aerial party. . . Balloons optimistically floated from plane when circling over Cranbrook. . . On alighting, each boy presented with model plane and packet of good things to eat. . . Murray's elder brother, Dick, kept watch and ward.

Busman's Holiday

CAPTAIN STAUNTON once more enjoying busman's holiday. . . After piloting Orient mailboats for many years likes nothing better than a trip with someone else doing the navigation. . . After stay of seven months in Australia is now wending his way back to London home on board Otranto. . . Captain Staunton has as many friends in Australia as own country and leaves with regret. . . Frequently seen at Royal Sydney Golf Club during sojourn.

Madge Elliott's Wedding

MADGE ELLIOTT and Cyril Ritchard determined to postpone marriage until stagework in abeyance. . . Rumor that marriage to take place before Brisbane tour incorrect. . . Contract with Firm, which popular couple hoped to have cancelled, still holds. . . Wedding-bells will ring not later than September in Sydney after farewell visit to Brisbane and Adelaide. . . Trousseau including spring and summer models in lieu winter woolies.

Scat-Singing Popular

SCAT-SINGING at Manhattan proving draw. . . Legal-minded Tom McMahon gazed with astonishment at drummer's clever performance at recent party. . . Harold Flett showed much agility with footwork and kept partner guessing as to steps. . . Mr. and Mrs. Noel Eedy, popular couple from Yass, included in after-cocktail party. . . Others making merry were Mr. and Mrs. Keith Younger, Ted Sandy, Mrs. F. C. Thompson, and Victor Jilks. . . Pillars now panelled with mirrors. . . Most decorative.

"The Apple Cart," by G.B.S., drew big house at Savoy on Saturday. Doris Fitton every reason to feel pleased with excellent production. Betty Higgins and John Wyndham among leading lights.

Ship-board Romance

MR. AND MRS. KEN NETH HENDERSON off on honeymoon trip with Sudan destination. . . Romance commenced on board ship en route to Sydney. . . Marriage at St. John's with bride all in cream and carrying cream roses. . . Reception at Number 11 Onslow Avenue. . . Couple now on board Otranto. . . Bride, formerly Margaret Atkinson, lived with family in Malaya some years ago, so quite used to tropics.



No One Caned

NO canings at Kings School Old Boys' Dance at Blaxland Galleries in spite of much whoopee. . . Anecdotes of school days flourished mid sympathetic audiences. . . T.K.S. boys do not last distance in dancing world. . . Very few of older generation present. . . Aline Edwards, handsome in all-white gown, danced with members of Maple Brown party. . . Mrs. Ted Sandy hostess at nearby table. . . Black velvet sandals with wide bands matched frock. . . Peggy Hesse making habit of frilly tulle capes. . . Fringe curl very tight, but effect good.

Some member of Bligh family invariably on high seas. Mr. and Mrs. Francis Bligh left Sydney on Saturday to meet son Leonard, who has been imbibing knowledge at Cambridge University, at Colombo.

Prime Minister Entertains

PRIME MINISTER and Mrs. Lyons gave sherry party at Savoy Hotel before leaving London. . . Hostess in favorite shade of powder-blue georgette and matching hat. . . Dowager Countess of Airlie among distinguished guests. . . Of special interest to Australians were Viscountess Allenby, Dowager Lady Nunburnholme, daughter of Lord Carrington, former Governor of N.S.W., Sir William and Lady Birdwood, Lady Gullett, Mrs. Albert Littlejohn, Mrs. Rischbieth, and Mr. and Mrs. Taylor Darbyshire.



A CHARMING STUDY of the recent bride, Mrs. Geoff Ashton, photographed as she watched her husband play in a Dudley Cup match at Kyeemagh Polo Ground.

—Women's Weekly Photo.

Past Presidents

A L L green-and-gold decorations at Feminist Club for twenty-first birthday party. . . Lady Parker and three past presidents, Mrs. Barker Young, Mrs. Margaret Dale, and Mrs. Jessie Street, honored guests. . . Much amusement caused by play produced by Younger Feminists for occasion. . . "World Without Men" title of entertainment. . . Musical programme and short addresses from past and present presidents concluded evening.

Caravan Honeymoon

MR. AND MRS. SYDNEY WALSH set honeymoon fashion. . . After wedding on Thursday set forth in de luxe motor caravan for trip to Adelaide. . . Marriage at St. Matthew's, Manly, and reception at Hotel Pacific. . . Edna Fisher and Elma Walsh supported bride. . . Bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Keyworth, hall from Dubbo. . . Are making stay at Pacific. . . Young couple have much touring in view before deciding on country residence.

Airwoman Mrs. Bonney, probably first Australian to go aerial holidaying here. Her 4000-mile round trip from Brisbane to take her over Townsville, Hermannsburg Mission, Alice Springs, Broken Hill. If weather kind will enjoy great diversity of scenery en route.

Dances Are Rare

SYDNEY undergoing lapse in dancing. . . Polo week only evoked Retford Hall party. . . Extra Chukka Ball missing from list of fixtures. . . C.W.A. resting after effort for Prince Henry. . . Dance cabarets not so full and Hotel Australia not putting on special dance nights. . . Old Girls' and Old Boys' Unions keeping dancing feet moving. . . Never let up on activities.

Hither and Thither

AUSTRALIANS on wing abroad include Mrs. Clive Teece and Elizabeth. . . Made Burlington Hotel headquarters for stay in London and since purchased car for interesting tours. . . Mr. Teece returns shortly to Sydney, but family staying longer. . . Anthea Mack, of Trangie, having fine time in London and thoroughly enjoying first European visit. . . Mr. and Mrs. Burleigh and four daughters settled for time being in West End flat.

Commander E. V. Baker, of H.M. survey ship Herald, arrived in Sydney on furlough during week-end.

After-Polo Party

BETTY WEIHEN, Sydney's popular young blonde, hostess to large party on Saturday. . . Many guests arrived after polo for cheering cup and caviar. . . Betty was assisted by mother and young sister in entertainment of friends. . . Bright young guests in abundance, including Sheila McDonald, Lela Forsayth, Betty Hagon, Barbara Bales, and Munro sisters, June and Betty.

Have You Noticed—

Prevalency of brilliant hair ornaments? Sue Other Gee affected small Prince of Wales feathers in diamonds for Retford Hall party.

Jane Lane

POSTAL SHOPPING PAGE

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Blooms. Our special collection of 25 of the
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SYDNEY

Continued from Page 6

from an area and shouldered his way
through the crowd.

"Wot's the trouble, Bill?" he asked.

"This bloke 'as pinched my dog, an'
won't 'and 'im over," said the young
man addressed as Bill.

"I don't believe the dog belongs to
you, and I'll not hand him over," said
Stanton. He spoke firmly, but his
face was flushed. He had never been
in a similar situation before. His
methodically-ordered life had had no
experience with street scenes. Still,
he was convinced that this unpleasant
man was not the dog's master. In
fact, the Alredale whined and slunk
behind Stanton as if for protection.

With set lips and accelerated pulse,
Stanton turned again on his way. But
Bill, with the eyes of the court upon
him, could not accept defeat. Dropp-
ing his tool-bag, he strode after
Stanton, gripped his shoulder and
swung him round.

"YOU'LL give me the
dog, or I'll 'and you one!"

A deeper flush came over Stanton's
face.

"You shan't have the dog, damn
you!"

Smash came the "one" Bill had prom-
ised. It caught Stanton on the
check-bone and jerked his head back.
Then he found himself sitting on the
pavement with the elbow of his left
arm hurting frightfully. He still re-
tained his grasp on the leash of the
Alredale, who stood over him barking
viciously at Bill.

Stanton didn't remember falling, but
there he was, and his elbow must have
struck heavily. For a few moments
the whole thing seemed unreal to him.
Then he realised that he was facing
realities, and he realised, too, that it
was the show of the Alredale's fangs
that prevented Bill from following up
his brutal attack.

Stanton's ancestry, as far as it could
be traced back, had always been

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TUESDAY:
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WEDNESDAY:
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Dietetics.

THURSDAY:
Elementary
Cookery.

FRIDAY:
Home Manage-
ment.

The ICICLE

KEEPING to the

side streets, as much as possible
to avoid the crowds, Stanton and
the Alredale made their way city-
wards. For the first time in his
life, Stanton was experiencing the
feeling of ownership in a living ob-
ject. His dislike of new experiences
struggled mightily against this feeling
of ownership, but the spark of interest
kindled in Stanton's consciousness was
not extinguished. It was only a
spark, but it was to glow and burst
into a flame as he confronted yet
another new experience before he
reached Wellington Street.

A short cut took him through a
court containing rows of workmen's
tenements. He was half-way through
the court with the Alredale on the
leash when a heavy touch on his arm
arrested his steps. He turned to con-
front a tall, heavily-built young man
from whose shoulder dangled a work-
man's tool-bag. His face, had it been
cleaner and freer from its dissipated
look, might have been pleasing, but to
Stanton's taste it was decidedly un-
pleasant at the moment. The tag-end
of a cigarette hung from the lips of
the young man, and an alcoholic odor
was plainly evident as he spoke.

"Where did you git that dog, guv-
nor?"

The tone of his voice was insolent,
even threatening. Stanton was not a
coward, he resented the insolent tone
of the inquiry, but his inward nature
revolted at scenes. His reply, there-
fore, was an icy stare for a moment,
then he turned away. But again the
heavy hand fell on his arm and com-
pelled him to halt.

"Art a mo' guv'nor. I want to
know where you got that dog!"

Stanton shook off the grasp on his
arm and faced his questioner.

"Where I got the dog does not con-
cern you," said Stanton frigidly.

"Ho! don't it? Well, 'e's my dog,
an' ye can 'and 'im over!" His voice,

which from the first had been aggres-
sive, now waxed louder and menacing.
The court gave instant attention.
Heads appeared at windows, and door-
ways poured forth highly interested
spectators. Children ceased playing
and gathered in a circle around the
two men. An older man came up

2GB Highlights

SATURDAY, June 29, 8-9:

Mischa Spolawsky, composer.

7.45: Darryl and Joan, 3.35: Barbra

Druggery. 5.0: Ellis Price, "The

Love and His Chemist." 9.30:

Paul Robeson.

SUNDAY, June 30, 11-11.5: Glen

Southern. 1.45: Highlights from

"Rigoletto." 2.15: Face to Face

with Dvorak. 7.30: Dr. E. R.

Walker, "Democratic Control of

Foreign Policy." 7.40: Prof. Harvey

Sutton, "Hereditry." 8.15: Harmony

Isle. 8.45: George Edwards in

"Percy" Poppeworth and Biram

Hopper.

MONDAY, July 1, 12-12.15: Social

Work in Different Countries. 2.45:

New Term, Radio School of

Domestic Science. 9.0: Ellis Price,

"Sables for Molly." 9.15: Travel

with Music.

TUESDAY, July 2, 11-11.45: Doro-

thea Vautier, "So They Say."

Topics. 6.45: The Voice of the

People. 9.15: George Edwards as

"Don John of Austria." 10.30:

Ellen Joyce.

WEDNESDAY, July 3, 11-11.45:

Dorothea Vautier, "What the

World is Reading." 9.0: Easy Chair

presents Donald Novis. 9.45: Cyril

James.

THURSDAY, July 4, 12-12.15:

Bette Toppington, "Numerology."

9.15: Birth of British Nation,

"Athenian, Son of Alfred."

FRIDAY, July 5, 6-6.35: Once

Upon a Time. 2.30: A. M. Pooley.

EASY CHAIR Presents DONALD NOVIS

After establishing his reputation as one of the finest
tenors in America to-day, the name of Donald Novis has
become a household word in Australia through an excellent
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will again have the pleasure of hearing this great singer
in the Easy Chair Music Session each Wednesday and
Thursday night at 9.

2GB

dased to his feet amid the crowd in
Paradise Court. For the first time in
his uneventful life John Stanton
realised that he knew practically noth-
ing about the rules governing boxing
but that did not matter. The rules
governing fighting in Paradise Court
were simple in the extreme—beat up
your opponent in any and every way
possible and keep your eye peeled for
the cops.

With head down and arms extended,
Stanton rushed. It is possible that Bill
anticipated some science in the fight-
ing of this "bloke" opponent, for he
raised his arms to protect his jaw. Like
two battering rams, Stanton's fists
drove into his wind. With a gasping
howl, Bill doubled up, only to meet the
blows of Stanton smashing into his
face.

Please turn to Page 33

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKE

June 29, 1935.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers.

27

This Week BERTHA MAXWELL Gives You ...

A Needlework Etching For Your Walls and Three Demurely Beautiful Aprons!

You may have these Ready-to-make Aprons in Crash or Fadeless Linene ... Needlework Picture in Cream Linen

AUSTRALIAN sunshine in golden Queensland wattle and scarlet desert peas, cool English tulips and primroses for a hot day, and the quaintest little picture apron called "The House in the Bush," a new note in needlework with stitching all its own—read how it is done, and then try it. And what is the rage overseas: Make a little needlework etching for your walls, you'll be so pleased with it. See full details as to making in this article.

THE home-worker who is equipped with a smart little apron is doubly ready for her duties. She is dressed for the part and ready to face front-door or back-door callers at any hour. It is actually easier to work when one is properly aproned in the home, for a bright new apron, with a few stitches of color, is a definite help to the mind. Whatever your taste in aprons, you will find something to please you in these three. These are the prices, post free—from The Australian Women's Weekly office only:

Best quality crash ready-to-made aprons, carrying any one of the three exclusive designs. Price 2/3.

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"The House in the Bush" needlework picture for framing—stamped on superb quality cream linen, 18 x 15 inches, with margin for framing purposes. Price 2/-.

The ready-to-make aprons are stamped ready for your stitchery to make them uncommon and beautiful. They carry a picot edging which allows you to add a pretty crochet edging, lace embroidery, or finish with bias binding. The pocket can be simply machined on, and tape to slip over head and the tie for the back can be added in any color you like.

We could offer you aprons at a lower price than this, but we do not think it would be right to ask you to embroider lovely designs on poor material; it is against all our principles to put hand-work on to cloth which will soon fall to pieces—far better to pay a little more and enjoy the fruit of your work for a long time.

All these designs are simple, fresh, and new, and there is nothing resembling them on the market. They will all make delightful presents at Christmas time, and it is not too soon to begin to assemble the gifts we love to

make with our own hands and give to our best-loved friends.

And if you have not time to embroider an apron for your friend in England, why not send her one to work for herself, with a skein or two of the right cotton for the Australian flowers? She would find it most fascinating to begin work on flowers which she had never seen and to follow your descriptions.

Needleworkers will always welcome a piece of traced work, ready to begin for themselves.

GOLD, scarlet, black, and soft greens—what a lovely, cheerful array of colors! The wattle is the lovely one

which comes from Queensland and is in most of our gardens; it has large, fluffy balls of pure gold, with soft, grey-green leaves which are flat and simple. Use yellow "Anchor" stranded cotton No. F480 for the flowers, and olive-grey F434 for the leaves.

Work the flowers in any manner which may have proved to be like the real little balls of yellow silk; it is not easy to render wattle realistically, but some workers have found ways of their own.

When the design reaches you, the flowers are represented by small circles. Fill them in with masses of fine dots or knots of cotton, satin-stitch them over a little padding, or pull some thick strands of cotton through the material and cut it into little tufts just as you do the tufted bedspreads. Outline or satin-stitch the leaves.

The lovely desert peas, named after Stuart the explorer, are a bright, rich scarlet, F469 being an ideal shade. Use it as outline or satin-stitch on the long, pointed parts of the flowers, or button-hole deeply all round.

Where the top part of the flower turns sharply upwards it is colored a rich, deep purple or black, as shown in the drawing on this page. Work that in solidly with satin-stitch or long-and-short stitch; it is an important emphasis in these flowers and must be stressed strongly.

The pretty little leaflets can be satin-stitched first down one side and then down the other, leaving the unworked vein to form a void, which makes a lovely leaf. Cotton F497 is a suitable shade.

Tulips and Primroses

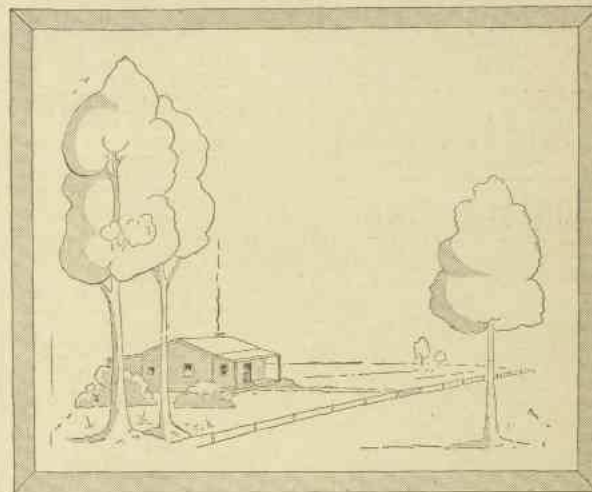
VERY strict gardeners may say that these two flowers do not bloom at the same time, but they are almost within a week of each other at stopping and starting. Needlework is a decorative art, not realism at its sternest, so we take what we wish from nature's store and use it for beauty.

Tulips, lovely, stiff beauties of cool gardens, remind us of Holland and Ireland—both countries send their bulbs all over the world. These flowers come in all the red and yellow shades, with white as well; reds may be as deep or as light as you please, yellows light or deep to orange, and there are also purples of all hues.

You may mix some of these shades on the flower if you wish, and work them in long-and-short stitch or good flat buttonholing round the edges of the petals. The long leaves and stems are a good firm green, F496 is suitable. The ground-line at the base of the groups may be deeper green or brown.

Primroses may be yellow, mauve, pink, or white, but yellow is our favorite color, with centres of the same shade. The pinky leaves to it well in F463. Outline them or darn them in round the edges. The flowers are small enough for satin-stitching from the centres towards the edges of the petals.

Py working this in one color of cotton, in the manner described below, you will get the quaintest effect of a little



THE "HOUSE IN THE BUSH" is offered as a needlework picture for framing. This is quite the rage overseas. You may have it stamped on superb quality cream linen. Cut 18 inches x 15 inches it gives a margin for framing or hanging on a roller. See article for full description. Price 2/-.

THE QUAIN "House in the Bush" design featured above as a needlework etching is also available on a ready-to-make apron.

A CLOSE-UP in miniature of the pretty wattle and desert pea design obtainable on ready-to-make aprons in colorful fadeless linene or crash.

etching of a bush scene. It is a form of needlework being much done abroad, with very happy results for framing; it is the newest thing for your apron, and easy to do. Read the paragraph about the picture-stitchery further down the page.

To work, the little house in colors, just imagine what you saw on your last trip to the country; or, if you live there, look round and choose your shades. Brown for the house, with a red or grey roof and a line of thin, blue smoke; deep grey for the fence and gate; mauve-blue for the long lines behind the house, suggesting hilly distance; and pale grey-green for the two tiny trees; deep green for the kurrajong on the right, bronze-green for the gum-trees, with yellow or brown trunks, and deep green for the clumps of shrubs; perhaps a dot of flower colors along the path—these are some suggestions.

As a Picture

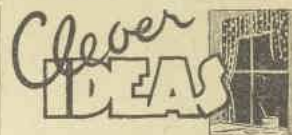
YOU may have "The House in the Bush" stamped on a piece of cream linen measuring 18 inches wide by 15 inches high for making a needlework picture, as well as on the apron.

The stitching is the same for an etched effect; take two strands of any dark brown cotton, F480, F580, or F672, or as near as possible, and go over the lines of the house and trees with fine stem-stitching, outlining by picking up a little linen and working away from the hand. Everyone knows this stitch.

Go over all the main large lines like this. Then take a single strand in a smaller needle, and put in all the lighter lines of the fence—distance lines, small trees, and grass 1/2 inches—as well as any items not touched.

Use your discretion in these differences of one or two strands of cotton.

When all is finished, press well, and have the piece framed narrowly in black or brown wood, or hang it on a little map-roller at the top and finish the bottom edge with a brown tassel on each corner. The price of the little picture piece of linen is 2/-.



FIRST AID FOR FLATIRONS.

TO KEEP flatirons in perfect condition, rub over with half a raw potato dipped in knife powder or bathbrick, polishing up with a soft duster. This treatment makes the iron safe over the clothes easily and keeps it always gleaming and bright.

CLEANING TORTOISESHELL.

TORTOISESHELL MAY very easily be kept bright by the application of rouge powder. If treated thus regularly, your tortoiseshell will never take on an old and neglected look.

LARD.

TO KEEP lard sweet, cover, when cold, the top with a cloth a little larger than the top of the jar. Over the top of the cloth sprinkle a fine layer of salt and lay another cloth over that. Tuck down the edges to keep out the air. Place on the lid and over this put two thicknesses of paper and tie down closely.

PREVENTS RAIN SPOTS.

SILK STOCKINGS will not show rain spots if washed in salt water before being worn. Rinse in clean soapwater, and they will be less likely to "ladder."

FOR CROCHET WORK.

USE A chamois leather finger-stall when doing crochet work. This will protect the finger and, being supple, it will bend with every movement.

WASHING CROCHET WORK.

CROCHET WORK of all kinds will retain its freshness if washed in lukewarm milk instead of water.



ONE OF BERTHA MAXWELL'S exquisite designs shown on the ready-to-make aprons. Suitable as a gift for yourself or for some lucky friend here or overseas. In crash 2/3, fadeless linene (any color) 2/-; State clearly the design required on your apron—whether it be tulips and primroses (shown immediately above), wattle and desert peas, or "The House in the Bush," which is shown top right as a needlework etching.

Poor Little Fellow



He Needs Cuticura
on that Rash!

Why let him cry when an application of Cuticura Ointment will soothe that irritation almost instantly? Cuticura Ointment is a helpful friend to millions of babies throughout the world. It is gentle in action . . . safe . . . healing.

Cuticura
For Every Skin Trouble

BECOME AN EXPERT
JAZZ PIANIST

Len Langford, the well-known broadcasting pianist, can teach you to play Jazz and Syncopated Novelty Piano Playing in a few weeks. HERE'S PROOF: Two Langford students have secured broadcasting engagements. Twenty-five Langford students are now leading their own dance bands. Langford student wins second prize in Sydney International Jazz Section, 1934.

RESULTS GUARANTEED OR MONEY REFUNDED.

You may learn by Postal or Personal tuition. Becomes the life of the party. Surprise your friends. Send for particulars NOW.

LANGFORD PIANO SCHOOL, Dept. 21, 277 GEORGE ST., SYDNEY. Phone B204.

THE CRIME of
Captain SANFORD

Continued from Page 12

YOU see, sir, a sailor leads a cruelly lonely life. It's bad enough if there isn't a woman aboard; but if there is, and she belongs to someone else—it's hell. You understand?

It was cruel and thoughtless of Mr. Carthew to flaunt that lovely creature in front of the skipper. It wasn't as though Captain Sanford could get away from her and drive her out of his mind. He simply couldn't.

A sailing ship is a small place, no matter how big she seems to land-lubbers, and it's impossible for two people not to meet. Wherever the skipper turned he met her.

Now Captain Sanford was an honorable man. I am convinced he had made up his mind not to do anything that would cause trouble between husband and wife. He would keep his mouth shut, keep a sharp watch on his actions, and see that neither by word nor deed should he betray himself.

But when a man's in love—Oh yes! before many days had passed, Captain Sanford was in love—he can't hide it. It shows in a hundred different ways and reveals itself plainly.

One evening the talk ran on music. Carthew had no ear. To him, music was silly and all musicians were impractical fools who talked nonsense. He had all the bombast and intolerance of the man to whom success in life has come too easily.

His wife, however, was passionately fond of music, and her eyes shone as she talked about Bach, Mozart and Chopin. Her husband listened to her with a mocking light in his eyes.

"Pooh!" he said, "you talk as though music was important. I enjoy a good rousing song as well as anybody; but all this weird, tuneless stuff that you mentioned—it beats me how anybody can see anything in it. That Chopin fellow, he's a tinkler; and as for Bach, he's as dull as ditchwater."

Mrs. Carthew frowned. She had begun to find flaws in her idol. I noticed she had developed the habit of staring fixedly at her husband when he didn't know he was being observed; and her expression at such times was critical.

Perhaps she was analysing his superficial handsomeness and noticing in his countenance the little signs she had not hitherto observed—the rather cruel and intolerant lips, the insolent eyes, and his habit of regarding with but imperfectly concealed scorn anyone who ventured to disagree with him.

Captain Sanford, ignoring Carthew's remarks and looking only at Mrs. Carthew, spoke with enthusiasm of music and musicians. Carthew stared at him contemptuously.

"Here," he seemed to be saying, "is a rough, ignorant sailor pretending to a culture he does not possess."

Suddenly the skipper walked to a corner of the stateroom and pulled the cover off some large object. It was a piano, firmly clamped to the boards. Without a word, he sat down and commenced to play a Chopin waltz.

I could have dropped. His hands were large, rough, and discolored; but, by heaven, sir, he could play! Mrs. Carthew left the table, sat at his right elbow, and seemed fascinated by the music that was evoked by the touch of Captain Sanford's fingers.

Her eyes shone, her next gaze wandered from his hands to his transfigured face. I stood stock-still near the door, hardly daring to breathe.

For Mr. Carthew's face had turned very ugly. He puffed quickly and irritably at his cigar and stared with increasing annoyance at his wife, who seemed temporarily to have forgotten him.

Jealousy blazed in his eyes; for he realised that at that moment his wife was living in a world to which he was denied entry and that her companion on that expedition was Captain Sanford.

The wait finished; Captain Sanford's hands rested on his knees; gratitude for a favor received shone in Mrs. Carthew's eyes.

"Not bad for a sailor," said Mr. Carthew harshly. He was smiling; but in his smile was anger, resentment and hate. "I hope, Captain Sanford, that your addition to the piano doesn't interfere with your work as captain of this ship."

The skipper flushed under his tanned skin. He controlled himself with an effort.

"Nothing," he said, quietly, "can interfere with my duties."

He left, and went to his cabin. I cleared out, leaving husband and wife together. Scarcely had I closed the door than I heard Carthew's voice raised in anger; and his dictatorial voice pursued me down the alley.

The skipper was, as I have said, an honorable man. He was not going to come between husband and wife—if he could help it; but what about Mrs. Carthew? There's no telling what a woman will do, is there, sir?

It's all very well to say that Captain Sanford was a rough sailor who could offer her nothing but a life of anxiety and long separations, whereas Mr. Carthew, being rich, could give her every comfort and attention. On land she would not perhaps have hesitated; but on a sailing ship you feel somehow marooned and shore life is unreal and far away. Supposing Mrs. Carthew fell in love with him?

I HAD occasion to go to the stateroom about an hour later. Mrs. Carthew snatched up a book as I entered and pretended she was quietly reading; but her eyes were red and moist.

Her husband had a bottle of whisky and a glass on the table in front of him. On his face was a look of drunken stupidity and stubborn pride. I guessed they had been quarrelling since we had left them.

Carthew glared at me. "Clear out of here!" he shouted. "When I want you I'll send for you."

The weather turned sultry and the glass began to fall. A heavy swell arose. The skipper was on the bridge, glancing occasionally to windward.

About 11 p.m. the clouds began to pile up in the sky—huge, dun-colored clouds, with ragged, flying edges. Quickly they sped across, and the stars were blotted out.

Then the storm struck us and all

Hear the sound of my ship's anchor. It is made from Italian Gorgona Anchovies. It makes dining sandwiches and savories so easy.

Five men fell in love with her, but she picked her husband out of a telephone book — and WHAT a man!



MARGARET
SULLAVAN
and HERBERT
MARSHALL in
"The Good Fairy"

"THE GOOD FAIRY"

COMING TO SYDNEY'S LEADING THEATRE
SOON — OTHER STATES TO FOLLOW!

hands were busy taking in sail until we were running almost under bare poles. The seas became mountainous, and the deck was almost continually awash. Lifelines had been rigged; and, but for those, some of us would assuredly have been swept away.

When the storm was at its height, beside the lonely figure of the skipper on the bridge appeared another figure—smaller, slimmer. Captain Sanford looked at her with surprise.

"You'd better go below," he said.

"It's too rough for you up here."

"No, it isn't," she answered. "I want to be here, with the wind and the sea. Up here I can breathe!"

Her eyes were shining with a strange light. A sudden lurch of the ship sent her reeling, and he caught her in his arms. He felt her whole body go tender; the faint aroma of her hair went to his head like strong wine. Still holding her unresisting body close to him, he made one last and desperate attempt to be conventional.

"Better go below," he repeated.

"Your—your husband may want you."

"I can't. He—he's drunk. Drunk!"

It's horrible!

Her arms went round his neck. Captain Sanford held her fast with one arm while with the other he clung to the rail of the heaving bridge.

Please turn to Page 31.

★ Says Margot Grahame
in "MAKE-UP
Works Miracles"

★ This famous Beauty Writer, in an article in the December 1934 "Miss Modern," the popular English magazine, says:—"Talking of make-up, I have just come across such a nice one. It is described as 'Face Youth' and certainly lives up to its name. The 'blonde' shade is particularly natural-looking, and blends so well. . . The same people make a lovely complexion, 'Face Youth' which gives you a delightfully matt appearance, just the perfect foundation for your rouge."

The "same people," of course, you will recognise as being Kathleen Court! HOW London appreciates these Beauty Aids that Australia loves so well! . . . And, to-day, London is so smart!

He knows the value
of..

THAT
REXOL
SMILE



He gets the order through
the engaging frankness
of his smile . . . the smile
that comes of gleaming
teeth . . . that Rexol smile.

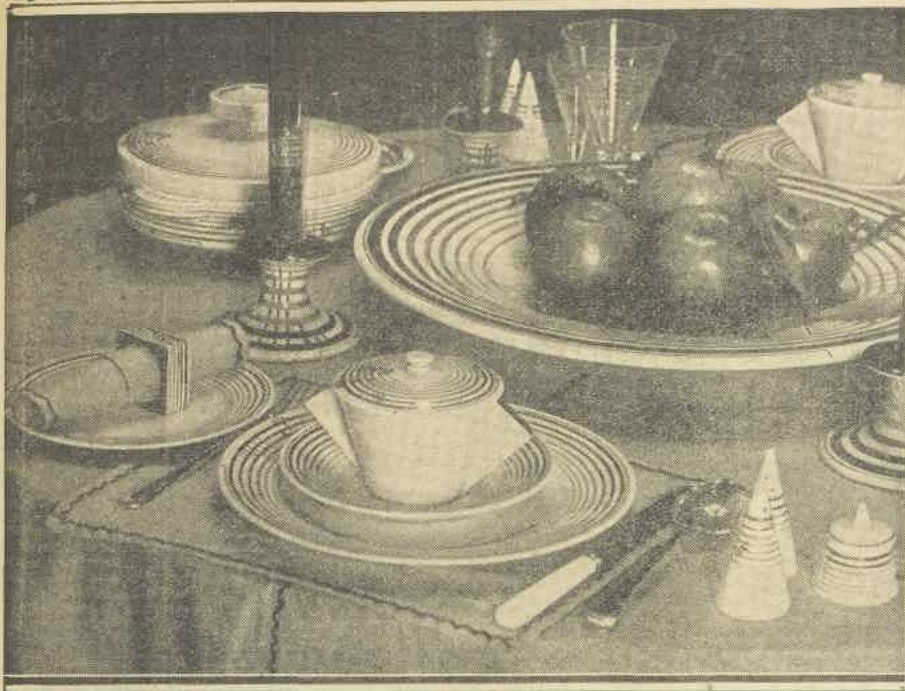
TO-DAY, only special care
can make and keep your teeth gleaming white. Soft modern foods dull the enamel and slow down the actions of the mouth glands. But Rexol was made to combat these conditions. Its cleansing foam polishes the teeth to new brightness, and stimulates the glands so that they keep the mouth clean. Start using Rexol. You'll like the way it freshens your mouth, and soon you'll be proud of your gleaming teeth . . . smiling that Rexol smile!

1/3 LARGE TUBE
SPECIAL FORMULA OF REXONA
PROPRIETARY LIMITED



GIVES YOU THAT REXOL SMILE

30122



YOUR TABLE will be your triumph with a set such as this... designed by Clarice Cliff, a young Staffordshire lass, it has, along with many others, just made its bow to Australia.
(At a later date, David Jones' will exhibit this artistic collection.)

A NEW MELODY IN CHINA!

... To Charm Your Tables and Enchant the Eyes of all Beholders

By... Our Home Decorator

SOON you will be able to make your tables gayer and lovelier with the very newest in china, your rooms more charming with striking and original bowls and vases, and your walls more interesting with pottery panels and "masks." You'll make your choice—a bewildering one to be sure, but nevertheless your choice—from the quaintest, most original collection of designs that has ever found its way to these shores.

THE other day, when, in response to an invitation, I looked in on a private exhibition of new English pottery, I had one very keen regret—that you lovers of the beautiful in china were not there with me.

I shall never forget the scene that unfolded before my eyes. A dozen or so tables, exquisitely set for dinner—each one different—each one a masterpiece... on fixtures around the walls the most enchanting collection of bowls, vases, tea and coffee sets, fruit sets, and minor decorative accessories—even to the very latest pottery wall decorations in the form of fruit and flower panels and most picturesque "masks."

I knew that a woman had designed all this beauty, but, frankly, I was amazed. Amazed at the versatility, and originality expressed in every creation. Amazed to discover that only a few years ago this plump, jolly little designer whose prolific output is permeating every corner of the world, whose designs quaint and original, are

Staffordshire and Newport Pottery, where she had been a glider at a few shillings a week, and to-day her prolific ideas keep one hundred and fifty artists busy copying her designs, while over one thousand workers are engaged in the manufacturing process.

SHE is acclaimed as the most famous artist in the ceramic world of modern thought. And Continental and American folk (and so will Australians) are eager to buy pottery bearing her simple, attractive signature. Until I saw her picture, I imagined her as being tall, fragile, having an aesthetic faraway kind of look in her eyes, but, as I have already stated, she is short, plump, and oh, so merry-looking.

Now on this page you see two examples of her art.

The top set is a glorious thing. Note the huge centre-piece—not unlike a giant soup-plate—holding as central decoration for the well-dressed table rosy apples, scarlet hawthorn berries and satiny leaves.

The salt and pepper-holders are

SERVING coffee will certainly be a distinctive occasion when cups and saucers like these arrive on your table. Note unusual shape and artistic treatment.



gracing the homes of Royalty, was a bumble little glider in a china factory, receiving a few shillings a week for her work. No great movie star can tell a more romantic story of "How I was Discovered." . . . And this is the story of the little Staffordshire girl, by name, Clarice Cliff:

One day when the manager was doing the rounds of the factory he noticed a rather clever sketch of a butterfly poised in flight on the bench where Clarice was working. Clarice shyly admitted herself the artist, at the same time stating that her humble effort could be bettered. Interested, the manager asked her to model a bunch of violets, which she did with a penknife. The model was submitted to the Royal College of Arts, and Miss Cliff was admitted at once.

Three years ago she commenced to design her "Bizarre" ware for the Royal

quaint in their cone-shaped artistry, quite the reverse in style from the square-cut serviette rings.

By the way, you remember my article of last week on colorful candles! Well, on nearly every one of the dozen exquisitely-appointed tables in this exhibition, matching candlesticks held tall, tapering candles with enchanting results.

And on a table (not shown here) the disc-shaped candlesticks and low, semi-circular and oblong trough-like flower-holders (eight pieces in all) decorating the table were but further evidence of the artistic genius of this amazing girl. They are so designed that the central motif may vary at each setting of the table. For instance, on one night, you might have them arranged like the letter "S," the next night as an oval, the next as two question marks; then again, as a key for, say, a coming-of-age party. . . there is no end to the variety of arrangement offered in this colorful "ever-changing" table decoration.—E.E.G.

HOT HOLBROOK says: I have a variety of Olives called Small Queens. They are economical and tasty.***

Greet
the
morning
with
PEP
and
ZIP!



Can't be done? Oh! Yes it can! Thousands are doing it, by taking Cream of Yeast. Away with tired, "blue", weary looks and feelings—away with headaches, "bad nerves", coated tongue, unpleasant breath, blotched, sallow skin! Just take Cream of Yeast and see your pep and energy increase. Nothing like it! Bucks you up better than black coffee; stimulates harmlessly (better than alcohol); calms the nerves better than aspirin; improves the general health more surely than salts. Only 1/11d. for 24 Tablets, or 3/6 for 48, any Chemists. You may be "down"—but you can't be "out!"



get a **LIFT** with

CREAM of YEAST

Elegance

THAT WOMEN APPRECIATE . . .



Thousands of women helped to create the style of this magnificent new Ford V-8 for 1935. Suggestion . . . appreciation of features that lead to improvement . . . the feminine view of comfort, colour, and convenience. These ideas, filtering through from delighted women V-8 owners the world over, inspired many of the new touches that will appeal so irresistibly to all women in this 1935 V-8. Its striking beauty of line and colour . . . its luxurious appointments . . . its rich interior treatment in harmonised tonings. But this new V-8 is not only a beautiful creation of luxurious comfort, it is also the safest, the easiest to handle, the most thrilling car you have ever driven—in a word, a truly satisfying motor car.

Why not ask the Ford dealer near you to supply a new Ford V-8, so that you may test it yourself? We promise you the most pleasant motoring experience you ever had.

Ford V-8 FOR 1935

A PRODUCT OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE

FORD MOTOR COMPANY OF AUSTRALIA PTY. LTD. (INCORPORATED IN VICTORIA.)



Too light to cake upon your skin, too fine to clog the pores, yet possessed of an uncanny power to cling for hours, 'Golden Youth' face powder will give you what you seek. Will ensure for you a delicately lovely petal-smooth skin, a nose devoid of shine or 'orange peel' look, a lasting charm that you will find in no other powder—unless, indeed, it be in another thrilling Kathleen Court product.

'Golden Youth' is inexpensive. It costs 1/- for the standard size, or 2/- for the large box that includes a Gift Package of Facial Youth Beauty Cream. The seven glorious shades of 'Golden Youth' face powder contribute to the flattering effect... an effect so strikingly lovely that London says this is the greatest face powder achievement yet produced.

'golden youth'
face powder
kathleen court (ENGLAND) LIMITED
324-326 REGENT STREET, LONDON

Colorful, Queenly GERBERAS

*Their Slender, Graceful Loveliness
is Unsurpassable for Your Home
and Your Garden...*

Says THE OLD GARDENER!

Gerberas have all the attributes that make for the ideal cut flower. Bronze, pink, red, cream, white, yellow, they gleam with glorious color from a corner of your room, while their tall, graceful stems, sparse foliage, and sturdy heads lend themselves admirably to interior decoration. Massed in a garden bed, too, gerberas are very lovely.

BEFORE speaking to you about gerberas—a flower planted to perfection in June and early July—let me examine your garden.

At the end of June, although the gardens look forlorn, we have plenty of interesting work to do. We must now give the garden a thorough overhauling. Beds, paths, and shrubberies are attended to generally. Lawns with bare paths are mended, winter weeds removed. The vegetable garden is put into readiness for the coming planting season. Fruit trees are sprayed with lime sulphur after pruning is completed, and the trunks thoroughly cleaned and limed.

The perennial bed is top-dressed and

put into good condition for the spring and summer display.

Dig up and divide the roots, replant and even the bed up where necessary. June and early July, as already stated, are the times to plant gerberas, so a little time spent on a chat on their cultivation will be a help.

As cut flowers, gerberas are ideal, and for garden displays they are unsurpassed. They grow to perfection in Queensland, in all tropical and semi-tropical areas, and fairly well in cooler climates. In fact, they will grow almost anywhere if the frosts are not severe.

They more than repay for the trouble taken in preparing for them. Many people consider them hard to grow, but that is wrong. Of course, during the winter months they rest, but as soon as the warm spring days arrive they commence their work again.

In extreme climates, when the winter is severe and the summer very hot, they can be protected from the frost and cold conditions by a mulching of straw completely to cover them. Then, when spring comes, just remove the covering.

Massed for Color

A MASSED bed of gerberas is a pleasing sight, and one plant here and there through the rockery gives a splash of color which never fails to attract.

Gerberas are deep rooters and very heavy feeders, so, in preparing the bed, trenching the ground is absolutely necessary. Open out a trench eighteen inches to two feet deep. Place in the bottom a supply of well-decayed manure. The next lot of soil is thrown on this; then another lot of manure in the bottom of the second trench, and so on till the bed is completed.

The plants are spaced out about 18 inches apart, the roots travel down, and by the time they reach the manure the flowering period is at hand, with the manure in the bottom to help them along. Large flowers, with graceful, long stems are the result.

Note Particularly

GERBERAS need dividing up every three years to keep them from deteriorating. In very hot climates they should be planted in such a position that during the hottest part of the day they receive a certain amount of shade, but the further south one lives the more sun they require.

Mulching around the plants with straw, grass, leaves, or well-decayed manure will be of great benefit. On no account give fresh manure, otherwise the flower becomes a green ball, instead of opening out as nature would have it.

Easily Raised from Seed

GERBERAS are just as easily raised from seed as any other flower, and will give a good display the same year as planted. Raising them in a box is quite good.

First put in the drainage. Cinders from the fire are ideal, although bits of broken stone or pots will do. Cover the bottom. Lay some old grass or leaves on top of the drainage or cinders, and this will prevent the soil from mixing with them.

Sieve some leaf-mould and fill the box. Stand it in a tub of water until it becomes thoroughly saturated. Lift it out and let drain well. Make little holes in the soil with a nail. You will note little tufts on the end of the seed. Hold that between the thumb and finger and press the seed into those holes, leaving the little tuft out. You must not cover them.

Place a piece of thick brown paper over the box, put a piece of glass over the paper, and place the box in a warm position to a hot bed or glass house.

In about two weeks the plants will show through. Remove the covering gradually to harden them off. By this careful method of sowing the seed 90 per cent of germination will be the result.

When watering the seed box, from time to time stand it in a vessel of water as described. About once a week is quite sufficient.

HORT HOLLIBROOK says: I breed, I star, and I brew the Sauce of the House of Holbrook. The World's Appetizer...*

Doctors have great faith in Bemax

"patient looked a different being"

From a doctor:—

A gastritis patient looked a different being when she had finished the Bemax and has now ceased medical treatment. In my opinion Bemax is a very efficient remedy.—M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.

Another doctor writes:—

Helped considerably in a constipated patient and general health improved.—M.B., C.I.B.

What pleases a doctor most is to see his patient "responding to treatment." This they seldom fail to do on Bemax because Bemax is so rich in the Vitamins of which the body is usually deficient. Bemax appeals to doctors because it is a natural Vitamin food. It is not a "concoction" or a "fortified" preparation. Bemax is simply a high concentration of natural Vitamins. Bemax is rich also in iron and phosphorus. It is this richness in Vitamins and mineral salts that makes Bemax so valuable to sufferers from indigestion, constipation, rheumatism, nerves and loss of appetite. Begin a course of Bemax to-day and be fitter than you have ever been.

Ask your Doctor!

Build up on Bemax, the richest natural Vitamin tonic food. The 3/6 tin contains a month's supply for an adult, with scale of quantities for children of all ages. Obtainable of all Chemists and Stores. Write for free booklet "Vitamins and Health" to Fassett & Johnson, Ltd. (Dept. 88) 1, G.P.O. Box 3879 S.S. Sydney, N.S.W. (Sole Consignees for Australia).

NATURAL LIPS



Men say so!

Admired by men wherever she went for her natural beautiful lips. No painted look! Of course not—with Tangee. It isn't paint! Tangee changes color on your lips to a soft shade of rose, perfect for your natural complexion. Its cream base keeps lips soft, smooth.

Also Tangee Theatrical, a deeper shade. Tangee Face Powder contains the magic color-change principle.

UNTOUCHED—Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded look, make the face seem older.
PAINTED—Don't risk that painted look. It's concealing and men don't like it.
TANGEE—Imitates natural color, restores youthful appeal, and ends that painted look.

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

Sole Distributors for Australia, S. G. TURNLEY AND SON, Melbourne.



WE'VE BEATEN NEURITIS

By attacking neuritis where it begins . . . in kidneys and liver . . . by checking the flow of harmful material which poisons the system when these important organs are disordered. Warner's Safe Cure permanently cures not only neuritis, but also rheumatism, sciatica, biliousness, and all symptoms rising out of this common cause.

WARNER'S SAFE CURE

Sold by Chemists and Storekeepers in both the original 5/- bottles and the cheaper concentrated form at 2/9.



Why
you need the special
properties of
'OVALTINE'

HEALTH . . . strength . . . vigour . . . depend almost entirely upon the food you eat. It is essential therefore that your daily dietary should provide all the health-giving properties your body needs. Moreover, this nourishment must be available in an easily digestible and assimilable form, so that it is fully absorbed into the system.

That is why you need "Ovaltine". This complete and perfect tonic food beverage presents, in the most easily digestible form, every nutritive element required for creating abundant energy and vitality and for building up body, brain and nerves to the highest possible level of efficiency.

The scientific preparation of "Ovaltine" ensures that it is completely and quickly assimilated even by the weakest digestive system. For this reason "Ovaltine" is widely prescribed by doctors in all cases of impaired digestion. It is also a standard article of diet in the leading Hospitals.

"Ovaltine" owes its special properties to the nature and excellence of its ingredients—malt, milk and eggs—and to highly scientific methods of manufacture which cannot be used by others. Remember, also, that there are very important differences between "Ovaltine" and imitations. There is only one "Ovaltine"—there is nothing "just as good".

TRIAL SAMPLE—A generous trial sample, sufficient to make four cupsful, will be sent on receipt of 3d. in stamps, to cover cost of packing and postage. See address below.

PRICES: 1/9, 2/10, 5/-. All Chemists and Stores.

Quality always tells—insist on "Ovaltine"

A. WANDER LTD., 218 KENT STREET, SYDNEY.

OST-0.35

A WAVE of passionate love swept over him. Forgotten was the storm, the swaying vessel, his duties as captain. "I love you!" he shouted above the howling wind. The words were torn from his mouth by the raging gale and reached her ears but faintly.

She raised her face, and in her eyes shone the light that no man is privileged to see more than once in his life. With a sob of utter relief he pressed his lips to hers and felt her body acquiesce in the caress.

"So," shouted a voice, "I've caught you!"

A nasty, vindictive smile was on Carthew's thin lips. His left hand gripped the rail for support; his right pointed a revolver at the skipper.

"So," he repeated, "my beautiful and

BLACK Orchids

Continued from Page 5

AT one of the settees on a small glass-topped table stood several liqueur bottles and, by a delicate touch of tact, three instead of two glasses. The orchids he had presented that afternoon shone delicately white in a low silver vase just where the light would strike them to best advantage.

"Um," he thought, "somebody's been places and knows how to do things." A little uneasily he seated himself, glanced at his watch. Ten minutes past nine, one hour and fifty minutes of grace. At eleven o'clock Mr. King expected him and the complete treaty, Ian had no idea as to whether he'd even be alive by eleven o'clock.

He arose to pace nervously up and down the room. He'd let Bobkine make his copy—and then when the two parts were united, he'd step in and collar the whole lot at a gun's point and trust to shooting his way out. Of course, if a copy got into the wrong hands it would be just as effective as the original. Yes, let Bobkine make his copy and then—

"Ah, I-an, mon adore!" More ethereally beautiful than ever, Lolita was hurrying towards him, with both hands extended and ash-hued head thrown slightly back. In her eyes he read an unfathomable expression—they were wide and bright. "I knew you would come," she murmured. Then said in slightly louder tones, "Dieu, but you're a typical American—why do you bring your heavy business matters to my home? Allez, put your business affairs away—out on the hall table. They will be quite safe there."

Without hesitation he obeyed, then closed the hall door. Vogue la galere! The battle was on!

Please turn to Page 34



GROWING UP STURDY AND STRONG

Appetite is health's greatest ally... and the strong man of to-morrow is the boy of to-day with the

healthy, hearty appetite for his meals. Make your dinners doubly nourishing and tasty with a spoonful of GRAVOX, which SALTS SEASONS THICKENS and BROWNS instantly.



GRAVOX
THE IDEAL GRAVY MAKER

Makes no lumps

MADE BY
KLEMBRO PTY. LTD.
RICHMOND, VICTORIA

DOES YOUR HEART THUMP?

Excess fat causes undue strain on the heart and other organs. Gives rise to blood pressure and dangerous disease. Reduce quickly, safely and surely with BONTORA—the new drugless reducing treatment, which contains NO THYROID. Thousands of women have reduced up to 2 stone in six weeks with BONTORA—available all chemists—4/6 per bottle.

THE CRIME of Captain Sanford

Continued from Page 28

eminently respectable wife making love to the piano-playing sailor!"

His mocking tone abruptly vanished; and into his eyes leapt a drunken hate. "You didn't want me any more, eh? Because I like a drink now and then, and because I can't play the piano, you think you can leave me."

"Well, you'll have to put up with me. And as for that skipper of mine—he can say his prayers, for his earthly pilgrimage is nearly over."

HIS eyes became murderous. In the next fraction of a second several things happened. Carthew pointed his revolver at Captain Sanford and pressed the trigger. The skipper, with a swift movement, deflected his aim.

A shot rang out: and Mrs. Carthew screamed and fell. Both men stared for a moment at her prostrate form. Then Captain Sanford flung himself on his knees beside her, raised her head, and implored her to speak. She was dead.

Carthew laughed horribly. "You killed her, Sanford. If you had stood

still she'd have been alive now. You saved yourself but killed her! What a lover!"

His dreadful laughter shook him from head to foot. Captain Sanford, his arms round the body of the lovely girl, looked at her with a face of agony.

Carthew staggered wildly about the bridge, screaming with hysterical laughter. "Killed by her own lover! He killed her to save himself! What a—"

He pitched down the steps to the deck below. A huge wave swept over the bows as he lay sprawling in the scuppers. When the water drained away he was gone.

Captain Sanford reverently picked up the body of his lover and carried her to the stateroom. He was sobbing and repeating over and over again, "It's true. O God! I killed her!"

Ten minutes later there was a shot and we found him on his knees before the couch on which he had placed Mrs. Carthew. His left arm was about her

neck. His right still clutched the revolver.

"Next day we buried them both at sea," concluded old Briggs. "But Captain Sanford 'as been with this ship ever since."

"For sixty years 'is tormented spirit 'as walked this deck, and he'll never find peace until she's broken up. So now you see, sir, why I'm not exactly sorry that she's come to her end. It'll release him."

"Sixty years is a long time. Perhaps she's waiting for him somewhere. Who knows?"

For some time I sat motionless; I seemed to be literally spellbound.

Then I rose and stretched my stiffened limbs. The footsteps passed above my head. My scalp crawled.

"Shall I come up with you, sir?" inquired old Briggs. "or can you find your way yourself?"

I hesitated. "Well," I said, "if you wouldn't mind . . ."

"Not at all, sir," he replied. "I understand."

(Copyright.)

COLDS & 'FLU

STOP THEM IN TIME

Take one powder or tablet at bedtime (based on hot drink) and repeat every four hours if necessary. Used with great success 12 to 16, 24 for 2/6.

VINCENT'S APC

GENUINE VINCENT'S APC TABLETS

FOR SAFETY'S SAKE, SAY "VINCENT'S"

Don't develop that WASHING-DAY DROOP

AGED THIRTY-
LOOKS FORTY-
FEELS FIFTY-

—BECAUSE OF OLD-FASHIONED WASHING-DAYS

The strain of the old-fashioned rubbing-scrubbing-washing-day usually results in bent shoulders and dragging steps. When a woman is too tired to hold herself erect she is well on the way to the middle-aged figure. Protect your figure—use Rinso for easy washing-days.



With Rinso in the tubs and copper you haven't a chance to get fagged-out. No need to spend hours rubbing garments—dirt soaks out of the clothes. And there's no fear of dingy linen after Rinso—instead, there's that extra-special whiteness.

RADIO LISTENERS!

RINSO brings you that riot of laughs, fun and melody

'COMEDY CAPERS'

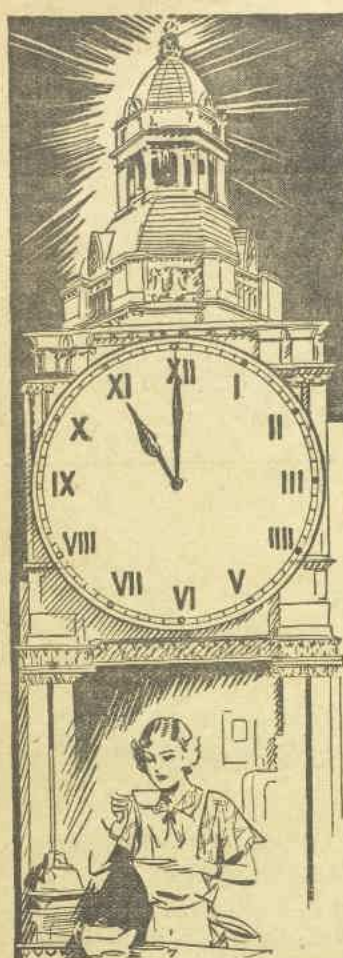
TUNE IN TO 2 GB every Mon., Tues. and Wed. at 9.30 p.m. 4.11.35

A LEVER BROTHERS PRODUCT



CHANGE
WASHING-DAY
TO
RINSO-DAY

Rinso



Eleven A.M. has struck



and the world has paused for tea

The sound of vacuum cleaner and broom grow still . . . the click of the typewriter ceases . . . hammer and saw and whirring wheels are at rest . . . the cafe is filled from store, and stock exchange, and street . . . For the eleventh hour has struck . . . and the world seeks to restore its energy, find stimulation and pleasure in the tonic of a cup of good tea.

Few who know the satisfaction of this eleven a.m. pause, would care to be denied it . . . for the benefits of good tea are so definite . . . so quickly apparent.

Pause for good tea at eleven a.m. and the day's work will be the better for it.

But be sure the tea is good.

HOW TO MAKE GOOD TEA

Select a GOOD quality tea. Boil fresh water. Warm up a clean earthenware tea pot. Put in one teaspoonful of tea for each cup, and one for the pot. The moment the water comes to a boil, pour it on the tea. Let the tea brew five minutes.

What you need is a cup of good TEA

Issued by the TEA MARKET EXPANSION BUREAU

T-D-35

For YOUNG WIVES and MOTHERS

Strive To Keep Your Baby's Teeth Beautiful

By MARY TRUBY KING

What a delight it is to parents when baby's first pearly little tooth appears!

Quite quickly it is joined by a second, for the first two may actually come through together, usually in the centre of the lower jaw. They are called central incisors, and appear from about the sixth to the eighth month.

It cannot be too often pointed out that the first teeth are "reserved seats" for the permanent teeth. Each tooth should keep its appointed place until pushed out by the permanent tooth growing up beneath it.

If first teeth are needlessly extracted or badly filed, the second teeth will not be so well spaced as they should be. There will be overlapping and displacement with consequent tendency to decay.

Good spacing may be aided by giving the child plenty of hard food, such as twice-baked crusts, at the proper time. A smooth, meat bone, with all the meat removed, may be given baby from the sixth month. He will love to bite on it when his teeth are coming. Sufficient chewing helps to widen the nasal passages, as well as the jaws; thus to a large extent preventing the growth of adenoids.

Inspect your child's first teeth regularly. If there is the slightest sign of decay, have it attended to by a competent dentist straight away.

Teach Baby To Chew

WHEN baby is about to cut a tooth you will find that he dribbles more than usual, sometimes has very red and tender gums, and nearly always a tremendous desire to chew something hard. He should not, however, be in any way ill, though he may be a little off his tucker for a day or so. Illness at this time (as at any other) demands medical attention.

Orange juice rubbed on the gums is sometimes helpful, also little sips of cold water.

Baby may be given ripe raw apple to help keep the teeth sweet and clean from the time he has cut his first four "temporaries." Teach baby to chew it properly, and do not leave him alone lest he should try to swallow too large a piece.

A small tooth-brush should be bought for him, and the teeth cleaned night and morning, with a little baking soda, or fluid magnesia.

Mothers should take their children to the dentist when they reach three years of age, and every six months afterwards. Little specks of decay can be attended to without the child suffering any pain. It is cruel to wait until the holes are deep and extensive before taking the child for dental treatment. Poverty is no excuse, as the Government provides free dental treatment for genuine cases.

Six-year Molars

WHEN the first teeth are well cared for, and the child properly fed with due attention to foods containing a sufficiency of lime and phosphorus, they will appear well spaced when the child is about four years, owing to the growth of the jaws.

Do not mistake the first of the permanent teeth—the "six-year molars"—for temporary teeth. They are very important teeth, which later prevent the front teeth from spreading too far back and the molars from coming too far forward.

Unfortunately these "six-year molars" often decay very quickly, because mothers do not take the trouble to instruct their children in cleaning them properly, and because, as a general rule, the child of this age is not given sufficient milk (which is rich in lime). One pint of milk daily should be the minimum at this age.

Green vegetables, eggs and sunlight are also highly necessary for the formation of sound, well-built teeth. On days when the child cannot go out to play in the sun, vitamin D should be given in the form of cod liver oil emulsion. At least half an ounce of butter should be included in the child's daily menu; preferably an ounce. Part of this may be put on the green vegetables.

Breast-fed babies stand a far better chance of having perfect teeth than do their bottle-fed brothers; but, with careful attention to the various points mentioned above, even the "bottle-fed" should be able to keep their full set of permanent teeth for their allotted span of life.



Give
VIVID
Beauty
to your
LIPS
WITH
Michel

Whatever the shape of your mouth, Michel will make it lovelier, fresher, more tempting. For Michel outlines your lips with glowing, vivid color . . . keeps them soft and appealing. Michel lipstick is truly indelible . . . it lasts for hours, and holds its delicate perfume to the last.

The name Michel adds that essential little touch of social distinction, for it is used almost exclusively by fashionable women throughout the world.

Be sure to get the genuine Michel lipstick with the word "MICHEL" engraved on the case. All others are imitations!

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES.

OPEN SEASON for CHESTNUTS!

The traditional way to treat chestnuts is to drop them into the fire and watch them pop—it's exciting, but not satisfying. So we suggest a Chestnut Pudding—a most delicious dish made with Copha, the pure vegetable shortening that adds a new zest to all your cooking. Make all your cakes, puddings, and pastry with it—they'll be lighter, tastier, more digestible.

COPHA CHESTNUT PUDDING

1 lb. Chestnuts 2 Eggs (beaten)
2 oss. Self-raising 2 oss. Sugar
Flour Grated Rind of 1
2 oss. Copha Lemon
(grated) 1 cup Milk

Boil the chestnuts 20 minutes. Shell, skin, and mash them while hot. Allow to cool. Dissolve the sugar in the milk. Then stir all the ingredients together and mix well. Boil or steam in greased basin two hours. Copha is the most economical shortening for instance, in your own recipes where you would use 1 lb. of any other shortening, you need only 2 lb. of Copha, two tablespoons of water, and a pinch of salt. And, unlike other shortenings, Copha keeps sweet and fresh indefinitely, so there's never any waste. If you would like to try some special Copha recipes, send to

Edible Oil Industries Pty. Ltd.,
Department WW,
Box 2625 EE, G.P.O.,
Sydney.

for the Copha Recipe Book—it contains such a wide variety of the most novel dishes, and it's free and post free. Then there's the Copha Vegetable Cookery Folder, you must have a copy of that. It tells you how to cook your vegetables so that they'll retain their delicious freshness of flavour.

Listen in to the special Copha Session every Monday night at 8.15 from 2CH, and every Tuesday night at 8.5 from 2GB.***

MAKES
ALUMINIUM
LOOK LIKE
NEW!
SteeLo

This fine steel wool, properly made and graded for aluminium, restores the natural sheen and colour of the metal. It does it quickly, too, with less rubbing than ever.



Not conducted for profit but for the greatest service to all.



Clothed as with a GARMENT

NO advertisement that could be written would be half so eloquent as the face of a certain tradesman when he told his experience of life assurance to a mate recently. His face shone with satisfaction.

He had, he said, taken out his first policy with the A.M.P. when he was 22. It was for £250. To-day, with added bonuses, it had nearly doubled itself. He had taken out a second policy when he married, and a third when his son was born. There had been another policy since; all little policies, but they mounted up. He had, indeed, "clothed himself with A.M.P. policies like as with a garment!"

Oh, how apt the old phrase from the Psalms! Like as with a garment, he had sheltered himself and his family, and had comforted himself with A.M.P. policies! What better way?

What of YOU who read this? Are YOU protected by the A.M.P. as with a garment? The A.M.P. is the greatest mutual life office in the Empire. You have but to say the word and your fellow members of the Society will back your efforts to protect your loved ones and yourself, with their £97,000,000 of assets; a warm and comforting garment.

Ask that an experienced Counsellor be sent to talk this matter over with you. Don't delay. Next month—even to-morrow—may be too late. If you live far from an A.M.P. office, full details of the Society's policies, booklets, brochures, etc., will be sent to you.

Don't delay!

A.M.P. SOCIETY

C. A. ELLIOTT, F.I.A.,
Actuary.

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Branch Offices at
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YOU, TOO, CAN BRING YOUR HAIR UP TO DATE!...

★ Old fashioned soapy shampoos are doomed! Like horse-carriages! This new Secret Shampoo, based on the World's Cleverest Chemical Research Men's findings, works miracles. No soap—no soda—no alkali—no dye. None of the old drawbacks of soaps or shampoo washes! Fair hair leaps to life in a fashion of your gold, platinum, amber, and the reflection of fire in flaming chromium! Auburn or brown hair sees bronze, copper, chestnut and capri coral compete in a battle of brilliance. Deep brown or black tresses washed with Kathleen Court's Soapless Shampoo are glorified by the flash and counter-flash of Spanish jet, black sequins and gleaming ebony. Whatever the tone of hair, a lyric blend of rich, capivating, glamorous lights produces an aura of hitherto unknown loveliness, while, across the shimmering radiance, still brighter flashes of colour dart and play. A perfect way to cleanse the hair without hurting it and, at the same time, a way to get the hair to reflect a million lights and contrasts. Ask your toilet goods shop for a Wallet of Kathleen Court's Soapless Shampoo TO-DAY!

Kathleen Court's Soapless Shampoo
USE IT EVEN IN HARD OR SALT WATER!

★ Increases the CURLING POWER of the Hair

Any kind of water works with this Shampoo—NEW and DIFFERENT! German Invention—Made in England. A Wallet, sufficient for several hair-beauty treatments, costs only 1/6.

BLACK ORCHIDS

CHAPTER 14.

"YOU adorable child," he murmured, drawing close her warm softness. She pressed her face against his and made as though to kiss the hair above his ear. Tiny as the rustle of a mouse in a corn crib came her whisper.

"God bless you! Bobkine will make a copy inside the next hour, then he will come to send the telegram. I will have him do it here."

"I'll go for him then," whispered Ian. "Try to lock the servants in some room or closet—go out when I mention the word 'Paris'."

She treated him to a taut smile and nodded, then, infinitely graceful, seated herself on the broad settee and beckoned, carelessly.

In her rôle of temptress she wore a daring, filmy tea gown so thin that it betrayed the outline of her garters, but that cleverly hinted at, rather than exposed, the charms of her figure. But for all her easy pose there were anxious lights in her eyes and she was watching him narrowly, he realised.

"You did bring the right treaty," she whispered anxiously.

"Yes," he assured her and bent to shower her ringless hands with kisses. "Your safety, darling, is the only thing in life that really matters. I've come to realise."

Side by side on the broad settee they talked with that sublime disregard for time that makes life an unreal paradise for lovers. It seemed she could not tear her eyes from the darkly tender face beside her and when her small finger-tips touched that half moon scar on his chin he laughed and, for the first time, told a woman how he got it in battle.

All at once there sounded a little knock at the door. Ian had just time to turn aside and straighten his necktie when in strode that curious, pink little man he had met as the Baron von Bradensee. Beaming and looking jolly as a bearded Father Christmas, Bobkine hurried forward to shake hands, his pink bald head gleaming like that of a freshly-washed baby.

"Such a pleasure to meet you again, Monsieur Gray," he declared. "I saw entirely too little of you at the dinner party last night."

"A great pleasure," replied Ian, conscious that Lolita von Waldeck was watching him very intently. He got to his feet with the deliberation of a lazy mastiff. He was thinking: "And this pink-faced, hairless little man has murdered countless hundreds of people!" It seemed somehow utterly impossible.

"You have been working, Cousin Ernst?" demanded Lolita in a low voice that quivered just a little.

"Yes, my dear, I am glad to say the work is done. By the way I just remembered. Don't you want me to telegraph those friends of yours at Podolsk?"

Lolita nodded quickly. "Yes. Would it be too much trouble to send it at once?"

Bowing affably, the round little man bustled across the room to a telephone and, after consulting the directory, called the telegraph office. Speaking in German, he said:

"The telegram is addressed to T. Gregor. Podolsk, Acquitanie. 'Request Kyrlolits take ten o'clock train from Kolomyja to-night. All is well. Signed Bazanoff.' You will send that telegram," he instructed the operator, "at once."

Ian crossed his arms and the fingers of his right hand delved inside the edge of his coat—perhaps four inches from the butt of the 32.

"It is such a beautiful spring evening I think I shall take a little drive," announced Bobkine through the smoke of a long cigarette. "I am sure you would rather discuss whatever you are discussing alone." His eye paused in passing on the young American standing so straight beside the settee. "But it would be improper to leave my fair cousin without chaperons, n'est ce pas?"

Ian started. Something was wrong—better not. His hand started towards the pistol holstered under his left arm, but the voice of Comrade Bobkine cut in, silkily dangerous.

"If you are reaching for anything but your cigarette case," he remarked with a deprecating smile, "I advise you to wait, for you see, my dear young American, I don't trust you. If you move your hand another inch to the left, why, I shall be forced to shoot you, very unwillingly, of course."

There was no doubt that Bobkine's hand which lay in the pocket of his gray travelling suit gripped a pistol. Ian, wise enough not to force matters under such unfavorable conditions, merely smiled affably.

HORT HOBROOK says: For picking or table use Hobrooks' Pure Malt Vinegar; it is a brew of excellent quality.***

Continued from Page 31

"Dear me, you are very suspicious." "I am fifty-six years old," Bobkine stated, his pink face the picture of good nature, "because of that fact. You seem to enjoy it so much here. My good friend, I'm going to leave you and my dear little cousin, Lolita, to enjoy this delightful apartment for half an hour, which will give me time for a drive I have been planning to take." He drew a long puff on his cigarette but did not remove his suddenly menacing pale blue eyes from Ian. "In the brief case outside, my dear First Secretary, you will find the original copies of a certain document. You perceive you are now able to return them to the safe with no one the wiser."

"It will be a great mystery how the news got out, no? You, if you are clever, will blame the leakage on the Hungarian negotiator, and he, most emphatically, will blame it on your Minister."

The round little man raised his voice. "Michael! Come here! You will learn," he continued with a mock apologetic air, "that Michael and Leon are excellent company. They will be delighted to entertain you, sir, for exactly half an hour."

Inwardly raging, Ian made a little bow. No use to fight. Of course Lolita had given the show away—he felt disgusted, he could not hate her for it—she wasn't looking at all happy.

"Very well," he said. "I could think of far less pleasant things than talking to the beautiful Countess von Waldeck—I'm thinking—I need a guardian."

Bobkine laughed so heartily that his pink face flushed. "A graceful admission, Monsieur. Lolita is irresistible, eh? She has done her part most successfully. Ah, here is our friend, Michael!"

In the door appeared the footman, but this time minus his livery and clad in a rough dark grey suit. With him and also in mufti was the giant butler who had first admitted Ian to Number 73 Kerrepet Ut. They regarded the American with beady, watchful eyes.

Please turn to page 35



I'M WORRIED ABOUT MY KIDDY

ALMOST every day, you hear those words. The child is not actually ill but pale, listless, "out-of-sorts," lacking in appetite and energy.

Constipation may be keeping impurities locked up in the kiddy's system, sapping energy, poisoning the system. Give the child a NYAL FIGSEN tablet. It will relieve the constipated condition, and enable Nature to function properly. NYAL FIGSEN is pleasant to take... you chew it like a lolly... and gentle in its action. It does not purge, gripe or form a habit. FIGSEN will not upset even the most delicate stomach. It is good for the whole family. A tin of 24 Tablets costs only 1/3 from your chemist.

NYAL FIGSEN

Post this coupon for FREE SAMPLE of Nyal Figsen to The Nyal Company, 433 H. Globe Pl. Rd., Sydney, N.S.W.
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
WWS 67

New Hope for Sufferers

The latest German Remedy (in tablet form) for healing Varicose Ulcers and Eczema without interruption to your duties is available now. No need to lie up. Guaranteed never to break out again. Bad cases heal up in a few weeks. Inexpensive.

Guaranteed never to fail. Write or Call for Wonderful Book. Treatment by mail a specialty—distance no object. You will be delighted with my treatment—no pain from start.

C. WINTER
83 WELLINGTON ST.,
NEW
2A, VICTORIA



SKIN TROUBLES

How Septic Poison Develops

A cut, a scratch, the head off a pimple. These tiny incidents may be dangerous—take care! You have only to be the least bit unlucky for inflammation to follow.

From this it is but a step to the spread of destructive poison from SEPTIC germs. Any injury, no matter how trivial, is liable to turn septic if germs get in. Your safest and swiftest protection is Germolene Skin Ointment—the most powerful, effective and germicide known. Germolene quickly heals cuts, scratches, burns, scalds, broken chilblains and pimples. It checks infection before it starts to be serious. Even if sores and wounds are septic, inflamed and discharging, Germolene cleans them quickly and starts healthy new growth.

For EVERY Skin Trouble

All Chemists and Stores

Germolene

SKIN OINTMENT 1/9 & 4/- Per Tin

THE Ewbank

BRITISH CARPET SWEEPER

is so thorough

The Ewbank never scamps its work. As it glides smoothly over your carpets its patent self-cleaning brush gathers all the embedded dirt and surface dust. How simple it makes the task yet how clean and fresh it leaves the carpet! Strongly and beautifully made, with mechanical carelessness that ensures perfect sweeping for many years. Ask for the Ewbank at any store where carpet sweeper are sold.



E.S.

BLACK ORCHIDS

Continued from page 34

"MUCH as I regret the necessity," remarked the Acquitantian agent, "I fear we are forced to become melodramatic. Michael, please draw your pistol and keep Monsieur Gray covered while our efficient Leon extracts the pistol he carries a l'Americaine in a shoulder holster."

"Ah, Lolita, why look so sad? Are your dear brother and sister not on their way to Hungary? What does it matter if you have pleasantly betrayed this gentleman? I am sure he enjoyed it—and will forgive you. Your victims generally do. Smile, that's better, golubechek!"

In a moment more the whole ghastly farce was over and Ian found himself seated in an armchair confronted by the huge butler whose hairy paw held a Luger automatic squarely in line with his heart. The other was helping Bobkline into a fur-lined coat—a fact which gave the seated prisoner food for thought—a fur-lined coat in June. Why?

When Bobkline, with a mocking bow and a wave of the hand had disappeared, he who had masqueraded as a footman watched intently from the window.

MEANWHILE that strange girl known as Lolita von Waldeck reclined gracefully upon the settee and lit a cigarette, apparently quite indifferent to the proceedings. Next she turned lazily on her side and exposing, perhaps consciously, a long silk-clad leg, poured liqueur cognac into two of the long-stemmed glasses.

Sickened, revolted at her treachery, Ian glowered straight before him. So her love had been simulated. What an actress! She, no doubt, would disappear with those two large-limbed satellites who were now mounting guard. Well, he would wait until that Acquitantian's gun got out of line and then he would start things.

A sickening sensation of defeat chilled his soul as he heard the whirr of a motor starting and then the alarm of a car door. In the street below gears moaned softly and he knew that Comrade Bobkline had started on his way to the sinister powers at Acquitantia, and with him was a copy of Treaty X-2.

Poor Leonard! He wondered how the boy was coming along. Certainly if Ilya's love and tenderness could pull him through, he would survive, but to face disgrace—the hopeless blasting of his career. Bitterly he cursed his trust—his inexcusable weakness. He had thought—

"Well, mon petit I-an," Lolita von Waldeck addressed him serenely through a haze of blue cigarette smoke. "It seems that you have lost."

The two guards grinned and relaxed a trifle, the ex-footman even stooping to select a cigar.

Ian nodded. "I deserve to lose," he

HOT HOLBROOK says: I have often seen Olives ready for sandwiches. Have you ever tried an olive sandwich?***

said bitterly. "I was fool enough to believe in you—in spite of a hundred warnings."

"The first thing a diplomat should learn," were the girl's next words, "is that a diplomat should trust no one. It is a primary rule of the game, mon cher. You Americans are far too trusting—to deceive you is almost as easy as to cheat children."

Ian started as though a red hot iron had touched him. Great God! Lolita was actually laughing at, very feminine indeed, she arose and, with almost feline grace, came sauntering across the floor, her bright lips curled in derision at the scarlet-faced American rigid on his chair.

"So," she jeered and mocked him through half-lowered, blue-veined lids. "You thought to let us have the second part of the treaty to recover the first. Dieu, but you and your love talk were funny." A cruel smile twisted her

Kitchen Scissors...

A Home Hint

YOU will find a pair of kitchen scissors useful for many things. A jelly square is cut up more quickly with scissors than with a knife. Fish can be trimmed with their aid. To skin sausage, for sausage rolls, etc., insert the point of the scissors in one end and cut up the skin to the other end, when the sausage will leave the skin whole, white, and clean.

vivid mouth when he writhed. "I could scarce play my part—for laughing."

Beautiful and graceful as an Ionic column she stood above him, small head tilted to one side.

Ian's senses stirred, yet his heart was cold and hard as granite.

"CONGRATULATIONS, Mademoiselle!" he managed to say through dry lips. "You carried your part out perfectly. Being a fool, I deserved a fool's fate."

"Would you wish to become my lover even now?" So derisive were the glints in her eyes that both the Acquitantians commenced to chuckle.

"Try me—" was his quivering reply.

"Try you? Bah! You would not amuse me one short hour."

More violent grew Lolita's merriment until the ash of her cigarette tumbled off. Deliberately, she turned her back on him and leaving behind a faint aura of Orchides Noires swayed back to the settee. Humming a little song, Lolita von Waldeck selected another cigarette, tapped it on her almond-shaped thumbnail and lit it.

Furious beyond bounds at this mockery, Ian gathered himself for a desperate effort, but that menacing gun muzzle anticipated his attack.

Please turn to page 36

DRUGS?

Don't make the mistake of giving even a 14-year old boy strong medicine meant for adults.

Here is the proper treatment for the child who has grown sluggish



Boys and girls who have reached their 'teens' are not ready to be given powerful drugs!

It is not wise to give laxatives of adult strength to a child, just because you give them less frequently or in less amounts. Many stomach upsets and bowel troubles of growing children can be traced to this single mistake.

For safer relief of constipation in children, do this: Stop all use of mineral drugs, whether they are salts, pills, tablets, or "candy" form. Even

once a month is too often to give any child a cathartic strong enough for adults.

Use a liquid laxative containing senna (a natural laxative). California Syrup of Figs has the right amount for children's use, and this rich, fruity syrup does not harm or upset a child's system.

Give that headachy, bilious child a little of this gentle laxative when constipated, and a little less, if dose is repeated until bowels seem to be moving regularly and thoroughly without need of help.

Get the true California Syrup of Figs containing senna and cascara, which will not weaken the bowels or irritate the kidneys. You'll soon have full evidence that it safely relieves constipation in children.

THE "LIQUID TEST." First select a liquid laxative of the proper strength for children. Second: give the dose suited to the child's age. Third: reduce the dose, if repeated, until the bowels are moving without any help at all.

An ideal laxative for this purpose is the pure California Syrup of Figs, but be sure the word "California" is on the bottle.

"Sure to Get it at Grace Bros"

GRACE BROS

ANNOUNCE

THEIR

12

DAYS

SALE

Which

Commences

FRIDAY, JUNE 28th

BIG BARGAINS IN ALL DEPTS.

GRACE BROS. LTD BROADWAY SYDNEY



Little hands eagerly reach for Bournville Cocoa

Children love its chocolaty flavour; they always drink Bournville Cocoa readily, even when other food is refused!

Bournville Cocoa, made with milk and a little sugar, is much more palatable—and provides 45% more nutriment—than milk alone. It gives the growing child indispensable food elements in correct proportion. Even though your children are up to normal weight they need the extra nourishment of Bournville Cocoa to build sturdy frame and solid muscle.



A cup of BOURNVILLE Cocoa made with milk and sugar equals
1½ cups of MILK—and the BOURNVILLE costs less!

Always have a tin of Bournville Cocoa in the home; grown-ups enjoy it equally as well as children; they appreciate its warming sustaining qualities.

Cadbury's
BOURNVILLE
*Delicious
Chocolaty
Flavour*
COCOA

1lb. Tin 1lb. Tin 1lb. Tin
7½d 1/2½ 2/4



The sure way to end Stubborn Colds

Prompt use of Mistol night and morning will stop a cold before it has a chance to develop into a dangerous illness. Mistol is made from a famous formula which prevents colds from spreading. It goes right to the source of infection, opens clogged nasal passages, and brings quick relief. Soon you breathe easily again. Get a bottle of Mistol today with free dropper.

When travelling, and your nose and throat are irritated by dust, you will find Mistol a welcome relief.

MISTOL STOPS COLDS WHERE THEY START

BLACK ORCHIDS

CHAPTER 15.

Continued from page 35

"PLEASE do not look so sad," Lolita drew near again, in either hand holding a slender-stemmed glass of liqueur cognac. "It depresses me—and I do not like to be depressed. Come, I have always heard that the Americans were good losers. Will you drink to my success?"

Theatrics. Ian's lips curled. Oh, well, nothing mattered now. Smiling, Lolita held forward a glass, which he took and appraised automatically. Then she straightened, lifted high her glass.

"To the Aquitanian Republic!" Before she finished the word she whirled, quick as the dart of a kingfisher, and hurled the fiery contents of the liqueur glass into the ex-footman's stupid blue eyes.

Ian, after a stupefied fraction of a second, hurled his glassful at the butler.

"Bogus!" snarled the Aquitanian, leaping back and clawing at the side pocket of his coat. Ian was upon him in a single bound, for he who had held the pistol was clawing at his eyes in helpless agony. He would be able to see again in a minute, Ian knew that, and launched himself on the cursing ex-butler like an enraged leopard.

Smack! Putting his shoulder behind the blow he drove his fist squarely into the Aquitanian's cheek, and felt something give. The Aquitanian made no effort to strike back, but staked everything on getting his pistol free from that side pocket. Ian dealt the fellow another hissing haymaker that must have made the Aquitanian's teeth rattle for he reeled back under the blow.

Goaded by desperation and infinitely strengthened by the definite knowledge that Lolita, splendid actress that she was, was true—Ian sprang in and put all his strength behind a terrific uppercut which landed on the point of the Aquitanian's jaw and stretched him senseless and bleeding on the shining hardwood floor.

It was the work of a moment to wheel on the half-blinded footman and administer a quietus by bringing down a liqueur bottle on his egg-shaped skull.

"Time is short!" shrieked inner voices. "Catch Bobkline!"

He glanced at his watch—great lord, ten minutes more? Bobkline and that fatal copy of the treaty must be drawing near. In his mind's eye he could see the great touring car whirling at break-neck speed, over the straight white Hungarian pike.

Bleeding from a cut hand, he whirled to find that Lolita, superbly Amazonian, had snatched up the footman's pistol and stood waiting quietly, her glorious eyes fixed upon his.

"Where's Bobkline gone?"

SHE answered with a swift and clarity that delighted him. "To Halvan—yesterday I learned that a plane will be waiting there."

"Hatvan? Near the Czechoslovak border?"

"Yes." "Good Lord! That's a good thirty-five kilometres out of Budapest, quick. Get a coat and maybe we can catch him."

"Impossible—he is too far ahead." Nevertheless she darted off. Meanwhile, Ian secured his own and the pistols of the two Aquitanians before starting for the door. In his car was a detailed road map of Hungary.

Leaving the two unconscious men grotesquely sprawled between overturned chairs on the floor of that smart little sitting-room, the American, hair over eyes and the askew, snatched up his precious brief case, glanced inside and was delighted to see the original treaty safe. Then he went bounding down the stairs. After him ran Lolita von Waldeck, the hem of her luxurious tea gown showing ludicrously from under a heavy cloth overcoat that had a mink collar.

"You'll have to come faster," he called from the foot of the stairs. "Every second counts."

Nodding, she gathered her skirts garter high and with him darted out into the dark and silent street. On the opposite sidewalk a figure lounging under a lamp post started and, when the two dashed around the corner towards Ian's parked car, the watcher commenced to run also.

"Can you drive a car?" he panted. "I've got to study a map—maybe there's a short cut."

"Yes," she replied. "Good. Drive out the Walzen road and don't stop for man, God, or devil!"

She shot him a look of calm courage and leaped into the driver's seat of the long-nosed car with the ease of a born athlete. Simultaneously her foot pressed the starter pedal and the motor commenced its deep roaring song. Just then the figure which had watched

from across the street came running up. The fellow halted, cried out something, and Ian glanced up to recognise the sinister passion-clouded features of Colonel Maxim Sobeloff.

"Good-evening," said he, teeth wolfish in the moonlight. "Will you get out and fight? Or must I shoot you down like the dog you are?" "Get to hell out of the way!" Ian waved a furious hand. "See you later—I'm busy now."

Just then Lolita let out the clutch and, like a spurred colt, the automobile lurched off alone the cobbled street. The Bulgarian rasped a furious curse and jerked out a pistol.

Just as the car creased around the corner, a long orange finger stabbed the night and Ian felt a sting in his left shoulder as though a giant bee had stung him. Crack! Sobeloff fired again. In the windshield between him and the girl a small star-shaped hole sprang into being. Lolita's eyes, wide with alarm, flicked aside.

"Keep going!" yelled Ian over the roar of the motor. "He missed." But he knew very well that Colonel Sobeloff's first bullet had not been sped in vain. Inside his shirt and over his chest, blood was trickling in a warm erratic stream—didn't feel as though bones were broken, but a man could not tell, high powered bullets had a numbing effect.

Setting his teeth he reverted to the matter in hand, first kicking off the exhaust and then switching on the dash light. By its dancing rays he strove to read the road map which the madly rushing wind fluttered and sought to tear from between his fingers. He concentrated with a desperate effort, conscious that amid a blaze of headlights the car jolted and swerved like a refusing horse. All about sounded the squeal of suddenly-applied brakes, frightened shouts, the yelling of angry curses; but the girl merely bent further over the wheel and, as the car gathered speed, her hair streamed out behind like a pale but lustrous war flag.

"Must catch him!" Ian's brain said. No good to bring a disgraced husband to Lolita—and she would never be able to explain her part in the downfall of Leonard Holt if the story ever got out. It became thus doubly important to catch Bobkline—but could they?

Please turn to page 42



Knuckles Ached With Rheumatism



"My knuckles were so sore and swollen with rheumatism I couldn't hold a pen in my hand. After many remedies had failed I tried 'St. Jacobs Oil.' Almost instantly the pain disappeared and soon my hands were normal again."

"St. Jacobs Oil" is the good old remedy for the pains and aches of Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuritis, Lumbago, Sprains and Strains. It goes directly to the seat of the trouble and draws out all the pain. It works every time and does not burn the skin. Get a bottle of 'St. Jacobs Oil' from your chemist and see the magic.

ST. JACOBS OIL
CONQUERS PAIN

★ The "Of Course," About LIPSTICKS



OF COURSE, you can make a dreadful mess with ANY Lipstick. But with the new Kathleen Court productions, it's much more difficult than usual. So indelible that, once on the lips, the smooth, lacquer-like loveliness stays there, leaving handkerchiefs, cigarettes, serviettes and what not free from devastating Three styles—Mildgate, 1/5; Squares (Rose Petal) 2/5; and Automatic, 3/6. Four Shades: Light, Medium, Dark and Orange-Changeable. Imported. Absolutely Pure and Harmless! Of good chemists and stores. Of course!

KATHLEEN COURT

Sales: Sydney, Wellington, Johannesburg, Cape Town

HORT HOLBROOK says: No sugar is used in brewing my vinegar. I call it Holbrook's Pure Malt Vinegar.***

THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

BY EVELYN

DANCING FEET ... at Their Best!

Why not make life joyously easy for them... these the little Cinderellas of beauty care?

IT is the season of dancers... and back again, alas, corns and callouses, even dreaded chilblains that we had forgotten about... Poor, tired, overworked feet, what are you doing for them the while you cream and massage, powder and paint your faces?... Remember, comfort and beauty go hand-in-hand with the feet, and if you want them to carry you around joyously through the season, do care for them! They'll respond rapidly to treatment.

WE often do not worry about our feet until they become so neglected that we require the services of a chiropodist. Even this latter service is not available to everybody. So heed these few hints which can be carried out at home, and ensure a winter of foot comfort.

If you suffer from corns or callouses, give your feet a good soaking for twenty minutes in a basin of very hot water to which has been added two ounces of Epsom salts. After this soaking you will find you can wipe off most of the callouses with fine Turkish towelling or else a coarse hand-towel.

Follow this with a good rinsing of warm water and five minutes' massage with ordinary olive oil and one of those rubber nail-brushes (if you can get one, if not use the everyday kind) should make them as good as new.

For ordinary corns use emery-boards to rub them down at night, and in the morning, after bathing, apply a little iodine.

After this, any remaining corn should be treated to a corn cure. Of course, some excellent preparations are on the

market which are guaranteed to remove these agonising foot discomforts.

A soft corn should be treated in quite a different way. The foot should be soaked first of all in warm, soapy water for five minutes, then in clear, warm water, and after this in a pint of hot water to which has been added two teaspoonfuls of boracic crystals. It should then be dried, and a tiny bit of lint spread with boracic ointment placed over the corn. This should be changed twice a day.

And for ingrown toenails: After cutting the nail straight across and cleaning it well, place a tiny piece of cotton wool soaked in vaseline between the inside of the nail and the toe.

Heel Trouble

CALLOUSES at the back of the heel should be treated every night by a good rubbing with olive oil, and should you find that a certain pair of evening shoes rubs blisters on your heels, rub the skin of the heel with soap slightly moistened in warm water. Then powder this thickly with any good talcum powder. Note: This is a likely preventive, but not a cure, for blisters on the heel.

Chilblains are another curse that make

HERE IS an excellent foot treatment before a dance. Bathe the feet in hot, salted water. Finish in cold water. Dry. Then fold towel and rub briskly under each foot, over instep, round heel. Put in equal parts of vinegar and eau-de-cologne, and powder liberally.

a great many feet a misery to their owners. I have seen girls at dances endeavoring to glide round in agony, their feet swollen, sore, itching, their smiles but a mask.

Chilblains, as I have previously mentioned on this page, are one of the many conditions caused by a lack of lime, or calcium, in the diet. Foods that have a comparatively high calcium content include eggs, green vegetables (especially cauliflower), cocoa, chocolate, dried figs, cheese, nuts (especially almonds), fish, and brown bread. Sometimes a course of cod liver oil and milk helps a cure.

Daily Help

GIVE your feet every morning a rubbing with methylated spirit, and powder them generously with a good talc powder. This little service alone will repay you.

Then, again, feet may be kept joyously happy in this way:

First soak the feet in warm water. While they are still wet apply a good



DANCING FEET at their best. . . . Most girls, however, when thinking of beauty, concentrate on faces. But tired, aching feet, corns, and callouses, chilblains, too, will ruin an otherwise joyous dance. If you're a sufferer, you'll find help in this article; hints, too, on how to keep beauty at your feet.

attempt to file them. Cut them straight across (as before stated), not oval-shaped. Rub off any rough ends with an emery-board. Soak the feet in hot Epsom salts and water, as directed earlier in this article. Rub vaseline round the cuticles of the toenails and push them very gently back with the blunt end of an orange-stick. Never use nickel instruments for this, or you may give yourself a septic tonsil.

Clean the nail itself with the pointed end of the orange-stick round which has been wrapped a tiny bit of cotton wool dipped in hot, soapy water.

WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

PATIENT: Mine is not strictly a medical inquiry, but I am hoping you will not ignore it nevertheless. I am a widow with a son who is a thoroughly good boy but temperamental, retiring, and shy. How should one deal with such a boy? I

ASK ME

would like him to have more confidence in himself, more assurance, both of which I think are necessary to a young man when he comes to take his place in the world.

BOYS may be divided into two general groups. There is the timid, shy, retiring type, and there is the robust, adventurous, daring sort.

Since man's success in life depends largely upon his self-assurance and fearlessness in overcoming obstacles, the aggressive boy does not find it so difficult to adjust himself when he grows to man's estate.

However, we must consider that too much toughness of mental fibre is as bad as too much tenderness. An over-confident and fearless boy may easily become uncouth and overbearing to a degree that makes him an objectionable personality.

Such a boy must be toned down a bit. He must be made to learn the advantages to himself as well as to others of kindness, consideration, gentleness, respect, love, and sentiment.

The bold boy is egotistic and often conceited. His pride, therefore, is the weakness in his armor. Touch his pride and you can do a lot with him. Make it a point of honor that, because of his strength and masculinity, much more is expected of him in the way of chivalry.

On the other hand, the boy who likes best to play by himself, who shrinks from entering into the rough play of children of his own age, and who in general is not a good mixer, should be encouraged to be more rugged and less sensitive.

He should not be forced, but the advantages of growing into manhood unafraid should be stressed at every possible opportunity.

ATHLETICS and all forms of competitive sports, especially in the open, are excellent for all boys. For the sensitive boy nothing is better. How-

BY A DOCTOR

ever, games ought not to be too difficult at first, else they discourage and depress still further a spirit that is fearful of self-expression.

When once the cautious boy finds himself and realizes that he can do certain things and win, the same as the others, it does not take long before the comparative instinct of the human being will essay its strength. With repeated trials and successes, the boy will blossom forth equally as certain of himself as the rest.

Often, indeed, a timid boy eventually becomes an overbold man. The pendulum swings as far in the opposite direction towards boldness as it lagged behind in childhood towards shyness. Such a possible development must also be watched and guarded against. Exaggeration of any character trait—good or bad—is detrimental, no matter who may possess it.

MOTHERS should not stress the physical side of their love too much. Over-demonstration of affection may have pernicious effects, making the growing son so attached to his mother that it will seriously interfere with his ability to fall in love, marry, and propagate the race later on in life.

Mothers should try to preserve the spiritual bond existing between themselves and their sons; this can very readily be accomplished while the weaning-away process is carried on.

Make a little man of the boy as early as possible. Teach him the joy of service to others and make him feel that catering to one's own interests is not a desirable aim in life.

When a boy does a piece of work or performs an act that is creditable, be sure to praise him. Do not overdo it, but let him know that you are pleased. Make him want to do better than the other children of his age. Set his standards high, but not so high that they are manifestly unattainable. In a step-by-step manner push his goal always a little farther ahead.

Study your boy as you would a book and let him know that you are studying him. This will not make him conceited. It will make him feel that what he does really counts, and he will respond all the better to your training and teaching.

Soft loveliness for your FACE and HANDS



NIVEA ALL-PURPOSE CREME is a proven Beauty preparation of 30 years' world-wide reputation. Use Nivea Creme regularly, for the soft loveliness of your face and hands. It is a skin food... a vanishing creme... and a cleansing creme—ALL IN ONE.

TRY IT... it's marvellous!

NIVEA
CONTAINS EUCERINE
All Purpose CREME

6" & 1 1/2"

NEW POWDER SHADES



that ENLIVEN your own skin-tones

—originated by Dr. Pacini, cosmetic expert

HITHERTO, women have had to be content with powder shades that indifferently matched the skin. Now Dr. Pacini has created for Kissproof four NEW powder shades that blend perfectly with the skin; more, he has added a subtle radiance of tone never found in usual powder shades. In each NEW Kissproof shade is included a special ingredient—Dr. Pacini's own discovery—which enlivens natural skin-tones; gives to dull complexions the vivacity of youth.

Dr. Pacini has named these NEW Kissproof shades Flesh, Rachel, Ivory, and Tan. You can obtain them at any perfumery counter.

The NEW
Kissproof
POWDER

ECZEMA SKIN AND SCALP DISEASES

Phenomenal Success of Young Chemist's Secret Formula.

Acclaimed as miracles by many sufferers, who had despaired of relief from all kinds of skin diseases, results achieved by Mr. J. J. McHugh, a well-known Sydney Consulting Chemist, are unique.

Cases of ten to twenty years' standing, on which hundreds of pounds had been spent without success, have responded readily to his treatment.

Hundreds of grateful letters testifying to the wonderful efficacy of his secret formula, may be inspected at his rooms.

Skin Diseases which Mr. McHugh has treated both personally and by post with equal success are as follows: Eczema, Itching Scum, Psoriasis, Girth Under Nail, Various Warts and Blisters, Acne, Tropical Ringworm, Ringworm, Barber's Rash, Pruritus, Dandruff, Rosacea, Urticaria, Chilblains, Infantile Scum, etc.

Typical of letters received by him is the following: For some time I have intended writing to let you know how I got on with your treatment. The Psoriasis had completely disappeared and I have felt much better, myself since taking your treatment. I think it only fair that you should know the result. I think it is wonderful, as I had suffered terribly from this complaint for eight years and now, after a little time, you cannot see where it has been. I will always recommend you to anyone suffering from a skin disease.

Gratefully yours, Mrs. C. W. E. SOUTH COAST.
The above letter, and hundreds of others, may be inspected at Mr. McHugh's rooms, Rescuer, suffering from any skin trouble are invited to write (enclosure stamped addressed envelope) or call on Mr. McHugh at 125 Liverpool Street, 1st Floor (Opp. Show), SYDNEY. Phone: MA 5001.
HOURS: Monday to Thursday, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Friday, 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. Saturday, 9.30 a.m. to 12 noon.

ANCHOVY

HOST HOLBROOK SAYS:

"Many appetising savories may be made from my Anchovy Paste.

At your next bridge party serve Holbrooks' Anchovy Eggs. They are dainty and pleasing to the palate.

Boil the eggs hard, halve lengthways, remove the yolk and pound it into a smooth paste with my Anchovy Paste. Replace the mixture, garnish with Holbrooks' Capers and serve cold on lettuce leaves."



HOLBROOK'S ANCHOVY PASTE

AP.S.



LUX PRESERVES THE E-L-A-S-T-I-C-I-T-Y THAT MAKES STOCKINGS FIT AND LAST

AN Easy Chance to Win CASH PRIZE

Our special dried fruits recipe competition closes on June 29, so if you want to be in the judging hurry in with your recipes!

To enter, make out a menu suitable for a bridge party. Each recipe contained in it must use dried fruits and must be written out in full. £5 for the first prize, £2/10/- for the second, £1 for the third, and six at 5/- each are the prizes to be won. Prize-winners will be announced on July 13.

Our weekly recipe competition in the meantime is, of course, still running, and this week a delicious honeyed apple pudding deservedly wins first prize.

HONEYED APPLE PUDDING

Four large cooking apples, 1lb. suet (beef), 1 cup plain flour, 1 cup sugar, 6 cloves, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 cup fine, dry breadcrumbs, 1 cup honey and 1 cup of water mixed.

Core the apples and put them through the mincer; skin and mince the suet also; add the sugar, cloves, and breadcrumbs. Sift in the flour and baking powder. Mix well, and add the honey and water. Turn into a greased basin. Cover with greaseproof paper and steam 2½ hours. Serve with honey sauce. Put 1½ cups of water into a saucepan, add 1 cup of honey, just bring to the boil and thicken with a dessertspoon of maida blended with cold water. Stir till boiling.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. E. Edgar, 66 Southey St., St. Kilda, Vic.

HAM AND EGG PUFFS

Two hard-cooked eggs, 3 table-spoons cooked and minced ham, some white sauce, seasoning, and pastry.

Chop the eggs and mix with the ham. Bind together with white sauce, season to taste. Roll out some flaky pastry 1in. thick and cut out rounds about 4in. in diameter. Put a spoonful of the mixture in the centre of each, wet round the edges, fold the pastry over, and press the edges together. Place the puffs on a greased dish, brush them with beaten egg and bake in a good oven about 15 minutes until brown and crisp. Serve hot or cold, garnished with parsley.

Second Prize of 10/- to Mrs. Avery, 27 Yardley St., North Hobart.

CANDY PEEL

Soak orange and lemon peel in salt and water for 3 days, and then boil in cold water until tender. Make a syrup of 1lb. of sugar to 1 pint of water. Put the peel in and boil quickly until it looks clear. Then lift the peel on to a dish. Boil the syrup until reduced enough to sandy, pour a little into each half

peel. If boiled long enough the centres when removed out of the peel make excellent lollies. When cold and dry roll in crystallised sugar and store in boxes lined with wax paper.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. H. Baker, Merryland, Aston St., Baschill, N.S.W.

GINGER BUNS

One pound flour, 1oz. butter, 4oz. sugar, 1 teaspoonful ground ginger, 1oz. golden syrup, 1 egg, 1½ teaspoonful baking powder, little milk if required.

Cream butter and sugar well together, sift the flour, ginger, and baking powder. Beat the egg, and add the syrup; mix into the butter and sugar with the sifted flour, etc.; stir lightly and quickly. Divide the mixture into equal parts, roll each portion into a round ball, place on a greased baking sheet, and bake in a moderate oven for 15 or 20 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Gladys B. Goulden, 25 Union St., Dulwich, S.A.

HINKLER CAKE

Quarter pound self-raising flour, 2oz. butter, 2 teaspoons sugar, pinch salt.

Mix with a little milk. Roll out paste very thin, put in flat buttered tin and spread with raisins, dates and currants.

Sponge Mixture: 2oz. butter, 1½ cup sugar, Beat to a cream. Add 2 well-beaten eggs (or 1 egg and a little milk), 1 cup self-raising flour, 4 table-spoons milk. Beat and spread on paste and fruit. Bake in a hot oven. When cool, spread with lemon icing.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. Hogg, Albany St., Gosford, N.S.W.

PEANUT BUTTER BREAD

Two cups flour, 1-2oz cup sugar, 4 table-spoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ cup peanut butter, 1½ cups milk.

Sift flour, baking powder, salt, and sugar together into bowl; add peanut butter, and mix for 1 minute. Add milk and beat thoroughly; put into one large or two small greased oblong pans; smooth tops before baking, and bake in moderate oven at 350 degrees Fahrenheit for about one hour. Makes two small or one large loaf.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. W. W. Taylor, Main St., Angathella, Qld.

Interesting Stove Competition

Enter Now — You May Win a Valuable Prize!

A golden opportunity to win a valuable and desirable first prize—a splendid fuel stove—is afforded every reader of The Australian Women's Weekly in an interesting "stove" competition.

MANY housewives use a fuel stove and, in using, may have thought out schemes whereby it could, in their opinion, be improved.

Directors of James Ward Ltd., 372 Pitt St., Sydney, are offering a prize of a free fuel stove, valued at £8/10/-, to the woman who makes the six best suggestions for improving a stove.

Stoves in the past have been designed by men, but it is women who have the real working knowledge of what they require and who, in using them, have discovered little things they consider faults.

All you must do is write down what you have found to be the most outstanding advantage in a stove you have used or are using, or any design which would, in your opinion, make for better cooking, labor-saving, cleanliness, usefulness, etc.

Entries close July 16—so send in your suggestions immediately.

In addition to the first prize, two consolation prizes at £1/1/- each are to be awarded to the two next best competitors.

Conditions are: Write plainly on one side of the paper, and make six suggestions only. Address to The Australian Women's Weekly, endorsing left-hand corner "Stove Competition."

The competition will be judged by experts on the staff of The Australian Women's Weekly, and it is understood that the judges' decision is final.

Results of the competition which, remember, closes on July 16, will be announced in a later issue.

Aspro Year Book

ONCE again more than a quarter million Australian homes have been supplied with a copy of the "Aspro Year Book." This useful book, which contains information on a vast variety of subjects, from astrology to architecture, from health hints to horticulture, and from silkworms to sporting records, has much to recommend it.

COOK IT En Casserole!



You'll find Casserole Cookery so easy, convenient, delicious and more nourishing

THE casserole has many advantages over ordinary cooking utensils.

The cooking process, though slower, requires very little attention. All food values are retained except vitamins...

It always looks clean and attractive; food cooks more evenly in it; it can be served

in the dish in which it is cooked; and last, but by no means least, "washing-up" is minimised.

CASSEROLE cooking is the most savory method of cooking there is, as food cooked in the glass or stoneware dishes retains all its flavor and nourishment. Very little stock or water should be used, as fish, meat, or vegetables cooked en casserole should really cook in their own steam. A tightly fitting lid is essential.

Fruit of any kind can be stewed in a casserole and cooked at the same time as the roast, thus saving fuel and washing-up.

Vegetables suitable for cooking in casserole: Peas, beans, brussels sprouts, marrow, cauliflower, potatoes, new potatoes, carrots, turnips, onions, parsnips. But cabbage and spinach are not suitable for casserole cooking.

CASSEROLE OF FRUIT

Fruit, sugar, little water, flavoring. Peel the fruit, remove the stones or

cores, and cut into slices. Boil the required quantity of sugar and water together for one minute. Pour over the fruit. Cover with lid. Bake in a slow oven till fruit is soft. Serve hot or cold.

Apples may be cooked, either sliced or whole, adding lemon rind or cloves as flavoring.

Pears, whole or sliced, adding lemon rind, cloves, or ginger as flavoring.

Quinces, whole or sliced.

CASSEROLE OF LIVER

One lamb's fry, carrot, turnip, onion, flour, fat, water or stock, rashers of bacon, parsley, salt, cayenne.

Soak the liver in cold, salted water for 20 minutes. Peel the vegetables and cut into large dice. Melt the fat, and fry the vegetables for a few minutes. Then remove from fat and place in the casserole.

Wipe the liver dry, cut into slices, dip in flour, and fry in the fat till well browned. Drain well, and place in casserole on the bed of vegetables. Add some flour to the fat, allow to brown. Add water and stir till it boils and thickens; add salt, cayenne, and caramel if necessary. Strain over the liver. Add the bacon cut into strips. Cover with lid. Place in a moderate oven, reducing heat after ten minutes. Then cook slowly till liver is tender. Add more liquid if necessary. Remove any fat from the top of the stew with a spoon, then paper. Sprinkle with chopped parsley, and serve at once.

SAVORY CASSEROLE

Two lbs. topside steak, 1 onion, carrot, salt, cayenne, rasher of bacon, Worcestershire sauce, tomato sauce, vinegar, parsley, little stock.

Lay the steak in the casserole. Grate the carrot and onion. Mix the sauces, vinegar, stock, salt, and cayenne well together. Add the onion and carrot. Pour over the meat. Stand for 10 minutes. Cover with lid. Place in a moderate oven and cook slowly 1 to 1 1/2 hours. Remove all traces of fat. Sprinkle with chopped parsley and garnish with grilled rolls of bacon.

TO COOK VEGETABLES IN CASSEROLE

Prepare vegetables in the usual way. Place in the casserole. Sprinkle with a little salt. Add pinch of carbonate of soda if green vegetable. Pour over about one cup of cold or hot water. Cover with a lid. Place in the oven 25 to 40 minutes before the roast is to be dished.

By RUTH FURST

Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.



CASSEROLE DISHES—hot, savory, easy! Think of the advantages of serving the meal in the dish in which it is cooked—so much less work both before and after the meal. No array of saucepans to face at washing-up time.

Drain off all liquid and serve in the dish in which it was cooked.

CHICKEN EN CASSEROLE

One chicken, 2 small onions, 4 slices of fat bacon, salt, cayenne, little flour, stock or water, mushrooms if liked.

Cook the giblets slowly in water till tender, and use the liquid as the stock. Lay two rashers of bacon in a well-greased casserole. Sprinkle with finely-chopped onion and mushrooms. Lay in the seasoned chicken. Put the remainder of bacon on top. Sprinkle in a little flour. Add the stock. Cover with lid. Bake in slow oven till tender. Serve very hot.

CASSEROLE OF MUTTON

Neck chops, onion, flour, salt, cayenne, potatoes, parsley, stock or water.

Trim the chops. Dip in the flour, to which salt and cayenne have been added. Lay the chops in the casserole. Peel the onion, chop finely, and sprinkle over the chops. Peel the potatoes, cut into slices, and lay on the chops. Pour in the water or stock. Cover with lid. Bake from 1 1/2 to 2 hours in moderate oven. Sprinkle with chopped parsley before serving.

CASSEROLE OF HARE

One hare, rashers of bacon, onion, flour, fat, stock, 3 tablespoons port wine, cloves, herbs, salt, cayenne, forcemeat balls.

Cut the hare into neat shapes. Dip in flour and put into the casserole with the bacon, onion, herbs, and forcemeat balls. Pour over stock. Cover with lid. Bake in a moderate oven 2 to 3 hours. Half an hour before serving stir in the wine. Return to oven to reheat. Serve very hot.

SAVORY TRIPE EN CASSEROLE

One and a half lbs. tripe, 1 onion, 1 lb. rashers, 2 carrots, 1 turnip, 2 cups stock, salt, cayenne, parsley.

Blanch the tripe. Cut into pieces two inches square. Peel vegetables and cut into cubes. Cut bacon into strips. Arrange tripe, vegetables, and bacon in alternate layers in casserole. Add seasoning. Cover with stock. Cover with lid. Bake in a slow oven 1 1/2 to 2 hours. Sprinkle with chopped parsley and serve at once.

CASSEROLE OF VEAL

One and a half lbs. veal, large tomato, 2 dessertspoons butter, 2 tablespoons plain flour, 1 onion, 1 carrot, salt, cayenne, 1 cup water or stock.

Peel the onion and carrot and cut into slices. Cut the meat into neat pieces. Melt the fat in a saucepan. Fry the



SERVED IN ITS silver container, a savory chicken casserole lends distinction to the table. See recipe on this page.

BEEF OLIVE CASSEROLE

One and a half lbs. topside steak, veal, seasoning, water or stock, flour, salt, cayenne, fat.

Cut the steak into pieces 4 inches square. Place a little seasoning on each portion. Roll up and fasten with string. Fry in fat till evenly browned. Drain and place in a casserole. Add the flour, salt, and cayenne to the fat, and brown evenly. Add the water and stir till it boils and thickens. Strain into the casserole. Cover with lid. Bake in a slow oven 1 1/2 to 2 hours. Remove the string from the rolls. Reheat and serve at once.

STEAK AND TOMATO CASSEROLE

Topside steak, 2 onions, 4 large tomatoes, salt, cayenne, little water, flour, fat.

Cut the steak into neat pieces and fry in fat till brown. Drain, and place in casserole. Add flour to fat with salt and cayenne, and brown evenly. Cut the onion and tomatoes into slices and lay on the steak. Pour the hot gravy over. Cover with a lid. Bake in slow oven 1 to 1 1/2 hours. Serve very hot, sprinkled with parsley.



SOUP for Diabetics
Specially Prepared
Rosella
Sugarless
TOMATO SOUP

DIABETICS and any who wish to forego food containing sugar can now enjoy a Rosella Soup of rare flavor and goodness. Rosella Sugarless Tomato Soup is the latest of Rosella Products. You will thoroughly enjoy its flavor and nourishment.

Try also
Rosella Sugarless Jams
and Canned Fruits

LUMBAGO—



No Sir! SLOAN'S keeps me free from Lumbago. Hard work is no longer agony to me.

Whenever you have muscular or nerve pain apply SLOAN'S lightly without rubbing. It penetrates instantly and stops the pain. Attack the pain where the pain is—do not drag the whole system.

Use SLOAN'S for RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, BACKACHE, SPRAINS, BRUISES, all MUSCULAR ACHES and PAINS.

All Chemists & Druggists.

SLOAN'S
LINIMENT KILLS PAIN



A CUP OF CHICKEN BROTH FOR 1st



"Eagley" Underwear, like a truly "warm" friend, comforts and protects the wearer and gives years of service.

"Eagley" Underwear is warm because it is All Pure Wool . . . comfortable because of the fine knit and special form-fitting styles . . . long lasting because infinite care is paid to detail in its manufacture and finish.



Eagley
UNDERWEAR
ALL WOOL

"Yelga"—Wool and Cotton Underwear.

A "WARM" FRIEND.

Out of the blue comes the whitest wash!
RECKITT'S BLUE

HERE'S THAT QUICK WAY TO STOP A COLD



Take 3 Bayer Aspirin Tablets.

Drink full glass of water. Repeat treatment in 2 hours.

If throat is sore, crush and dissolve 3 Bayer Aspirin Tablets in a half glass of water and gargle according to directions in box.

Almost Instant Relief in This Way

The simple method pictured above is the way doctors throughout the world now treat colds.

It is recognised as the QUICK-EST, safest, surest way to treat a cold. For it will check an ordinary cold almost as fast as you caught it.

Ask your doctor about this. And when you buy, see that you get the real BAYER Aspirin Tablets. They dissolve almost instantly. And thus work almost instantly when you take them.

And for a gargle, Genuine BAYER Aspirin Tablets dissolve so completely they leave no irritating particles. Sold everywhere in tins of 12 and bottles of 24 & 100. Be sure to get "BAYER"—Bayer means Better.

BAYER ASPIRIN DOES NOT HARM THE HEART



FOILING

Winter —

Smartly and Snappily With Our Three-in-One Concession Pattern....

Price 6d.

Let flutters of spring deceive you not, wistfully though you gaze upon the deceptive, occasional sun... Winter and chill days are by no means finished yet!

THE three dresses above are specially designed to deal with the winter problem. They stifle the cold, and do it gracefully; and, furthermore, they do it cheaply. They are representative of our Concession Pattern Service—the service that brings to you each week a pattern with endless possibilities for the mere cost of production—sixpence. Three notable styles at least may be made from the one pattern, and you may add half a dozen others besides, with a little ingenuity. Patterns, accompanied by directions, are easy to follow and most satisfactory.

Clever cuts show in each of these three designs. Skirt has uniquely-cut centre panel extending up into the bodice. Bodice itself, in a tailored, cross-over effect (fairly high up to the neck to keep chilly air bay), is concluded in the skirt, with diamond-shaped peaks, from which come the pleats of the skirt. Ring in the changes at the neckline.

First suggestion is for a youthful roll collar of light contrasting material. At the bodice, a brilliant or chromium ornament is a snappy finish. Then again, you may, by following the second suggestion, outline the cuts—very well worth outlining too—by stitchery. Leave the neck bare and finish the bodice with a single and a good button.

A third suggestion is for a simple, sporty, contrast collar and button trimming on the bodice.

These dresses, made for tweed fabric, suggest all sorts of delightful fabric, and the patterns are now ready for you on application at our offices.

Pattern is for 36-inch bust. Material required: 2½ yards, 54 inches wide. Collar: ¾ yard, 36 inches wide.

You may call or order through the post. Pattern, as stated before, costs 6d. with the coupon. When ordering through the post, do not include stamps for postage.

THREE-IN-ONE COUPON

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

To obtain above pattern, send or bring in 6d. to any of our offices, together with this coupon, filled in. For addresses, see elsewhere. We pay postage.
(Three-in-one coupon, 29-8/35.)

I know my own mind about soaps

AND HERE'S WHY I USE PALMOLIVE



I don't know how to say it in the right words... what my beauty specialist told me about Palmolive being a safer, scientific soap. But I got the idea... it's marvellous for keeping a girl's complexion lovely. You'll think so too!

It's just nice to think about—a soap that contains an abundance of olive oil. For it's olive oil that keeps the skin soft and youthful. And to my way of thinking, that's a real beauty formula.



I'm so glad I gave Palmolive a real chance! Night and morning, for a whole month, I massaged its creamy, velvety lather into my skin... Rinsed with warm water—then cold. See what this treatment will do for your skin!



FO35/2.

It cleanses so deeply .. keeps complexions so lovely

Your dentist's mirror shows that Your toothbrush must clean inside

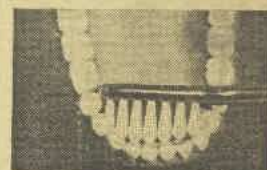


Tek

● Most teeth are clean on the outside. How about the inside? That's where tartar forms, a danger to teeth and gums. Is your toothbrush doing a whole job? If not, change to Tek.

Tek will get behind, just as readily as it cleans the front. Every tooth will be left clean and safe.

Tek is better value, too; its water-resisting bristles keep their shape ever so much longer. Tek in six colours 2/-. Tek Junior 1/3.



Tek

the modern toothbrush

Guaranteed... to fit and clean your teeth inside, and outside.

● A product of Johnson and Johnson — World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings, Johnson's Baby Powder, Medex, etc.
BS-25

COULD NOT SEW A BUTTON ON

Her Hands Were Helpless with Rheumatism

At one time she thought she would lose the use of her right hand. But "a blessing"—in the form of Kruschen Salt—put her right again.

"I was sure in a bad state," she writes. "In fact, I could not do my housework, I was so bad with rheumatism in my arms and hands. I could not sleep at night, and had to get up and heat water to ease my pain and numbness. I took all kinds of medicines. I rubbed it and plastered it—but it was still there. I thought I would lose the use of my right hand. I could not hold anything, nor could I sew a button on. My arm would go dead. I was advised to try Kruschen, and inside of three weeks I found such a change. I have kept on taking it, and now I sleep all night—thanks to Kruschen."—(Mrs.) J. H.

Two of the ingredients of Kruschen Salt have the power of dissolving uric acid crystals, which are responsible for rheumatic agony. Other ingredients assist Nature to expel these dissolved crystals through the natural channels.

Our FASHION SERVICE and FREE PATTERN



To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should:

- (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters.
- (2) State size required.
- (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state age of child.

LUXURIOUS WRAP.

WW381A.—Quite a new effect is carried out in this evening wrap, with its stand-up collar. Sleeves are set into large armholes. Material for 36-inch bust: 41 yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

UNUSUAL COAT.

WW382A.—Introduce this new fashion note into your coat-shaped side basques which give a costume-like effect. Wide revers continue to the fastening. Material for 36-inch bust: 3 yards, 54 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

FOR SMART AFTERNOON WEAR.

WW383A.—A smart design for afternoon wear with centre-back fastening. Skirt is shaped over the hips with inverted pleats at the seams. Neck trimming is of contrast. Material for 36-inch bust: 4 yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: 1 yard, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

CHIC BASQUE EFFECT.

WW384A.—A youthful frock with a basque, giving the effect of a jumper suit. Skirt has a low-pleated inset at back and front of skirt. Material for 36-inch bust: 21 yards, 54 inches wide. Contrast: 1 yard, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

LITTLE GIRL'S MODEL.

WW385A.—A style the modern little girl will favor. Its formality is relieved by contrasting collar and cuffs. It is a straight-down model with pleats inserted at the sides of the skirt. Material for 10 and 12 years: 21 yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: 1 yard, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

SNUG WEE GOWN.

WW386A.—Picture the small girl in this dainty dressing gown. It fastens easily up to the neck with a turn-down

collar. A sash or girdle marks the waistline. Pattern for girl 2 to 8 years. Material for 8 years: 11 yards, 64 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

READY FOR BED.

WW387A.—Simple and inexpensive to make are these pyjamas for the growing girl. Square neck jumper is bordered with contrast, which is used as a trimming on the whole suit. Pattern for 6 and 8 years. Material for 8 years: 21 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

ON LINES OF GRACE.

WW388A.—Pleats are treated in a new way in this evening model, being inserted in the low flared skirt. The front shoulder straps are divided, the upper portion being tied around the back of the neck. Material for 36-inch bust: 41 yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

GLORIOUS CAPE STYLE.

WW389A.—Fashion announces a return to capes this season. This model is panelled with an opening on the

seams for the hands to slip through. Material for 36-inch bust: 21 yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

FREE PATTERN COUPON

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a free pattern of the garment illustrated, fill in the coupon and post it WITH 1d. STAMP to cover the cost of postage, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Dept." to any of the following addresses. A PENNY STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. A charge of threepence will be made for Free Patterns over one month old.

ADIELAND.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 380A, G.P.O., Adelaide.

BRISSANE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 400F, G.P.O., Brisbane.

MELBOURNE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.

NEWCASTLE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.

SYDNEY.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 412K, G.P.O., Sydney.

TASMANIA.—The Australian Women's Weekly, c/o Andrew Mather and Co. Pty. Ltd., 100-113 Liverpool St., Hobart.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see addresses of our various offices, which will be found on another page.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS

Name

Address

State

Pattern Coupon, 29/6/35.



Our Free Pattern

Boy's Suit
4 Years...

THIS week's free pattern is a suit for the small boy. It may be worn as a tunic suit or in ranger style with the pants buttoned on to the shirt.

Pattern is for 4 years.

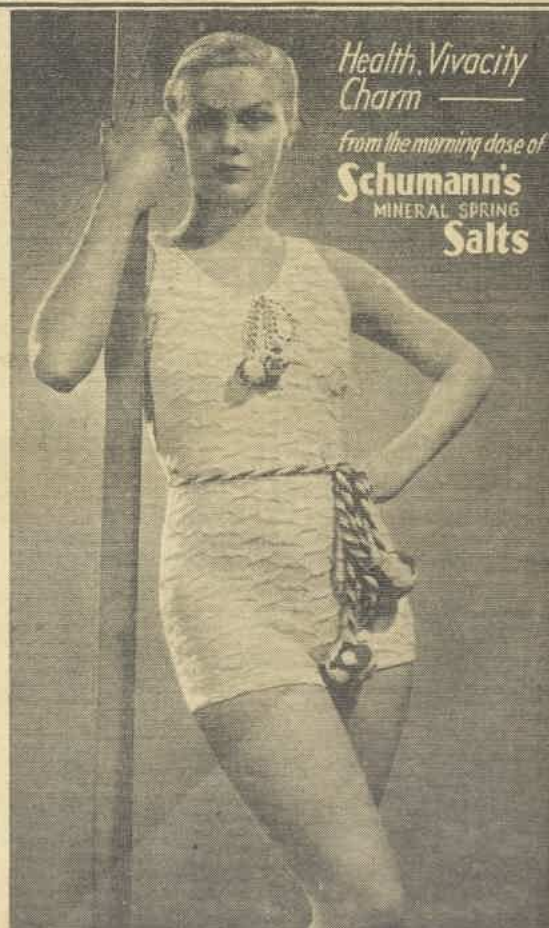
Material for tunic suit: 11 yards, 36 inches wide.

Contrast collar: 1 yard, 36 inches wide.

Shirt of ranger suit: 1 yard, 36 inches wide.

Pants: 1 yard, 36 inches wide.

Turnings must be allowed when cutting.



Health, Vivacity
Charm

from the morning dose of

Schumann's
MINERAL SPRING
Salts

**Look at it!
Remember it!
Be sure you ask for it!**



**It is your guarantee
that the blanket you buy
is the finest Australia makes**

LACONIA BLANKETS know no equal. They are definitely Australia's finest. Their thick, fleecy nap soon soothes you to sleep. Their fresh fragrance has a drowning effect. Their lightness shields you from tiring weight. Their generous proportions provide warmth from head to toe. They are odourless, free from filing, and of standard weight and size. You cannot get better value for your money. Remember the label—ask for it by name! If unable to obtain, write or phone The Laconia Mills, South Melbourne. M3105.

BLACK ORCHIDS

Continued from page 36

At a rate that was never under fifty miles an hour, Lolita twirled the great motor through the drowsy, blue and white painted suburbs of Budapest while Ian, desperately intent, mentally photographed the route he had chosen to Hatvan. The main first-class road passed through Aszod, but there was another through the village of Szent which, though six kilometres shorter, was a secondary route, therefore undoubtedly rough, winding and ungraded.

On the outskirts of Budapest a policeman foolishly tried to block their furious career and barely escaped annihilation when the girl wrenched the car to the left. Ian never forgot an impression he got of her lovely features set, coat open and the soft lace of her tea gown fluttering like gossamer pennons.

"All right," he said. "We can change now."

With a mighty groaning of brakes she brought the car to a shuddering halt which dug deep furrows in the road and filled the air with the stench of scorched rubber.

Barely an instant was wasted in exchanging positions, then Ian threw the car into gear and, driving as he had never driven before, dashed off into the night with the wind blasting through that ragged hole in the windshield. Trees flickered past like fence-paling and the road, lit by the headlights leaping rays, swayed before him like an uncertain white ribbon.

The two-seater shot through one sleeping village after another, tornado-like, leaving behind wildly yelping dogs and an enormous pall of dust. Lolita! Lolita! To have her in peace and happiness, unafraid of all men—he must win. Like a racing driver gone crazy he roared along straight stretches and skidded around corners. Ye gods, let him get to Hatvan in time!

Once in the wide flat countryside he pressed the accelerator to the floor, urging the great palpitating machine to its splendid best and strained his eyes to watch the road ahead. Suddenly there appeared a fork in the road, he slammed on the brakes. Ah, Nagy-Kulm already. He swung to the right, racing ever onwards towards Szent and distant Hatvan.

Beside him the girl ignored her wildly fluttering skirts, to clutch the door and the handle of the cutout in an effort to brace her slight body against the mad lurching of the roadster. Shadowy objects like ambushed monsters seemed to spring at the car—now a kilometre past, now a wayside shrine. A dozen times Ian thought they were lost and all the while the hissing warm night wind tore at his hair with unseen fingers, filled his eyes with tears. All at once he got a queer impression that the car was remaining still while the earth revolved under it.

On a straight stretch he shot a swift glance at Lolita. Utterly unafraid she crouched there, blue eyes wide and staring fixedly at the road ahead. The wind, he noted, had pulled her hair back to reveal ears which were small and well-shaped, like the rest of her.

One hundred kilometres an hour, the indicator said, and Ian became confident that Bobkine's fifteen-minute lead was being cut to ribbons, when suddenly the road blurred. Damn it! He had forgotten all about his wound. He must have bled a lot—his whole side felt wet and cold. He blinked and the careening landscape came in focus again.

"Get the name of the next town," he yelled above the tumult of the wind. Ahead shone the lights of a car. Hell! This country road was narrow as an old maid's mind—and then to his horror he beheld just ahead a small stone bridge. If the cars met on that bridge all involved would perish horribly.

His driver's instinct warned him it was too late to stop; a hundred kilometres an hour is not an easy speed to handle. Then, forking to the left, he saw a track descending the low banks of a stream. It must be one of those fords arranged to allow peasants to water their thirsty little horses. How deep the water was not how rough the bottom, Ian could not know, but risk it he must, so, as the fork flashed near, he braked furiously and turned the wheel to the left.

Like a hunter taking a jump, the car seemed to sail off the ground when the track dropped a little then, with the heart-stilling plunge of a roller-coaster, the two-seater darted at the darkly-flowing water. Ian's grip on the wheel tightened spasmodically as over the runabout shot a sheet of water which, deflected by the windshield, passed over his head. The car staggered like a lifeboat in a hurricane. Ian summoned all his falling strength and sought to steady the wheel. He

had a fleeting impression of the other car high overhead, its occupants yelling like mad.

The dripping automobile was back on the road almost before he knew it, for he was feeling very sick indeed. He must keep on. His mind was haunted by a vision of Leonard in bed, pale and helpless, and of Ilya who loved the boy so.

There began a queer buzzing in his bones as he saw the short cut rejoin the main highway. Far ahead glimmered a tail light; another car was going in the same direction. Bobkine?

CHAPTER 16

LIKE a terrestrial rocket, Ian's car soared to the summit of a hill and from that vantage his hot eyes beheld sprawling white houses of Hatvan lying far below.

On the straight, white road he could see the headlights of a car, away, dancing like those of an automobile that is driven at headlong pace. Something told him that ponder Bobkine had taken alarm and was dashing at top speed for the plane which would bear him to safety.

The wounded man at the wheel groaned in despair. . . . After all, he had lost. No human effort could close that gap of three kilometres before the Aquitainian got to Hatvan. Yet, with that stubborn unwillingness of his kind to call quits until the last effort has been made, Ian bent forward, praying Bobkine's car might break down, might blow a tyre—anything to prevent his reaching the plane in time. But at the same time he knew that such convenient miracles rarely, if ever, occurred.

More and more indistinct became the outline of the road, until the effort to focus the reeling headlong landscape became tremendous. How cold he was—and how weak, the car seat had become slippery with blood. All he knew was that Bobkine must not reach that plane—must not escape to ruin not only the lives of Ilya and Leonard, but his own and Lolita's as well.

On rushed Ian's car. At the top of a little rise Ian saw he had gained on the other, but not enough to catch it before Hatvan was reached.

Please turn to page 45

SOLVOL CATCHES ALL THE DIRT and gets rid of it in half a shake. After thirty seconds with **SOLVOL** hands are just as clean and white as they possibly could be. The rich **SOLVOL** lather foams into every pore and cleanses the skin deep down. Keep hands clean and white and soft—with **SOLVOL**!

—AS SAFE FOR THE SKIN AS FINE TOILET SOAP.



**The improvement
in my complexion
was remarkable**

.....after I began
using these creams

Once you have seen the wonderful improvement Daggett & Ramsdell's creams will make in your complexion you will never again be satisfied with any other face creams. Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream penetrates deeper, cleanses more thoroughly, softens and nourishes your skin as no other cream you have ever used. Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Vanishing Cream protects the most delicate skin from the ravages of sun, wind, rain and dust and imparts a smooth finish to your powder and make-up. Start looking your loveliest through the daily use of Daggett & Ramsdell's creams.



Daggett & Ramsdell

HOST HOLBROOK says: For the unexpected guest a few tasty sandwiches can be quickly made with Holbrook's Anchovy Paste. — 3-4

VERSATILITY CAPTURED in NEWEST KNITWEAR

Now a Three-way Coat You Can Make and Wear with Distinctive Success . . .

- As a Jaunty Sports Coat
- Smart Afternoon Coat—or for
- Town or Spectator Sports Wear

HERE appears to be no limit to-day to what one can accomplish in the way of tailored chic and soft, appealing charm with the knitting needles. . . And thousands of our readers have been enabled, by reason of our comprehensive service, to acquire for themselves an exclusive yet inexpensive winter wardrobe.

Not only for themselves, but every member of the family circle. . . This colorful presentation, accompanied by expert knitting directions, is further evidence of the knitting needles' versatility—of the ramifications of our service to you.

left-hand needle. Leave the remaining 36 sts. on a safety-pin for the time being. Make another section precisely as the foregoing to complete the back of the coat.

THE FRONT.

WORK 2 sections as each of the back sections, but begin by casting on 24 sts. instead of 8 sts., and keep the extra 16 sts. throughout each section; thus finishing at the top of coat with 72 sts. instead of 56 sts. as for the back sections. Cast off 36 sts. instead of 20 sts. as before; 36 sts. then left for shoulder as for back of coat.

Graft or cast off together on the wrong side (i.e. with the two right sides together) the two sets—the back and the front—36 sts. at each shoulder, working moderately loosely.

THE SLEEVES.

BEGIN at lower edge; cast on 112 sts. Working into the back of all the sts. on the first row only, proceed as follows: 1st Row: * K. 2, p. 2. Rep. from * to the end. 2nd Row: P. 1, * K. 2, p. 2. Rep. from * to the last 3 sts., k. 2, p. 1. 3rd Row: * P. 2, k. 2. Rep. from * to the end. 4th Row: K. 1, * P. 2, k. 2. Rep. from * to the last 3 sts., p. 2, k. 1. Rep. the last 4 rows until sleeve measures 19 inches or the length required to underarm. Finish at the end of a 4th row.

Shape for top as follows: Next Row: K. 2 tog., * P. 2, k. 2. Rep. from * to the last 2 sts., p. 2 tog. Next Row: K.

2 tog., * P. 2, k. 2. Rep. from * to the last 2 sts., k. 2 tog. Rep. the last 2 rows until 16 sts. remain. Cast off and work another sleeve to match.

TO MAKE-UP.

WITH the right side of work facing, and beginning at the armhole of right front section, work 1 row d.c. down the shaped side of coat, round the lower edge, and up 7 inches of front opening—break off wool. With the wrong side of work facing, and beginning at neck end of shoulder of right front section, work 1 row d.c. until the other row of d.c. is reached; this is the lapel of the right front section.

Work a d.c. edge on left front section to match. For the right back section, begin at neck edge of shoulder and with the right side of work facing throughout, proceed to work 1 row d.c. along neck edge, centre-back straight edge, along the lower edge and then up the shaped side to underarm. Work a d.c. edge on left back section to match.

Thoroughly press all pieces of work on the wrong side, remembering the lapels require pressing on the opposite side to the remainder of the coat. Steam up centre back and side seams of coat, as well as sleeve seams. Set sleeves into armholes. Work 1 row d.c. along the lower edge of each sleeve. The coat can either be worn loose or buttons with loop buttonholes can be added where desired. Also cuffs can be turned as desired.



A THREE-WAY COAT, but knitted and therefore different. . . This unique design should be welcomed by all knitters as an important item in the winter wardrobe. It can be worn in three distinctly different ways: (Left): As a sports coat without the belt—just hanging loose; (Centre): With wide revers, turned-back cuffs and belt for the afternoon, then belted and buttoned for town or spectator sports wear as shown bottom right.

THE sketches by Artist Petrov shown here are practical evidence of the smartness and versatility of this new and different three-way design. In the centre you view the coat as a smart, belted afternoon affair with the wide revers arranged to the waistline, and the cuffs shortened. In the left-hand corner of the colorful picture it has been turned into a practical sports coat, and on the extreme right it is shown smartly belted and belted for town or spectator sports wear. Note the deep cuffs and small revers.

And now for the directions:
Materials: 14oz 3-ply wool, pair of No. 11 needles, a fine steel crochet hook.
Measurements: To fit a 34-inch bust, length from shoulder to lower edge, 24 inches.
Tension: 8 sts. to 1 inch in width and 12 rows to 1 inch in depth.
Abbreviations: K., knit; p., purl; st., stitch; tog., together; rep., repeat; d.c., double crochet.

THE BACK.

THIS is made in two sections, each section being as follows: Begin at the lower edge; cast on 8 sts.—1st Row: * (working into the back of all the sts.) k. 2, p. 2. Rep. from * to the end of the row. 2nd Row: Cast on 8 sts. (working into the back of the first 8 sts.) k. 1, * P. 2, k. 2. Rep. from * to the last 3 sts., p. 2, k. 1. 3rd Row: * P. 2, k. 2. Rep. from * to the end. 4th Row: Cast on 8 sts. (working into the back of the first 8 sts.) p. 1, * K. 2, p. 2. Rep. from * to the last 3 sts., k. 2, p. 1.

Rep. the last 4 rows until 60 sts. on needle. Proceed to work across all these sts. as follows: 1st Row: * K. 2, p. 2. Rep. from * to the end. 2nd Row: K. 1, p. 2, * K. 2, p. 2. Rep. from * to the last st., k. 1. 3rd Row: * P. 2, k. 2. Rep. from * to the end. 4th Row: K. 2 tog., k. 1, * P. 2, k. 2. Rep. from * to the last st., p. 1. 5th Row: * K. 2, p. 2. Rep. from * to the last 3 sts., k. 2, p. 1. 6th Row: * P. 2, k. 2. Rep. from * to the last 3 sts., k. 2, p. 1. 7th

Row: * P. 2, k. 2. Rep. from * to the last 3 sts., k. 1. 8th Row: K. 2 tog., * P. 2, k. 2. Rep. from * to the last st., p. 1. 9th Row: * K. 2, p. 2. Rep. from * to the last 2 sts., k. 2.

10th Row: P. 1, * K. 2, p. 2. Rep. from * to the last st., k. 1. 11th Row: * P. 2, k. 2. Rep. from * to the last 2 sts., p. 2. 12th Row: P. 2 tog., p. 1, * K. 2, p. 2. Rep. from * to the last 3 sts., k. 2, p. 1. 13th Row: * K. 2, p. 2. Rep. from * to the last st., k. 1. 14th Row: * K. 2, p. 2. Rep. from * to the last st., k. 1. 15th Row: * P. 2, k. 2. Rep. from * to the last st., p. 1. 16th Row: P. 2 tog., * K. 2, p. 2. Rep. from * to the last 3 sts., k. 2, p. 1.

Rep. the last 16 rows 5 times more. 64 sts. remain. 97th Row: * K. 2, p. 2. Rep. from * to the end. 98th Row: K. 1, p. 2, * K. 2, p. 2. Rep. from * to the last st., k. 1. 99th Row: * P. 2, k. 2. Rep. from * to the end. 100th Row: P. 1, k. 2, * P. 2, k. 2. Rep. from * to the last st., p. 1.

Rep. the last 4 rows 8 times more. 133rd Row: * K. 2, p. 2. Rep. from * to the end. 134th Row: K. twice into the first st. by working into the front and then the back of it, * P. 2, k. 2. Rep. from * to the last 3 sts., p. 2, k. 1. 135th Row: * P. 2, k. 2. Rep. from * to the last st., p. 1. 136th Row: * P. 2, k. 2. Rep. from * to the last st., p. 1. 137th Row: * K. 2, p. 2. Rep. from * to the last st., k. 1. 138th Row: * K. 2, p. 2. Rep. from * to the last st., k. 1.

Next 3 Rows: Rep. rows 135, 136 and 137. 142nd Row: K. twice into the first st., k. 1. 143rd Row: * P. 3, k. 2. Rep. from * to the last 3 sts., p. 2. 144th Row: K. 1, * P. 2, k. 2. Rep. from * to the last st., p. 1. 145th Row: * K. 2, p. 2. Rep. from * to the last 2 sts., k. 2. 146th Row: P. 1, * K. 2, p. 2. Rep. from * to the last st., k. 1.

Next 3 Rows: Rep. rows 143, 144 and 145. 150th Row: P. twice into the first st., k. 2, p. 2. Rep. from * to the last st., k. 1. 151st Row: * P. 2, k. 2. Rep. from * to the last 3 sts., p. 2, k. 1. 152nd Row: * K. 2, p. 2. Rep. from * to the last 3 sts., k. 2, p. 1. 153rd Row: * K. 2, p. 2. Rep. from * to the last 3 sts.,

k. 2, p. 1. 154th Row: * P. 2, k. 2. Rep. from * to the last 3 sts., p. 2, k. 1.

Next 3 Rows: Rep. rows 151, 152 and 153. 158th Row: P. twice into the first st., p. 1, * K. 2, p. 2. Rep. from * to the last st., k. 1. 159th Row: * P. 2, k. 2. Rep. from * to the end. 160th Row: P. 1, * K. 2, p. 2. Rep. from * to the last 3 sts., k. 2, p. 1. 161st Row: * K. 2, p. 2. Rep. from * to the end. 162nd Row: K. 1, * P. 2, k. 2. Rep. from * to the last 3 sts., p. 2, k. 1.

Next 3 Rows: Rep. rows 159, 160 and 161. Next 32 Rows: Rep. rows 154 to 165 inclusive once again. 72 sts. remain.

SHAPE for armhole as follows: Next Row: Cast off 6 sts. (one st. now on right hand needle) * K. 2, p. 2. Rep. from * to the last st., k. 1.

Next Row: * P. 2, k. 3. Rep. from * to the last 2 sts., p. 2 tog. Next Row: P. 2 tog., * K. 2, p. 2. Rep. from * to the last 3 sts., k. 2, p. 1. Next Row: * K. 2, p. 2. Rep. from * to the last 4 sts., k. 2, p. 2 tog. Next Row: P. 2 tog., * K. 2, p. 2. Rep. from * to the last st., k. 1. Next Row: * P. 2, k. 3. Rep. from * to the last 2 sts., p. 2 tog. Next Row: P. 2 tog., * K. 2, p. 2. Rep. from * to the last 3 sts., k. 2, p. 1.

Rep. the last 4 rows once again. 69 sts. remain. Next Row: * K. 2, p. 2. Rep. from * to the end. Next Row: K. 1, * P. 2, k. 2. Rep. from * to the last 3 sts., p. 2, k. 1. Next Row: * P. 2, k. 2. Rep. from * to the end. Next Row: P. 1, * K. 2, p. 2. Rep. from * to the last 3 sts., k. 2, p. 1. Next 60 rows: Rep. the last 4 rows 15 times more.

SHAPE for shoulders as follows: Next Row: * K. 2, p. 2. Rep. from * to the last 12 sts., k. 2, p. 1. TURN. Next Row: * P. 2, k. 2. Rep. from * to the last 3 sts., p. 2, k. 1. Next Row: * P. 2, k. 2. Rep. from * to the last 20 sts., p. 2. TURN. Next Row: K. 1, * P. 2, k. 1. Rep. from * to the last st., p. 1. Next Row: * K. 2, p. 2. Rep. from * to the last 28 sts., k. 1. TURN. Next Row: * K. 2, p. 2. Rep. from * to the last st., k. 1. Next Row: * P. 2, k. 2. Rep. from * to the last 36 sts., TURN.

Cast off very loosely the 20 sts. on

Look
YOUNGER...
LOVELIER
—in a few minutes!



ANNA LEE
SAIMONT-SKITH STAK

The most amazing beauty secret of modern times is Kathleen Court's 'Facial Youth'. It is a beauty parlour in a tube—7 toilet creams in 1. . . a genuine rejuvenator! 'Facial Youth' gives instant loveliness. No matter your age, or how rough, red, freckled or blemished your complexion, this astonishing scientific cream will make you look years younger in a few minutes. It will double your beauty at once! Nothing else like it! Keeps the complexion fresh as a rose-bud; keeps the texture supple. Normalises the skin's oil-balance. Prevents shiny nose; makes black-heads disappear; reduces the need for powdering; and holds what powder you may desire, for hours! Fragrantly perfumed, but so spirit to using a sensitive skin, no grease. . . 'Facial Youth' actually retards growth of hair on the face—in itself a unique advantage! Use 'Facial

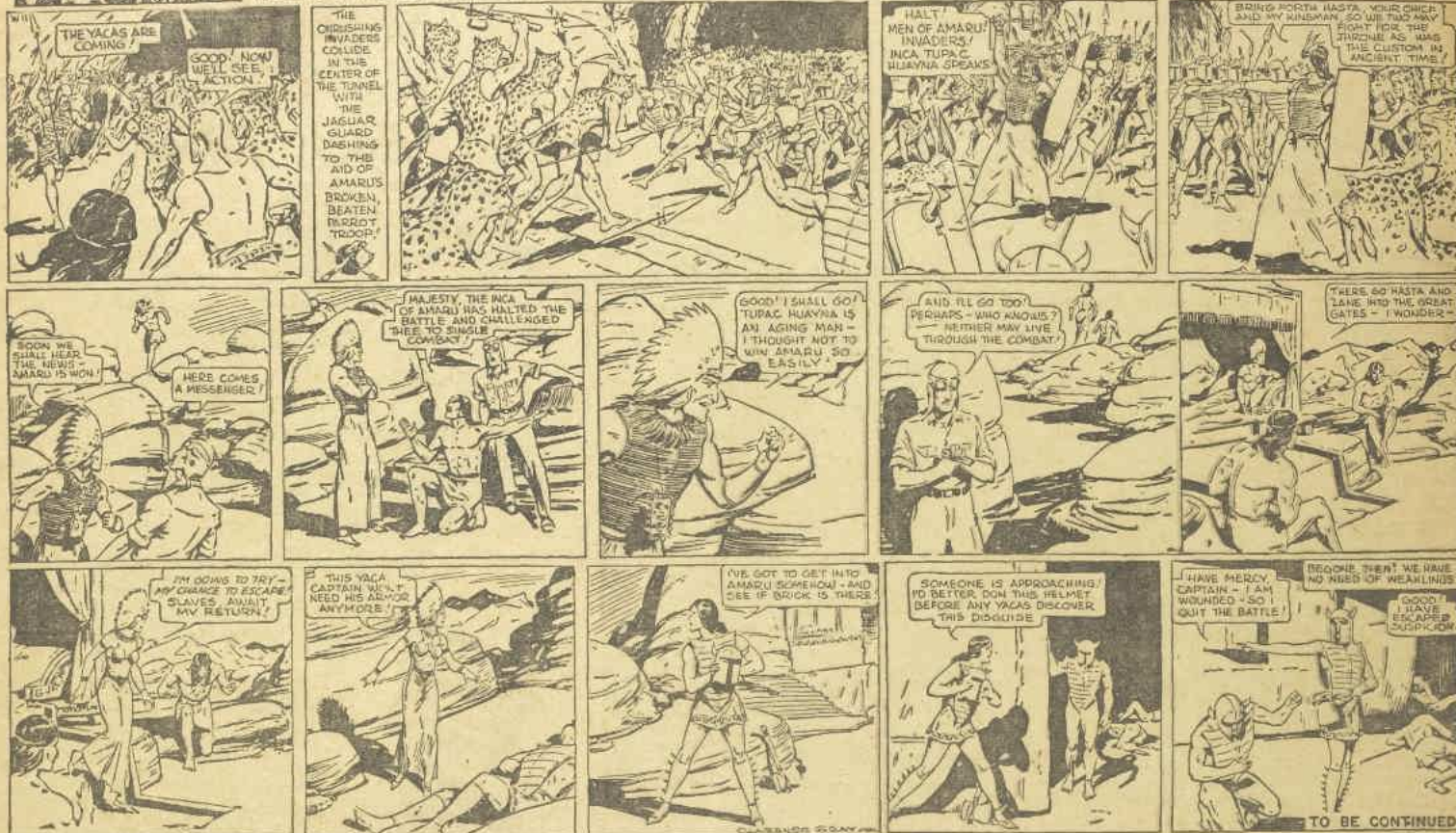
Youth' for day-time or evening, for business or play. Judge its astounding virtues in your mirror, and by the compliments you'll get. Sold by good-class chemists and grocers, in tubes, at 1/3 and 2/6, and jars at 2/6. If you wish to "wipe off the years", and banish any unhappy signs the years may have brought to your face—try

kathleen court's
'facial youth'

BRICK BRADFORD IN THE CITY BENEATH THE SEA

THE Yacas, under Inca Hasta and the villainous white aviator, Gable Zane, are attacking Amaru, which city they have taken by surprise. With them, a prisoner, is beautiful June Salisbury, doomed to wed Hasta as soon as Amaru is conquered. Zane, however, is plotting to

double-cross Hasta and seize both Amaru and June for himself. Meanwhile, as June awaits in her litter the result of the battle, unknown to her, Brick, with his comrade, Prince Manco of Amaru, dashes forward to help repel the invaders. Read on.



Gonzie's Letter

MY DEAR PAIS,—

Last year, a few friends and myself used to go picnicking during the week-ends, but we were always late in starting because one of the party couldn't get up early enough to prepare for the day.

I remembered this recently when I saw a little paragraph in an American paper. This is what it said:

"The boy who always has to be awakened and hauled out of bed by his chums the morning of a picnic is apt to be sound asleep the day a good job is open."

I think there is a lot of truth in that, don't you?

DOROTHY PEARSON (14), Ashdon, 79 Fry St., Grafton, New South Wales, sent along a very interesting letter this week and wins a 5/- prize.

Good-bye until next week.
Cheerio,
From Your Pal,
CONNIE.

Old Blackie

HE was a jet-black kitten with white paws and breast, and when we first got him he could scarcely tap his milk. It had to be given him with a spoon. But Blackie soon grew and became one of the family.

To one member of the household he particularly attached himself, seeming to know by instinct her time for a daily walk around the garden. It was amusing to see him pace by her side, if she paused a moment to look at a plant he would do so also, sniffing and twitching it ever so gently. Once, when she was unable to get out for some time, he moved outside her door and lay in. Then he jumped on the bed and laid down beside her.

Too carefully trained to steal, he had been shut up occasionally in the kitchen where some meat had been left. He was found asleep, with the unaccounted meat where it was left. Mother gave him a slice, and off he went to eat it. He always slept outside the house in a box reserved for him.

He was our faithful friend of many years, but he died peacefully of old age. We miss him still.

Two Prize Cards to HELEN WORLIN, 14a St. Mayfield, Newcastle, N.S.W.

Examinations

By JEAN WILLIAMS

A hurried look at books, before the starting bell was rung, and a quick glance at the paper, and the test was then begun.

You racked your brains for new ideas, and gave up with a moan. You wished you had five minutes more, but time had slipped down.

You gave a start when time was up. "A minute more," you waited. Then wondered if you'd passed at all, or whether you had failed.

Prize to JEAN WILLIAMS (15), Towerville, Minnesota Avenue, Fivedock (N.S.W.), for this original verse.

FUN FOR ALL

THERE was an old woman of Prague, whose ideas were horribly vague, she built a lighthouse.

That lighthouse old woman of Prague.

Prize Card to BARBARA MORRIS, Finch Hatten, via Mackay, Qld.

A WHITE person in an African town received a present of a block of ice from a visiting sea captain.

He took it to his bungalow, and handed it to a black servant to be kept for him.

Later he called for the ice.

The servant became terribly alarmed, and called the master to the kitchen. Opening the wood door, he said: "All gone, me puttin in there to dry."

Prize Card to MARY DONOHUE, 39 Warrego St., Cairns (Qld.).

Amily: Oh, was that a silent cop I just ran over?

Little Boy: He is now, Amily.

Prize Card to PATSY THOMPSON, 16 Shad-den St., Cessnock, N.S.W.

What part of a fish weighs least?—The scales.

Why is a hungry man like a baker?—Because he needs (kneads) bread.

Prize Card to HELEN CHURNALL, Eden Valley, S.A.

Teacher: Now, Bobby, what does eleven and eleven make?

Bobby: Two football teams, sir.

Prize Card to NATHANIEL RAY, Werrina, O'Connell Rd., via Bathurst, N.S.W.

A Scottish houseman went into a saddler's and asked for one spur.

"But why only one spur?" asked the puzzled saddler.

"Well," replied the houseman, "if I can get one side of the horse to go, I shall have to come with it."

Prize Card to JEAN WILLIAMS, Towerville, Minnesota Avenue, Fivedock, N.S.W.

PAINTING COMPETITION

FOR the best painting in June 1 term, PEARL STRATTON (13), 83 Temeron St., New Ed. Vic., wins the first prize of 5/-.

Prize Cards are awarded for most entries to SHIRLEY MANN (7), 11 Addison Avenue, Roseville (N.S.W.), ALVA BRULLEY (11), Tarsie Rd., Werrina (N.S.W.), DOROTHY COTTEN, Glenview (N.S.W.), ELEANOR MANN, 1111 Upper, Mandla (N.S.W.), CONRAD and CALVIN NICHOLS, 1111 Rd. via Nambour (Qld.), MARJORIE BOWE, 29 Woodcourt St., Werrina (N.S.W.), ELEANOR MANN, 1111 Upper, Mandla (N.S.W.), NELLIE MUNRO, 101st St., Temeron (N.S.W.), and DAPHNE BLAYNE, Werrina, Singleton (N.S.W.).

Just Chatter



Above is JILL WALSH, of Temeron, Park.

CLARE VAUGHAN, of Kamber Siding, Glenferrie (N.S.W.), always enjoys a good joke. JEAN BERNETT, of Bescote (N.S.W.), has for her pet a dog, two cats, eight birds, and a beautiful silver rabbit. JOYCE STANLEY, of Burnbank, via Brisbane (Qld.), recently spent a very enjoyable holiday at Mr. Crosby, HELEN CHURNALL, of Eden Valley (S.A.), is collecting photos of the Royal Family, and has quite a good collection.

ROMA SMITH, of Attaroon (N.S.W.), writes a very interesting letter. JOSEPHINE O'NEILL, of North Ward, 2 Leichhardt St., Temeron (Qld.), is 14 years of age, and would like to correspond with some one about her own age.

MARGARET MURPHY, of Lismore (N.S.W.), is fond of cooking, and is a keen player of tennis. GEORGE YATLOW, of Albion (Vic.), is welcomed as a new pal. ALICE BODDUM, of Fisher's Hill, via Vauclay (N.S.W.), could perhaps call her dog Brownie on Friday.

DOROTHY KELLY, of 1111 St. Grafton (N.S.W.), would like some pen friends about 12 or 14 years of age. ROMA GEMMID, of Cooma-mundra (N.S.W.), is quite a great collector. BETTY BRADSHAW, of Bradshaws, Qld., is a very good singer. BETTY and SHIRLEY ROSE, of Leichhardt (N.S.W.), are welcomed new pals.

VALMA HOLLINGSWORTH, of Lismore (N.S.W.), is another one who is welcomed as a new pal. DOROTHY BURNETT, of Bescote (N.S.W.), writes chess stories. MOLLY BURNETT, of Prospect (S.A.), has for her pet a dog, two cats, three pigeons, seven doves, eight love birds, and a tortoise. MARY DONOHUE, of 19 Warrego St., Cairns (Qld.), would like to correspond with some one 12-14, outside Australia. JANET FROST, of Werrina, via Mt. George (N.S.W.), is fond of knitting, playing tennis and swimming.

JESSIE EVANS, of Berry (N.S.W.), writes a very interesting letter. MARY PARKER, of Narrandera (N.S.W.), has some a lot of beautiful LILLIAN WANNAN, of Prospect Gardens (S.A.), is a keen stamp collector.

FRED IN THE LAND OF MAGIC

By C. MARSHALL

THE old grey house on the corner had become occupied. It was known to many as the "Ghost House," and many people looked on it with horror.

"Fancy living in a place that's haunted," said Jimmy, a little boy, to Fred, as the two lingered in front of the haunted house on their way down the town.

"It mightn't be haunted at all," said Fred. "I suppose a few rats and mice run about the place at midnight and make a bit of a noise and everybody thinks it's haunted."

"My mother said she wouldn't live in the place if they paid her," went on Jimmy, looking with disdain upon the old grey cottage.

"Well," laughed Fred. "I can hardly imagine the owner doing that. Anyway, I wouldn't mind living in the place."

"Do you mean to say you'd live in it?" said the mystified Jimmy.

"I suppose there are much worse places to live in," went on Fred, gazing intently at the house. "Sh-sh, someone is coming out of the front door."

The someone that walked out of the front door was none other than Billie Jenkins, the butcher boy, from down the street, so Fred and Jimmy waited for him to see if they could learn anything from him about the new occupants.

"What are the new people like?" gasped Jimmy as soon as they had passed the house.

"They are nice people," said Billie. "In fact, mother is inclined to think that they are our relations. You see their name is Jenkins, too." Here Billie stood erect.

To think that any of his probable relatives were plucky enough to live in a ghost house. "I suppose I'll often stay there myself when we become better friends," he went on.

"If you ever go there to stay," went on Jimmy, "will you let me just have one look at all the rooms?" Billie thought for

awhile. "Yes, I suppose so." They were about fifty yards from the ghost house when a cry of "Billie!" rent the air. On looking round, they saw a little boy coming towards them, with a big kelpie dog following behind.

"Here's one from the house," said Billie in a whisper, as the boy reached his side.

"What do you want, Clem?" asked Billie.

Before Clem could answer his kelpie dog got in his way and he went tumbling to the ground. Quickly, the three other boys helped him up. He seemed

to be in great pain and cried loudly. They carefully carried him to his home. His mother took them inside and bathed her son's knee and then thanked the boys very much.

Fred and Jimmy's eyes studied everything about the house, and the rest of the day was spent in telling their friends how they had seen inside the "Ghost House," and how they were quite sure it was not haunted.

Anyway, the Jenkins family have lived in the house now for some time, and there has certainly been no sign of a ghost. Perhaps Fred was right when he said that rats and mice made the queer noises, and now that a big kelpie dog prowled around, well, the rats had just disappeared.



A JOELY RIDE. Prize of 5/- to Jean Smith (14), Brookling Street, Goulburn, South Australia, for this original sketch in black and white.

A TRUE STORY



By A MOTHER

Who tells of a simple aid to good health and a beautiful complexion

When children grow up with fine complexions and are "pictures of health," mother usually has contributed some good sound advice. We thank Mrs. Leo Plattebe (whose letter is on our file) for her letter, below, telling what she found so essential in bringing up strong, healthy children:

"I am enclosing a photograph of my two oldest children in babyhood. They were both Nujol babies."

"I started my newest baby on it when she was three months old and she has a fair complexion and is just as regular as the rest of us."

"The only disease the children have had has been measles and no bad after effects developed. They certainly are the pictures of health and I have always felt that we owe our gratitude and our 'regular health habits' to Nujol."

"We are constant users of Nujol. I always have an extra bottle on hand."

"I really do think all children would be healthier if they were given Nujol—also grownups. It has done wonders for me. I have used it for a dozen years. I really just couldn't keep house without Nujol."

Nujol, "regular as clockwork," now comes in two forms, plain Nujol and Cream of Nujol, the latter flavored and often preferred by children. You can get it at any chemist. What is your Nujol story? If you have been a regular user of Nujol, if you are bringing up your children on it, tell us. Address Stance (Aust.) Ltd., Box 7470, G.P.O., Sydney.

RED AND ROUGHENED HANDS...

GROW SOFT AND SUPPLE when you use REXONA



If you spend most of your time out of doors, cold winds and winter frosts quickly crack your hands. But don't suffer the misery of a chapped and torturing skin this winter. Keep Rexona ready and use it at the first approach of cold weather. It will protect you from distressing winter skin troubles.

A combination of the most antiseptic, soothing and healing properties known to science.

Rexona
OINTMENT

REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED

BLACK ORCHIDS

Continued from page 42

A BLACK curtain seemed momentarily to obscure the driver's staring eyes and instinctively his foot left the accelerator. Great God, he must have lost a lot of blood, he had almost gone under that time. Hell! His speed had dropped a good twenty kilometres an hour. He sensed rather than saw that Lolita was peering at him; then he skidded around a corner and saw Hatvan still a good kilometre away. To the right lay a wide and apparently level field across which could be seen the jolting lights of the other car which was now turned at the village and was now travelling at right angles to him. While Ian made a desperate effort to clear his head, Bobkline's car swung around a little curve. Its lights, striking ahead, momentarily revealed in a meadow the outline of a large yellow and black monoplane, the propeller of which was turning over lazily.

It was an open job, Ian saw, a four-seater, warmed up and ready for a quick take-off. Towards it Bobkline's car was now dashing at top speed, lucky he could not know his pursuers were only a girl and a badly-wounded man.

Summoning all his will-power, Ian determined on a final gamble to retrieve a struggle which seemed doomed to hopeless defeat. He could never come up with the Acquitmanian if he followed the road through Hatvan, but if he took a chance and cut blindly across the field—well, there was a chance in a thousand he could stop Bobkline's escape and the disasters attendant upon it. Accordingly he braked the car viciously, wrenched the wheel to the right and, plunging wildly off the road, started across the field.

Though his present speed was comparatively slow, yet he nevertheless was gaining, for Bobkline's car had run along two sides of a triangle and he was taking a short cut. Yes, it would be damned close, but there was a faint possibility that he could get to that monoplane in time to shoot it out with the Acquitmanian. Every jolt of the car sent searing bars of pain through his wounded shoulder and all the world seemed very queer and unreal. He must have lost a lot of blood.

Ah! The interval between his car and the swaying limousine had narrowed to a hundred yards or so, he was winning the converging race on the plane—winning freedom, love and honor for Leonard. When he could distinguish the passengers in the pursued car, his left hand fumbled for the pistol on the seat beside him, but just as his fingers closed over the butt, the two-seater slowed disastrously, its wheels digging hub-deep into soft loam which was no doubt watered by an underground spring. Furiously, he wrenched the driving wheel right and left. It was appalling, maddening, how the car lost speed though great clouds of earth were spewed out by the spinning tyres and the engine whined like a leashed hound.

It was sickening, unbearable, to see how the other car now forged on towards the waiting aeroplane while Ian's slowed, skidding crazily and carried on only by its momentum.

With the pitiless and icy fingers of despair squeezing his heart, Ian, through a mist of pain, beheld the other car turn triumphantly on to the meadow beyond the road, its jolting lights revealing the yellow and black monoplane to the last detail. He could even see the bearded pilot standing in his cockpit and beckoning frantically.

All at once the wheels of Ian's car hit firm ground again and it lurched forward like a spurred thoroughbred. Too late, the race was lost. Ian, furious, saw the other car halt and watched two figures, one short and round, desert it to sprint across the ground towards the monoplane.

Forward in a magnificent burst of speed surged Ian's machine, but through the driving wheel his falling eyes beheld the two fugitives in the act of clambering hastily into the forward cockpit.

RISKING broken springs, he drove the two-seater at full tilt across the road from Hatvan, just as the monoplane commenced to roll forward. Disjointed impressions were all Ian had now. A great V of headlight-illuminated turf—a streak of yellow-red flame shooting from the monoplane's exhaust—Lolita smiling bravely in the face of defeat. There was the plane. He must stop it! Cripple it before it could rise. Had he speed enough to overtake and ram it before it could rise? A thousand mad voices yelled that he had not—but he would make a try.

"Get down!" he yelled to the girl beside him. "On the floor! Going to smash!"

Grimly determined, Ian set his jaw and drove his car like a grey lance to head off the speeding monoplane, perhaps to force it into a low stone wall to the right. Mechanically he

gauged his speed and the plane's and knew it was too late even for that. Sick with futile despair, he saw the aeroplane's tail commence to bounce, the skid raising little puffs of dust. Hell! They would take off any moment now.

He pressed home the accelerator and drove straight at the taxiing plane which yet lacked enough speed to rise. Through staring and glazed eyes he glimpsed the monoplane's ailerons and elevators just in front of the radiator cap—could he catch them?

The next instant he drove through the aeroplane's tail amid a blinding, crashing confusion of shorn yellow and black fabric and snapping wires. Past his head whirled a mass of canvas and wire, a staggering yellow wing, and then, fighting to retain consciousness, he jerked his foot from the accelerator and blindly snatched for the emergency brake, his attention riveted on the Acquitmanian's plane.

Shorn of its after fuselage and equilibrium, the yellow and black monoplane was lurching drunkenly, grotesquely. Then, all at once, it nosed violently over and turned a disastrous series of somersaults that ripped off the wings and crumpled the cockpit into a shapeless wreckage. There sounded a deafening report when the mass settled and from beneath the engine cowling burst a blinding sheet of white-hot flame.

That much Ian saw and then commenced to slip into the black abyss of unconsciousness—but his descent was checked; above him was the beloved face of Lolita, infinitely tender of expression. Gently her arms went about him to draw him back.

"We've won, darling—" he gasped faintly. "For ourselves and Leonard—I'm glad now—Crane said he'd live—it's terrible how much Ilya loves him."

Her head bent close, bringing with it a suggestion of Black Orchids perfume.

"Leonard? Live?—I do not understand. But, my darling, I do know we have arrived."

With incredible speed the plane roared into a vast torch, in the heart of which Ian and the horrified girl glimpsed a few briefly moving figures. "How—how terrible!" Lolita choked. "Terrible but necessary," Ian gasped. "Come on, we've got to get away from here..."

But he was too weak, and it was the girl who guided the big auto—still mobile despite the recent crash—away from the flaming inferno.

"YOUR paper, sir." A valet hurried into the room. "This is the first edition I could find."

"Give it to me," said Lolita von Wack. "Monseigneur is very tired."

"Yes, Madame." And the hotel valet smiled to himself as if the remarks were unnecessary. After all, who was he to think things if a lovely young woman and a handsome young man appeared in the early morning demanding a room and with no more luggage than a big car?

With a faint wish of her long skirts, Lolita crossed to the bed, upon the pillow of which Ian Gray's face made a rugged brown blot.

"Is it there?" he demanded.

"Yes. Oh—Oh, thank Heaven, they suspected nothing! It would cost you your career if it were even breathed that you killed Bobkline and the others, even though they were monsters..."

A silence fell in the pleasant little bedroom and the clip-clop of a horse's hoofs on the street outside sounded very loud. Lolita drew a long breath and straightened the newspaper.

"Listen to this, my beloved! 'FATAL CRACK-UP NEAR HATVAN'."

"The remains of an unidentified plane were discovered by two gendarmes late last night. Police inspectors state that the plane was of German construction and that it apparently crashed in the act of taking off. Identification of plane's four passengers is impossible, and as yet no one has appeared to make inquiry concerning them."

"No one saw us," Ian said and heaved a sigh of relief. "Bobkline's car must have rushed on as soon as he was dropped."

"Yes, dear, we are safe... for the present, at least. No inquiry may ever be made. You see, I know Acquitmanian methods." Infinitely tender of expression, she bent above him, and gently her arms crept about his neck. "Oh, Ian—"

"We've won, I'm sure, darling!" he cried and felt the strength flow back into him.

"Yes, Ian, darling, we have won—each other—to be sure." Lolita—the Lady of the Black Orchids—smiled. "And that is greater than any diplomatic triumph."

The air seemed heavy with Orchids.

The End.
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"One glorious dance! But when it ended, I was wretched, miserable. He didn't ask for another dance."

"I wondered why as I watched him dance with other girls. And probably I would never have known why had it not been for something I overheard in the dressing room—about me!"

"What a lovely dress Lois is wearing to-night!" I heard one voice say.

"Lois always looks lovely—'til she smiles," another voice replied. "And then she ruins it all with those teeth of hers. Somebody ought to tell her to use Colgate's and get those stains off!"

"It hurt terribly. But I realize now how true it was. For I had allowed my teeth to become dull—unattractive."

"I must say that these stains had built up so gradually that I was not aware of them. And the toothpaste I was using wasn't getting them off completely."

"Then I started using Colgate's. Almost before I knew it, my teeth were white and lustrous again."

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MINERAL SPRING
SALTS
AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

2/3
LARGE JAR

AMATEUR LADY

Continued from Page 7

CHRISTINE screamed. She felt Gilead's hands pushing her back, saw him pulse a moment over the opening to see where Simon lay, then saw him, too, drop from her sight, heard the water as it rose over his head, heard in her ears like the sound of thunder the efforts of the old man to hold Simon above the surface. Even as she rushed forward hands were laid on her arms, voices she knew spoke to her. Sandy's, Philip's, neighbors'. Quick, short words. An eternity of silent effort. Ladders and ropes. Philip going down to bring up two bodies. Sandy crying and wringing his hands. The arrival of Dr. Fleming as she worked frantically over the two unconscious men—Simon, her husband; Gilead, who had been a father to her.

Simon lay very still, a dark, ugly bruise showing over his temple. Gilead's breathing was imperceptible, but Christine could feel a faint pulse stir beneath her fingers. Dr. Fleming knelt briefly at Simon's side.

"Dead," he said. "The blow on the head probably. No hope for him now."

He turned to Gilead.

"Half drowned," he said. "Here, Ransome, artificial respiration. Christine, blankets, hot water. Pneumonia if we don't take care."

A crowd had gathered. News of the tragedy spread like wildfire. The numbers grew, a tense, curious, absorbed gathering, held in bounds by the strenuous efforts of one policeman.

Christine saw the doctor's grin, determined face. Then Aunt Kate came, passing quietly through the crowd, which parted for her, to kneel at Gilead's side.

"We must take him home," she said.

"As soon as we can move him."

Dr. Fleming glanced at her.

"In half an hour, I think. He's breathing again, but he's still unconscious."

Aunt Kate spoke to Christine.

"You get a car ready, my dear. Put in blankets and pillows, we'll rest him between us when we take him home."

"Mine is here," said Philip, and went with her to make the preparations.

They did not speak. He might have been a stranger helping. Nor did he say a word to him a little later when they took Gilead home. Philip helped to carry him through the Ark, into the home where Aunt Kate kept a room apart for sick children. There old Gilead was laid to bed, in the house he had sworn never to enter. There Christine and Aunt Kate nursed him through the long night.

The excitement, the fall, the chill from the cold water in the well, had taken their toll of his strength. The instinct to save life, even the life of a man he hated, who had robbed and despoiled him of his great treasure, had rendered him sick unto death. By morning it was plain that mortal illness had set in. Dr. Fleming could promise them nothing.

"We can only wait," he said. "Gilead's constitution is strong. He's lived a healthy life, his resistance may pull him through."

But though they held on to what hope they could, they knew that Gilead's days were numbered.

Philip had waited long that night, hoping in his sick heart for a word with Christine. Finally he turned away and went back to his rooms. The streets were still thronged with people talking of the tragedy. Mr. Frey, detaching himself from the crowd, came and took Philip by the arm.

"Come home with me to-night," he said kindly. "You ought not to be alone. Your people will be here in the morning. I telephoned to Sir John just an hour ago."

"My people—you mean my father?"

"And your mother. They will both be here, to help you and Christine. There will be an inquest into Simon's death, you know. Christine will have to appear. And since she's Simon's widow—"

"Don't!" Philip winced and fended the words away with a violent gesture of his hand.

"Sir John will take care of things," said the postmaster reassuringly, and took Philip with him for the night.

To be concluded

Our Weekly Crossword

CLUES ACROSS

1. Exclude
2. That printer's business
3. Small fare
4. Baby's first or second word
5. Meadow
6. Digit
7. Necessity
8. Main weapon
9. Simple
10. Liquid refuse of meat
11. Combats
12. Passage
13. Drive
14. Sailing vessel
15. Italian coin
16. Anchor
17. Frequently (Foot)
18. Prefix meaning not
19. Before
20. T.L. (actual)
21. Store pits for fodder
22. From (Lat.)
23. What a "crossworder's" vocabulary should be

CLUES DOWN

1. Polishing powder
2. Weather (glaz.)
3. Entangle
4. Sacred image
5. Born (Fr)
6. Near to
7. Kind of deer
8. Insects
9. Bearing
10. A beast
11. Pleasant
12. Violin
13. Indian coin
14. Move with great speed
15. Congratulation
16. Pillage
17. Skill
18. Policeman
19. Multitude
20. Large plant
21. A furnace
22. Perish
23. Help
24. Saint
25. Note of music scale

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE

Across: Monumental, axis, nec, necessary, ink, ent, arm, name, true, usage, model, lamp, apt, jackman, soup, nave, ens, area, carpenters.
Down: Manipulate, osun, nicknames, use, ensue, neat, ter, homeliness, sount, yard, rue, apt, topknot, sap, mas, laps, jump, mare, aver, o'er.

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WOMEN'S Amateur SPORTS COUNCILS

Why Not an All-Australian Federation?

Already in the four years of its existence, the Victorian Women's Amateur Sports Council has proved its usefulness as an advisory body made up of representatives of all women's sports.

New South Wales has a similar council, and Queensland is forming one.

The question now arises whether some form of affiliation between the States, or better still, a Federal body, should be brought into existence.

THESE amateur sports councils act in the capacity of advisory committees, and, although not interfering with domestic affairs of a sporting group, they help materially in advising and strengthening the bonds of friendship between the various sporting associations.

The suggested affiliation of the State sporting councils is one that should considerably strengthen the power of women's sporting organisations in Australia.

One of the questions with which an all-Australian Council would be able to deal is that of the rules governing women's sport—a question that must be

considered if we are to have interstate matches.

Hockey rules, taken from England, and cricket rules, are the same all over Australia, but baseball rules are different in all States (though a move to bring all States into line is now being made), and basketball rules differ greatly, even within the States themselves.

Victorian Council Activities

IN Victoria, the Women's Sports Council, though only empowered to act in an advisory capacity, has done good work. On its suggestion the Victorian Hockey Association made it a rule that all players should undergo a medical examination before playing interstate matches. Many other sound reforms owe their origin to council suggestions.

Mrs. E. F. Herring, the president, says that the main aim of the Victorian Council is to see that all girls get an opportunity to play a suitable sport with the maximum amount of pleasure and benefit. Not only the potential champions are considered in their scheme of things.

Already many reforms have been made in the way of suitable costumes for sport, and girls are beginning to realise the importance of a neat and business-like appearance on the playing field.

At present the Victorian Council is working hard to convince the various sports associations of the importance of having qualified women coaches who undoubtedly understand the abilities and disabilities of girls much better than do men. It is also encouraging the training of these women for the positions of coaches, as well as of umpires.

THE question of women's sports grounds is an important one at present, and the possibility of securing land is being closely considered from all points of view.

The Victorian Women's Hockey Association has formed a special sub-committee to deal with the problem. After an enormous amount of inquiry, the present feeling is that the expense of buying land would be prohibitive.

Even in an outlying suburb it could not be possible to procure ground large enough for more than two playing fields. This would be quite inadequate, as there are 22 hockey clubs in Melbourne, many of them having two teams, while the University has four and the Y.W.C.A. five. In most of the makeshift grounds where hockey girls as well as others play at present, there is absolutely no shelter in which the girls may change their dresses and, if it rains, they have to get drenched and remain wet till they reach home.

The investigation committee of the Hockey Association also believes that a ground in an outlying suburb would only



MISS MOLLY McLEISH, who has been taking part in the country golf championships played at Kilara.

be of benefit to leisured girls. The fares would be prohibitive for the working girl, and as more often than not she does not stop work till 1 p.m. on Saturday, it would not be possible to travel far, be fed, changed, and ready for play at 2 o'clock.

The dearth of women's sports grounds in Melbourne caused the Hockey Association great anxiety when arranging the programme for the interstate and international hockey carnival, to begin on July 23. It was only by courtesy of the St. Kilda Football Club, who jugged their fixtures to suit, that the association was able to get a first-class ground at all.

Women's sports do not have large gates to help them along, and so many of their matches are played in unfenced areas in public parks that gate-money is quite negligible.

The Victorian Women's Athletic Association needs a closed ground because of the abbreviated costumes that competitors must wear. At present they run on the dog tracks at Marlynnung. The course is not entirely suitable, though it is the best to be had, and the girls are grateful to be able to use it.

Many of the factories around Melbourne have sports grounds for their employees. Mrs. Herring considers that it might be possible to co-operate with these firms to share these grounds for use on a Saturday afternoon, and to encourage other firms to make grounds and do the same.

As yet she is uncertain how the arrangement can be made, but it is certainly a suggestion that will bear investigation.

High Hopes for Our Stars At Wimbledon

From JOAN HARTIGAN—By Beam Wireless

IT was most disappointing that our boys should be beaten by Germany. Von Cramm is very good, but on his day Crawford should dispose of him. Certainly Jack would not have lost to Henkel if it had been a decisive game.

I would say that the weather here had much to do with the result. Quiet is the only one of our boys playing his Australian form.

Sonoria Lizana beat me at the Queen's Club. She played excellent tennis and outdrew me on the slow court. It was a well-deserved victory.

Mrs. Hopman and I were beaten in the final of the doubles by Jodreowska and Noel. Mrs. Hopman played well. I missed several decisive smashes at the net.

I am glad I am seeded number eight at Wimbledon, but I meet Madame Henrotin, who beat Mrs. Hopman at the Queen's Club.

If the present warm weather keeps up and the courts dry and play is faster,

I ought then to stand a good chance of surviving.

Mrs. Hopman meets Mrs. Whittington and ought to win, as she is playing well.

Vivian McGrath is unlucky, as he plays Allison, who is seeded number seven. Last year he met Sydney Wood in the first round also.

Jack Crawford meets Brugnion. Both Jack and Vivian will play on the famous centre court.

All Australian tennis players here were terribly upset at the news of Mr. Peach's death while playing golf. Australian and, indeed, world tennis loses deeply by his passing.



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LUNG TROUBLE AND CONGESTION

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"On the eve of my wedding."

I contracted what I believed to be a chill. I called in the doctor and after an examination was told that he suspected I had lung trouble. Naturally I was terribly upset, and when an X-ray confirmed the diagnosis my dream of happiness was shattered. I loved my fiancé too well to consent to the marriage, and so broke it off. I steadily became worse until a few months ago I learned by mere chance of someone who had used Membroso, a dry inhalation treatment for lung and chest troubles. I discovered by a woman who previously was a sufferer and proved it by treating herself and then made complete recovery. I commenced using it—and to my surprise, what a relief it brought me. Much a feeling of well-being can hardly be imagined by one who had shortly before suffered intensely. The racing cough became easier, a sleep well and, to-day there is definite hope that my postponed marriage will take place, thanks to Membroso.

CATARRH HAY FEVER ANTRUM Trouble

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ASTHMA BRONCHITIS

YESTERDAY I got up without coughing, the first time for fourteen years. Four months ago it took me, on an average, 25 minutes to walk from the station to my work. I got a great distance either, and I was always coughed up and gasping for breath. Someone I forgot was it was, told me about Membroso, AN INHALATION REMEDY. I tried it, as I had tried a dozen other things for relief. Imagine my surprise and interest for when, after a short time, I felt a definite relief. And after the other morning I got up without coughing for the first time in fourteen years. I mean to look at life anew. Now I walk to my job comfortably in 5 minutes, coughing, gasping, and suffer no discomfort. Now there is no coughing, no tight throat, no feeling. I am able to lie down and sleep at night without the nightmare of an attack, and am able to enjoy meals without any ill effects.

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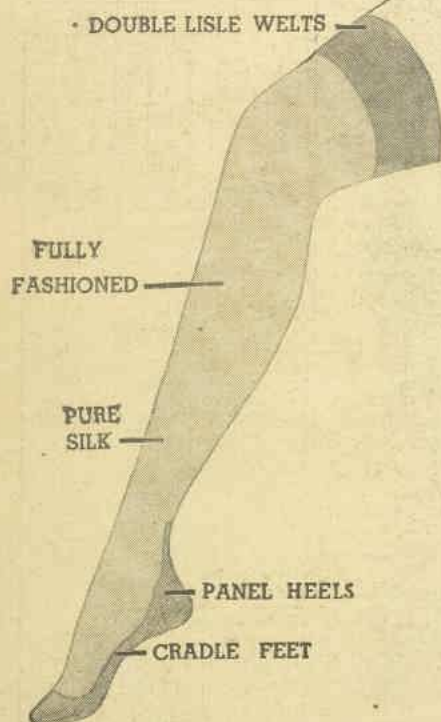
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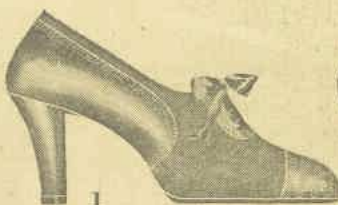
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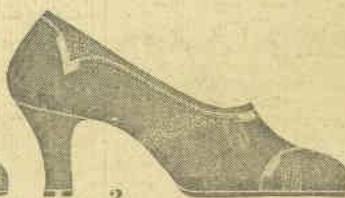
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RENDEZVOUS with DEATH

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FREE SUPPLEMENT TO THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

CHAPTER 1.

THE Judge's summing-up completed, and the jury retired, his raw-boned length propped unobtrusively against the wall of the corridor outside Court 4 of the Central Criminal Court, Old Bailey, Chief-Inspector Ackroyd waited complacently for the verdict.

It had taken more than five months of the hardest and most intensive work of his career to put Adolf Potsinger in the dock, but as unquestionably that distinguished man would step down from it only for the most comfortable cell in Pentonville, he begrudged no moment of the time. For Potsinger had poisoned the wife who, in the long years wherein her husband was building one of the largest and most dishonestly-acquired fortunes in the City of London, had given him all she had of youth and attraction, magnificent loyalty, blind trust, and a self-sacrificing and wholly devoted love.

A man does not devote twenty years exclusively to crime detection and either retain his illusions, or acquire any particular affection for those among whom his work lies. But though in general Ackroyd had found the criminal classes a shabby and meagre-souled collection of emotional misfits, it was rare for him to feel any particular rancor against any individual offender.

With Potsinger, however, that detachment did not apply. On the contrary, he had come to feel for that specious and oily recidivist a personal loathing that, in all his years of service, had been approached by no single one of those to whom he was in the habit of referring as his "clients."

For the further he had probed into the history and habits of his suspect, the firmer had become his conviction that, in the sum-total of his offences, the killing of his wife might be regarded only as an incident. Stated briefly, Potsinger stood as the only criminal in an experience as extensive and peculiar as Sam Weller's knowledge of London, who was without a single redeeming virtue. Loving wickedness for its own sake, he was utterly and completely vile.

Well, Ackroyd thought with satisfaction, after to-day, that wickedness would be limited specifically to a space comprised within the passage of three Sundays. Then, one morning some sixty seconds or so before eight o'clock, the door of Potsinger's room would open to a rubicund bow-legged

little man carrying straps, who would say "good-morning, old old chap; just put your hands behind your back, d'ye mind?" and a few seconds later there would be the hollow clang of a trap-door against brick-work, a rope would shiver, sway, and grow still, and that would be that. . . .

There was a stir among those grouped about the courtroom entrance. The constable in charge of the door signed that the jury were on the point of filing into the box. Leisurely, confidently, Inspector Ackroyd returned to the place that, apart from the time he had spent in the witness-box, he had occupied throughout the trial.

WITHIN the court was an atmosphere of strain that, with some, threatened to relapse into hysteria. Whatever his record, it is no light thing to hear a fellow creature condemned to the last and greatest penalty of all. As the usher demanded silence for the judge to take his seat, there prevailed a feeling of acute high-tension. There was the tread of heavy, and in one instance, faltering feet on the wooden steps that led to the dock. Escorted by expressionless warders, the prisoner took his place.

If more detachedly, in common with those less personally interested about him, Ackroyd watched that central figure curiously, and what he saw did not tend to lessen prejudice. To add to his other offences, the man was that worst type of coward whose indifference to the sufferings he inflicts on others is in inverse ratio to the intensity of his appreciation for his own.

As, his pudgy fingers feverishly clasping and unclasping about the iron rail, Potsinger stood so coweringly there, he was only the abject travesty of the aggressive, loud-mouthed braggart who, until with such devastating unexpectedness Ackroyd swooped down upon him, had been so flamboyantly conspicuous a figure in the more expensive hotels and less exclusive night clubs of London's West End.

Now the once immaculate morning coat fell in dishevelled folds about his gross body; his flabby, once crimson cheeks had degenerated to the color of plumbers' lead; the wide unpleasant mouth was half-open, and trembling, while every now and then the tongue endeavored to bring moisture to the thick and sensual lips. For a moment the inspector was afraid the proceedings would be delayed because of the unconsciousness of the prisoner.

So intent indeed was the Yorkshireman's regard of the abject figure that the voice

of the Clerk of Arraigns, cold and impersonal, found him somewhat unawares.

"... Have you considered your verdict?"

By this the foreman, a thin unwholesome-looking man of early middle age with pale, fallen-in cheeks and a long predatory nose, was on his feet. Through the long-drawn-out trial the inspector had observed this mouthpiece of fate with the automatic minuteness with which he had observed every phase of the proceedings, and had not been favorably impressed. As in an aside, he had observed to Sergeant Oates, whose assistance in bringing Potsinger to the dock had been so invaluable:

"If that fella happens to be a dairyman, I'll bet his pump has ball bearings."

Now, giving him in the unduly prolonged instant before the reply came the same intensive inspection that a moment before he had concentrated upon the prisoner, the inspector was conscious of a sudden twinge of uneasiness. In spite of proof of guilt clamped down and shouting to heaven, so that any verdict other than the one demanded by law and justice was unthinkable, there was something in the foreman's attitude he didn't quite like—a sharp decision of manner that was badly negated by eyes that were both uncertain and more than a thought fearful.

"We have," the foreman said at last, and, as though to bolster uncertain courage, in too loud a voice.

"And are you agreed?"

"We are."

As though striving to adjust the proof-armor of his detachment, the Clerk of Arraigns also paused. From the tide of keyed-up emotion that flooded the court came neither sound nor movement.

"Do you find the prisoner guilty or not guilty?"

THEN hoarsely, uncertainly:

"Not guilty!"

In an occupation that above all others tends to render a man shock-proof, Ackroyd was by nature more self-contained and emotionally disciplined than the majority. So that as, immobile in his seat, he continued to look closely into the narrow and now shrinking face of the foreman, no man might have read that to him the verdict had come as a blow in the dark.

To the public, an acquittal that was the negation of every shred of evidence that had been brought to bear came with such shattering unexpectedness as for a moment to leave the anticipatory hush unbroken. Then, like the sigh of wind to preface a

storm, came the mass expulsion of long-withheld breath. Followed, instantly, something within measurable distance of clamor; not in all Ackroyd's experience had he known a murderer who, even with the traditional siding of the English with the under dog, had aroused so little sympathy.

AFTER a long glance at the foreman, Ackroyd turned his eyes to the prisoner, who for a moment seemed incapable of assimilating the meaning of the words that would return him to a world whereon, always, he had battered, and to which he had forfeited all claim.

Then, as meaning dawned, the drooping shoulders straightened, the terror-glazed eyes brightened and grew eager, the thick grey lips stretched to a moist, exultant smile.

These signs of triumph, however, lasted only for a moment. Even though reinforced by the harsh voice of each one of the police officers in court, the usher's call for silence proved unequal to the clamor. From the public benches swelled a protest that with every moment seemed more likely to resolve into action. Flats were waved, women shrilled, men leapt to their feet.

Trying to leave the court, in the press about the exit Inspector Ackroyd found himself rather badly hustled; apart from matters appertaining to his trade he was not a thrushful person. Turning, he saw that, though obviously without intent, the one responsible was a man who, from the beginning, and for no identifiable reason, had seemed to stand out rather prominently from the massed faces of those in court. A chubby, rubicund-featured man of middle age and height, soberly-immaculately clad, with bright, benevolent eyes and a certain quiet assurance of manner. A stockbroker or city solicitor, retired on ample means, the detective would have said. And, though for the moment unable to place him, the man's face was vaguely familiar.

"Sorry, Inspector Ackroyd," this genial man exclaimed in cordial apology.

"That's all right," Ackroyd replied, though not so impersonally as he made appear. Then, when they were through the door, where there was more elbow room: "How'd you come to know my name, anyway?"

The chubby man laughed deprecatingly. "I'm afraid that, in common with many modest men, you don't realise your own reputation," he returned. "Besides, it was only yesterday that your photograph appeared in the 'Daily Broadcaster'—in connection with the Pendarves fire-raising case."

Ackroyd nodded. "That's right. And you're Mr. Julian H. Oliver, who's behind that big Poplar slum clearance scheme." The gaunt face relaxed to the nearest approach to enthusiasm he ever permitted it. "Good work that, Mr. Oliver. I'm all for it. The less slums there are in England the less work there'll be for me."

In modesty, it would appear, Mr. Oliver was at one with the detective.

"One does what one can," he said deprecatingly. "To be favored with ample means and the enjoyment of admirable health, to shirk one's responsibilities to those less fortunately situated would be less negligent than criminal." He paused, politely curious. "Speaking of criminals, would it be injudicious to inquire your opinion as to the verdict we have just heard passed?"

Ackroyd, however, shook a gaunt head. "In a former incarnation I think I must have been the original parrot who was such a beggar to think," he said, and, what in him was unusual, hesitated. There was about this mild and courteous figure something that while he found it puzzling, rather appealed to him. "Only—that Potsinger's a lucky fella," he added.

They had reached the entrance by now, and the other's mild eyes rested upon him

for a moment before, with a friendly nod, he turned in rather bustling fashion to force his way through the assembled crowd in the direction of Ludgate Circus.

Before, however, they were separated by more than a few yards, he turned.

"Oh, I don't know," he said over his plump shoulder, and left Ackroyd wondering exactly what he meant.

HE had not, however, very much time for speculation; the press about the entrance was too great, and to that expert interpreter of mass psychology, Inspector Ackroyd, too formidable. So much so, indeed, that despite the accumulation of work that awaited him in that fourth-story office on the Embankment, he turned back into the building. Whatever the justice—or the reverse—of the verdict, the man had been found "Not guilty" by a jury of his peers, and as such was entitled to protection.

He discovered Potsinger sprawling nonchalantly on a bench that ran immediately below the high barred window of a small office below the ground floor, with him a group of police who, from their general attitude, Ackroyd judged to be unimpressed by his loud and blatant talk.

As his eye fell upon the inspector, the wide face lighted.

"Enter the baffled sleuth!" he exclaimed exuberantly. Then the gross face darkened to a sneer. "It's a good thing for the liberty of the subject the administration of law is taken out of the hands of you fellows. In that case, no one'd be safe from you."

Ackroyd regarded him without enthusiasm.

"Any more from you," he said coldly, "and I'll have you turned into the street."

Potsinger's face paled. In common with the majority of habitual criminals an enthusiastic protagonist of the doctrine of safety first, what he had seen of the temper of those in court, and what, now, was reaching him from those outside, was more than sufficient to remind him that one of the few good things you can have too much of is freedom.

"No offence intended, and, I sincerely hope, none taken," he said apologetically and in haste. "All I meant was that having no interest in the accused one way or the other, a Judge and jury's what you might call impartial. . . . By the very nature of things a detective who's spent months and months trying to rake up evidence against a—member of the public is pretty well bound to be prejudiced. . . . But what I said was only my fun."

Ackroyd, continuing to regard him steadily, made no reply, and the gross man moved uneasily in his seat.

"What else could it be?" he demanded plaintively at last.

"Malice," said Ackroyd, and meant it. Reproachfully, Potsinger's eyebrows shot upward.

"Me? What for should I bear malice?" he cried, shocked, "when as much as anything it was through the fair and impartial manner in which you presented your case that I got justice?"

Ackroyd stared at him. It was not often he had to grope for words, but this was one of the times.

"I wonder you don't choke," he said in a strained voice, but this the acquitted man ignored.

"You can't deny," he said in the same conciliatory tones as before, "that more than anything it was the fairness you showed throughout that influenced the jury in my favor. And I'd be guilty of the blackest ingratitude if, in future, I don't pray for you every night of my life."

Conscious of the limitation of human endurance, Ackroyd turned away.

"Play for me as much as you like," he said unpleasantly, "but I'll take particular notice you don't cook for me."

At which a snigger went up from those

others in the room, for included in his less reputable attainments Potsinger was something of an expert amateur chef, and it was very shortly following upon the consumption of a specially-prepared vol-au-vents that his wife had first complained of indisposition.

A few minutes later a constable entered, bearing a carefully sealed parcel. A moment later still there was outspread upon the table the water-tin gold and enamel watch, the ornate gold and platinum chain, the marble-sized diamond ring, the gold-hafted pocket-knife, handful of change, gold-bound and corpulent Russian leather wallet, jewelled lighter, and gold cigar-case that Potsinger had carried at the time of his arrest.

It was for this last he stretched an eager hand, and with an affluent gesture proffered the case to Inspector Ackroyd.

"Coronas," he announced. "Fifteen pound a hundred, bought wholesale and cheap at the price."

Ackroyd, however, with a curt shake of his head, waved the offer aside.

"I should hate one," he said accurately, but the fat man remained unabashed.

"But, then, it isn't close on a couple of months since you had a smoke," he pointed out easily.

His bulk propped aggressively against the wall, fat legs outstretched, Potsinger selected the first cigar of the row; with the cutter at the end of his watch-chain he snipped the end. Then he reached for, and snapped open, the lighter.

But in the two months of disuse the petrol had evaporated, so that there was no flame as a result. Though, covertly, each man in the room was watching him, and he glanced inquiringly from one to the other, none proffered a match. Then, his roving glance perceiving a box on the high mantel-shelf, ponderously he heaved himself to the upright; waddled over to it. Struck a light, inhaled a long, deep draw of the cigar.

Suddenly, as he did so, the gross jaw stiffened, like those of some grotesque doll the protruding eyes remained dreadfully fixed, the whole bulky frame of the man froze to a terrible rigidity.

With a stifled ejaculation Inspector Ackroyd jerked forward.

"What's the matter, man?" he cried, his voice urgent. "Feeling faint or something?"

The only reply was that, stiffly, the body, lurching sideways, awayed for a moment over the table.

And then, without a sound, pitched to the floor.

CHAPTER 2.

IT was by caprice of fate that for more than three years Hilary John Fortescue had been a wanderer on the face of the earth. For before that nothing had seemed more permanent than his own stability.

His father, Hilary John the Ninth had succeeded to the small but wholly unencumbered estate of Mearings, in Essex, an unfortunately easily negotiable fortune of some three hundred thousand pounds, a disposition of extreme but wholly unwarranted conviction of his own infallibility of judgment, and an abiding belief in the integrity of his fellows.

During the war, then, in which his father served with distinction, Hilary John the younger, following upon an expensive preparatory school in Sussex, went on to Winchester and shortly after the armistice to Cambridge.

In his last term at Pembroke his father, by then a widower, died, suddenly and unexpectedly.

From the first, that was strangely lacking in reassurance, Hilary's interviews with Sir Herbert Evered, the family solicitor, descended progressively to consternation, and from that to whatever resignation his training enabled him to summon. Put

briefly, it would have been difficult for things to be worse.

To the outbreak of war all had been comparatively well.

BUT Hilary John the Ninth had speculated in wild cat companies. When hostilities ceased he was left with £100,000. He used this capital to finance a fellow he'd met at Arras—the best gunner in the brigade, by George, one Sammy Brookes—who was interested in a patent non-refillable bottle that only needed capital to be taken up by every distillery in Scotland. . . . And old Jack Harrison, who commanded the division at Loos, had put him on to a syndicate of American stock operators who, in six months or so, were going to have Wall Street lashed to the mast, and screaming for help. . . .

Unfortunately, however, both these propositions failed to live up to expectations. So that, when all the debts were paid, Hilary found himself with slightly over a hundred pounds in cash, a large and expensive wardrobe, and an estate whose revenue only just contrived to pay the mortgage interest.

With hereditary optimism and his hundred pounds, for no better reason than that it was the nearest British dominion, and the high opinion his father had held of Canadian troops, Hilary sailed for Canada. Three months in Ontario, during one of the worst seasons of commercial and agricultural depression on record, however, found his optimism diminished, and his money at an end. Subsequently he was lumberjack in Quebec, prospector in northern Manitoba, and, crossing the border, cattle herder in Montana and Wyoming. Then, the sea and England calling, he "rode the rails" to New York, where through the good offices of a ship's steward he had befriended in a rough-house in Montreal he stowed himself away on a homeward-bound liner.

It was while he was lurking in the hold of the *Seregambla* that, among the fortnight and more old newspapers smuggled him by his friend the steward, Hilary made his stupendous discovery—an announcement in the personal column of the "Times" of the death of that wealthy and eccentric recluse, Fenner Hammettsley, his late mother's brother. Further, that the sole residuary legatee of an estate estimated to run well into six figures was one Hilary John Fortescue.

YET on that afternoon of late May when he disembarked at Waterloo, he had exactly sevenpence in his possession, fourpence of which he disbursed immediately at the nearest coffee stall, for it was more than twelve hours since he had eaten. Then he walked to the offices of Halliday, Halliday, Montague and Crew, his late uncle's solicitors, in Bedford Row, only to discover, it being well past five o'clock, that the premises were closed for the day. As, incidentally, were those of Sir Herbert Evered, that were in Bedford Square. So that there was no alternative but to trudge the streets until morning.

And, as for nearly seven days in an atmosphere that combined the estuary disadvantages of a disused cheese factory and a guano plant, he had occupied quarters where he could stretch his legs only with difficulty, what he felt he needed next to a square meal and a bath was fresh air and exercise. Nine-thirty that same evening found him upon a hitherto unexplored portion of Hampstead Heath, and more essentially hungry than ever he had been in his life. In addition, he was inclined to think that a little sleep was indicated.

The trouble was—where?

Stopping, he gave the terrain more intensive inspection.

On the right of the, at the moment,

unpeopled road, a wild and undisciplined section of heath stretched until it was lost in the half-light. To the left, and for some little distance, was the wall of a large garden. Far back he was able dimly to distinguish, above the trees on the wall's inner side, the red brick old-fashioned chimney of the house itself. And when, twenty yards or so further down the road he came to the tall iron entrance gates of the drive, they reminded him rather startlingly of those of his own much-mortgaged home.

Probably it was from curiosity to discover if the same resemblance applied elsewhere that he passed through and into the drive.

Fifty yards, and a turn in the path bringing the house into view he stopped. On the further side of the lawn to his left was an old thatched summerhouse, and in the past three years Hilary John Fortescue had spent the night in many less comfortable quarters than a weather-proof summerhouse on an English lawn in May. It was all to the good, too, that apart from a narrow ribbon of light that streamed through the join of curtains at a bow window of a room on the ground floor the house itself was in darkness.

Cautiously, he left the drive and crossed the lawn. Outside the summerhouse, equally cautiously, he paused, listening. As no sound came from within, he tried the door.

IT yielded.

Pausing a moment to peer inside, and seeing nothing through the comparative darkness, soundlessly he entered. Shielding the flame in cupped hands, he struck a light.

From what that faint illumination revealed, this was certainly a summerhouse de luxe; stoutly built and comfortably furnished; thick Indian matting on the floor; solidly constructed table covered with a variety of current magazines; deeply-cushioned basket chairs.

"And very nice, too," thought Hilary John Fortescue, and prepared to take advantage of his luck.

As an old campaigner he loosed the laces of his shabby shoes and the bedraggled remnants of collar and tie. More comfortable, and tired as a wandering dog, he installed himself in the largest chair as snugly as a dormouse in a nest. If only, he reflected pathetically, it wasn't for the large and aching vacuum inside, he'd be jake with the levers up.

It was just as, still resolutely fighting down the hunger, he was drowsing off, that quite suddenly he became conscious of a lessening of the darkness about him. With the alertness of those who have spent any length of time in the wilds, he sat up blinking, and with a queer sense of uneasiness.

Odd, that suggestion of—yes—apprehension. Nothing unusual in the switching-on of another bulb in a house at ten o'clock in the evening, for apparently that was the cause of that slightly brighter light.

But when he heaved himself to his feet from the chair and went to the window he saw that he was wrong about there being an additional lamp switched on. What had happened was that someone had drawn the curtains from the big bow-window of the ground floor room, so that the light from within shone through.

And now that he had an uninterrupted view of the interior, at what he saw he let out an involuntary groan, subdued, but agonised. The most prominent feature of the landscape was a dining-table, beautifully appointed, softly lighted, and glinting with silver and the sparkle of glass; on the sideboard wine decanters from which the light from the many-branched old silver or Sheffield plate candelabra struck tints of gold and ruby.

But it was the good, richly-scented food;

the silver tureen of soup; the cold dishes—chicken beneath its canopy of rich white sauce; a great sirloin of beef; the golden-brown crispness of perfectly-baked rolls that made him groan. It was a cruelty at which Hilary John's mouth watered, and his vitals yearned.

No one was at the table; the only one present, standing with impeccable rigidity by the sideboard, was a manservant, slim and, unless light and distance was more deceptive than Hilary thought, immaculate as to dress. Nor did that henchman convey the impression of being English; he was lithe and slim with the indefinable air of the Latin.

And suddenly, as Hilary watched, the man turned and left the room—and that laden table. And a pitifully few yards away, there was Hilary, with an interior in comparison with which the inside of a drum was overcrowded.

The sight of that unguarded food was more than Hilary could stand.

HE reached the window that, fortunately for his purpose, was open to the May night breeze; with a hunger-perfected silence passed into the room, where, once across the threshold, the abnormally thick pile of the carpet further deadened his footsteps. . . . Just a couple or so of those rolls that, on their heavy silver basket, looked so inviting, and about a couple of pounds of so of the Stilton. . . .

It was half way between window and sideboard that he pulled up. From the other side of the door had come the soft slur of footsteps. . . . Like a lizard into a crevice, Hilary darted behind the window curtains.

What, of course, he should have done, was, under cover of the drapery, step lightly through the window and to the wide spaces. Moved by an impulse for which afterwards he was wholly unable to account, what actually he did was to peer out into the room to see who entered.

It was the servant who, from the summerhouse, he had seen standing by the sideboard. And, as he had thought, a foreigner. A smallish man, but slim and virile, with patent-leather hair, thin, dark olive face, and calm dark eyes with, in their depths, something that, if it were aroused, would not be calm at all, but essentially dangerous. Unless Hilary was mistaken that butler man possessed all the earmarks of a Filipino. . . .

The servant stood for a moment with the handle of the open door in his hand. Then there was a step from outside, firmer and less slurring this time, and a second man came in. The master of the house, undoubtedly.

Just for a moment Hilary was seized with an impulse to do what, in the circumstances, unquestionably would have been the one right thing—step out from behind the curtain, and with abject apologies and a convincing resume of his present situation, declare himself. He felt that an old chap with a face like that of the man who now was on the point of seating himself in the chair so respectfully held for him by the Filipino—a countenance so kind and pink and blooming, with such gay, candid eyes, and, when he thanked his servant, such a soft, benevolent voice—simply couldn't be anything but understanding.

Later Hilary found cause to marvel at the change in his life that was brought about by his decision to stay put. He was still as hungry as a man may be and live, and when all was said and done the odds were something in the nature of a thousand to one that within three minutes of disclosing himself he'd be either thrown out on his ear or the brown-faced servant instructed to telephone for the police, and in either case he'd go on being hungry.

On the other hand, once the meal was at an end, the chances were the pink-faced

master of the house would retire to one of the other rooms. No servant could clear that laden table and sideboard at one go, and while he was out of the room with the first laden tray would be the time for Hilary John Portescue to dash flat out from behind the curtain, collect the nearest easily-negotiable foodstuffs, and fade at speed into the night.

The chief objection to making his presence known, of course, was the complete bedrugging of his appearance. For though despite this nondescript tout ensemble those with discernment would have had no difficulty in placing the social status of that broad-shouldered, slim-waisted figure with the cheerfully arrogant carriage of head and body, or, when he spoke, his accent as anything but Public School and Cambridge, he had no assurance that the pink-faced gentleman at this moment so placidly and infuriatingly consuming soup at the table a few feet away, possessed that discrimination. And with his late father's solicitors the only people in London with any knowledge of his identity, to Hilary John the idea of his first interview with that doubtless austere firm on his return to England taking place at the police station failed to appeal.

Nevertheless, the owner of the house was a decent-looking old chap: clean and chubby; dinner-jacket cut by an artist; this oaken-panelled room with the perfect appointments of linen and glass and silver, the shining mahogany of the table sublimating the ruby and amber of the wines to an even richer mellowness. A setting doubtless that was entirely adequate to his personality.

When at length, with a sigh of contentment, and stretching plump but immaculate legs to their fullest, the chubby gentleman leaned back in his chair, from somewhere the unseen watcher derived the notion that not only was it from the excellence of his dinner that came his obvious sense of well-being.

Until that moment the meal had been conducted in silence. Either from intuition or long experience the little and soft-footed servant appeared to know exactly what his master needed, and the moment at which he required it. Yet when, with a well-cared-for hand, Hilary's involuntary host poured himself a glass of port, in the cultured voice was something that came to him with a sense of chill.

"With which, to-night, I shall be vandal enough to smoke a cigarette, Sancho," he remarked in cheery semi-apology, and chose a Sullivan from the silver and tortoiseshell box that, in silence, the man handed him.

And as he did so, the thin and hitherto expressionless face of the Filipino softened. Though behind it was something, as it were, withheld, his face was charged with commiseration.

CHAPTER 3

"MASTER'S nerves need extra sedative to-night," he remarked with hardly a trace of accent other than an admixture of New York.

Whereupon between that inconspicuously matched pair ensued a conversation that showed not only the strength of the bond between them, but in its matter was utterly grotesque and incredible. To Hilary the whole scene, the chubby, comfortable benevolence of the man at the table, the dark wholly respectful servant who stood so immovably confronting him, was like one of the worst kind of nightmares.

In the act of lighting his cigarette at the tiny spirit lamp the Filipino held out for him:

"You imply I'm disturbed on account of my recent—er—passage with the wholly unspeakable Potsinger?" he demanded with cool cheerfulness.

Placing the cigarette lamp within easy

reach, the servant stepped noiselessly back to his accustomed place by the sideboard.

"You will perhaps pardon me for reminding you that, following upon similar—occasions—there have been times when you have not been unaffected, sir," he pointed out.

Slowly, thoughtfully, his master nodded.

"Probably," he said at last. "But you must not overlook the varying degrees of culpability between the subjects of our—activities. For one or two, perhaps, and in each instance only when the subject was engaged in enterprises from motives he had deluded himself were in good faith, I must admit to a certain contrition."

He paused with a glance of inquiry at Sancho, who gravely inclined his head.

"But," the chubby man continued, "the Potsinger case was not one of those. Not only do the circumstances of the man Potsinger's decease—at any hands—fail to disturb me, but I am in process of realisation that to be responsible for the reversal of a verdict that in itself is the supreme and unanswerable impeachment of our present system of criminal jurisprudence brings an eminently pleasurable sense of well-being."

ABSORBED as from the first he had been, at this amazing speech, Hilary found his grasp on the curtain tighten to the point of discomfort. There was no doubt about it, the old chap wasn't just talking for the sake of it. Indeed, as his theme developed, gradually those kind and mobile lips became thin and hard and lightened, the cheery sparkle in the candid eyes flickered and died down, leaving them cold and implacable. To Hilary, who had some small experience of the type, the new expression was unmistakable. This sleek and chubby man was the complete and authentic killer.

"The man Potsinger," the exponent of revolutionary ethics said judiciously, "was a homicide of a particularly deliberate and far-seeing type; one, moreover, who, once his plans were matured, executed them with the same thoroughness as they had been prepared. A mass-murderer who, with practice, had rendered himself as nearly immune from discovery as natural cunning and entire lack of scruple or pity can assume. Except, of course, by discovery from one, if I may say so, as fervent in humanity and expert in criminal psychology as my unworthy self."

As though he'd heard the same thing many times before the Filipino was immobile as ever.

"Or one with your own high mission, sir," he said, and in the nod of the man at the table was a certain self-complacency.

"With, as you say," he agreed, "my own high mission. . . . And, harking back to the unspeakable Potsinger, it may interest you to learn that through his own paid agent he had heavily bribed the foreman of the jury who tried him—a gentleman, I may say, with whom a little later it is my intention to deal."

In the ensuing few minutes, when the subdued tick of the French clock on the mantel was the only sound to break into that queer brooding stillness, Hilary John Portescue had never thought so hard or so intensively in his life.

As he had to make his getaway from that room—with every word spoken the necessity for unobserved escape became more urgent. Because he knew that the two in the room beyond the curtains were in deadly earnest, and that were he discovered his excuse that he was lurking there to snatch some food would not carry any weight with them.

The continuation of that bizarre conversation, indeed, went only to confirm this.

"The transaction of to-day was completed so satisfactorily," the man at the table

broke into the silence by saying, "what of those others?"

He paused—ominously it seemed to Hilary. Then:

"The man, Theodore Brand, for instance?"

The servant, motionless as to body, but his strange dark eyes luminous, was on the point of reply, but before he could do so his master, his formerly cheerful mouth drawn to an expression of almost fanatical purpose, his whole face that of a visionary—but a visionary of strange and abnormal tendencies—broke in again.

"Not that Brand is alone in infamy, of course," he said, coolly. "Everywhere is the tiger, the shark, and the snake."

He paused, and, watching him intently, the Filipino said nothing.

"You and I, Sancho," his master continued, his voice vibrant, "are getting on in years—young as in some surprising fashion you at least have contrived to preserve yourself."

"As you know, sir," the servant agreed gravely, "I have my own system of mental and bodily control—and exercises. For the servant, and, if the theory is not too great, the devoted friend of one engaged in a mission so—so fine and at times of such terrible danger, it is necessary to keep each mental and physical quality at its highest."

His master reached for, and, waving aside the Filipino who darted forward, lighted a fresh cigarette.

"Probably you're right," he agreed, and corrected himself. "No, not probably—assuredly. But how fortunate for me, Sancho, to have in my service one who always has preferred the role of watcher in the market place to that of slumberer in the temple."

The man made a gesture of repudiation.

"What I do, and what I am, that you have taught and made me," he answered quietly.

WHEN, following upon another of those brief and contemplative pauses, the older man resumed, once more the level voice was tinged with passion.

"A few years more or less—what matter?" he said. "We have money—far more than for our comfort or our work we are ever likely to need. In the past, subtly, swiftly, and, so far as possible, humanely, we have dealt with some sixteen of those without whose presence the world is a sweeter, cleaner place—cheats, exploiters of the needy, preyers upon the weak and defenceless—carriers whom the law could not, or would not, punish. Searching your mind, can you find any reason why we should cease our activities?"

His voice lowered, now, to a tone that, to Hilary, watching so intently behind the curtain, vibrated with a strange and awful tenacity.

"Any reason, for example," he supplemented, "why we should withhold our hand from a certain associate of Potsinger, who has been too self-inflated to heed our warning?"

Face and voice bore the inspiration of the devotee; an enthusiasm apparently that Sancho had no object other than to foster.

"As master chooses," he said quietly, and the other's face lighted to a more determined purpose still. But, to the bemused Hilary's relief, with the cigarette still smouldering between his fingers, he rose to his feet.

"In my study," he said, "I have data—collected since I first began to explore possibilities. Come—"

The closing of the door left Hilary still wondering blankly what in the name of fortune he was to do about it.

One thing at least was certain. With so much at stake, he could not now spend

the night in the summerhouse. It was up to him to get away—at once, and at speed. Whatever the motive behind the actions of this pair of madmen, the sooner they were put where these enterprises were impossible the better for society in general.

Meanwhile, however, the excitement of those revelations had made him, if possible, more hungry even than before. The door was closed. From the whole house came no sound of any kind. Probably by this the pair would be too wholly engrossed over the "data," whatever that might be, to give heed for anything else. And almost within reaching distance of that famished wanderer, Hilary John Fortescue, was food.

Coming out from behind the curtains, he tiptoed softly to the sideboard, and swiftly possessed himself of the leg of a chicken and a couple of rolls, folding the prize in a handkerchief that fortunately was within measurable distance of cleanliness.

Then, just as he was stuffing his prize in his pocket, from the corridor outside came the soft shuffle of feet. So soft, indeed, and so close to the door, that they could not have been more than a couple of yards away. Actually the door was swinging open as the bedraggled but swiftly-moving figure of Hilary John Fortescue shot through the window.

As he sped through what now was the comparative darkness of the drive, he glanced over his shoulder. No one, however, was in sight, and when momentarily he stopped to listen there was no sound of pursuing footsteps. Apparently then he had not been seen.

Distinctly that was a relief. And as, munching his stolen meal, he plodded down the road, it came to him that he was more closely approximating to the condition known as "breeze-up" than was altogether good for his self-esteem. But there had been something about that amiable and chubby man—something that in the few moments it had been allowed to rear its head through the veneer of respectability he affected, had chilled Hilary to the bone. Yes.

It was at this point that somewhere behind him a twig snapped sharply. Hilary spun round, a sudden fear leaping into his mind. He just caught sight of a dark form with arm upraised. Then came a terrible pain at the base of his skull. Without a groan, Hilary John Fortescue pitched face downwards on to the road.

CHAPTER 4.

CONSCIOUSNESS came back only slowly, and by progressive stages.

The first factor of which he was aware was that where before his head had been, now was only a pain—a searing, agonising pain, as if his whole skull was surrounded by a tightly-drawn red-hot band that was rapidly burning its way to the brain-centre.

Then, at last, slowly but definitely, the worst of the pain wore itself out, leaving his mind comparatively clear. And if the first and few subsequent efforts towards constructive thought left him more exhausted than ever in his life, at least he found himself able to move.

With returning consciousness, also, came recollection. Dimly he remembered that chubby, smiling, and immaculate man at the table, and the lithe, dark servant who attended him; of the conversation that, cowering behind the curtains, he had heard between them.

He remembered the pair leaving the room together to examine that "data" the chubby but no longer smiling man had mentioned; his own quick dart into the room and hasty pocketing of the rolls and chicken; the sudden opening of the door and his light-

ning getaway. Lastly, that frightful clump on the head.

AS best he might, he put disturbing thoughts aside. He could come back to them later, when, having settled to something more approaching normal, his mental and physical mechanism would better be able to cope with them. Also, for the moment, it was more important to discover where he was and what, exactly, had happened to him.

Opening his eyes, he found that the white patch above his head was a portion of a ceiling, so that, at least, he was within doors. Rendered a shade more confident by this confirmation, he tried turning his head on his pillow, to discover the movement accompanied by only momentary pain.

It was broad daylight, and with the sun streaming through only partly-drawn curtains the objects within range were clearly discernible. He was in a bright and comfortably-furnished room.

Only—in the name of Sam Hill—whose house was it? More important still, who had brought him here? And for what purpose?

Desperate to discover the answer, with a sudden convulsive heave he sat up in bed, only, with a bitten-off groan, to sink down again; in comparison with the pain that action had brought what had gone before had been only twinges.

Then, as he lay fighting down the agony, he heard footsteps outside. A moment later the door opened.

As he turned to see who had come into the room, pain left him as though it had never been. For in his whole life he had not seen a girl who in loveliness began even to compare with the one who, a moment later, was at his side and looking down at him.

Yet, when later he came to analyse his first impressions, he realised that it was not so much her shining, red-brown hair and corn-cockle blue eyes and the ultimate perfection of teeth and figure that had gripped him, as the so much less easily definable charm that as an aura invested her, and that was so indissolubly bound up in her personality. There was, too, in the wholly unselfconscious grace of her, as in the peering imp of mischief that lurked in her eyes and the curve of her lips, something he found beyond measure stimulating.

"So you've decided to come to, have you?" this vision said, and her voice—to Hilary the supreme test of personality—was golden, low-pitched, and faintly husky; he noticed, as well, that her cheeks had a darker flush than before their glances had met.

From somewhere Hilary managed to summon a grin, if a slightly dubious one.

"Until you spoke, I was wondering if I was dreaming, or just dead and—rewarded," he said.

Her color deepened still.

"Whichever it is or was, you've got to come down to earth now, anyway," she said practically, "because I've brought a doctor to have a look at you. In the meanwhile," she added, "I'll be with you again in—say a quarter of an hour."

"That, I anticipate, will be ample," the doctor agreed, and almost before the door closed behind her the examination was in progress—one wherein Hilary was delighted to give his attendant credit for the sensitiveness with which his fingers strayed and felt about the storm-centre of pain—a lump half the size of a hen's egg immediately above the base of his skull.

THE examination concluded, the doctor nodded non-committally. "Nothing especially serious, anyway," he said easily, "or that a few days' rest and quiet won't remedy. For which, incidentally, you have to thank a skull of the apparent strength and consistency of rein-

forced concrete. Meanwhile my immediate job is to send you a sleeping draught."

"I should have thought," Hilary said, regarding him with aversion, "I've had enough sleeping draughts already. However, if you say so. . . ."

It was a good fifty minutes after the doctor had left that the girl returned. Then, a brimming medicine glass in her hand, her advance to the bed was soft-footed but purposeful.

"As I'm instructed that on no account are you to talk, I kept away until this was made up," she explained. "After you've drunk it—not a word until your mind cleared of delusions, you wake up."

"Grant me fortitude!" Hilary murmured, but drained the glass obediently. Then, as he handed it back: "What do you mean—my mind freed of delusion?"

"That heaven stuff you were wandering about just now," she said innocently. Then as he looked at her very hard indeed. "And you are not to talk!"

"Just," he pleaded, "one little question."

SHE hesitated—and fell. "Well?" she said, dubiously.

"If not in heaven, where am I?" he said, looking at her harder than ever.

"Bed," she said, and stole out of the room.

Within three minutes of the closing of the door Hilary was asleep. When he awakened it was to discover the girl beside him again, this time complete with breakfast tray.

"If that's what the doctor ordered," he remarked with sincerity after they had exchanged greetings, "it's the right prescription, I'm all for it."

"Don't talk, ent," replied the girl, who looked even lovelier than on the previous day.

"Surely you know," Hilary said, spearing a piece of kidney, "that intelligent conversation is nature's own to the gastric juices? . . . Or don't you?"

"Is it necessary to the process that it's intelligent?" she asked dubiously. "What I mean is . . ."

"I know exactly what you mean, and I deplore it," he broke in severely. "Besides, eight o'clock in the morning is no time for repartee, anyway. And, by the way, though I should simply hate to appear before you in the light of Inquisitive Isadore, I should be really grateful if I had the remotest idea of my present whereabouts. In other words—where am I?"

Her face suddenly serious, she looked at him for a moment in silence. Afterwards he knew that she was attempting to reconcile those deplorable clothes of his with a Public School accent and a certain inconsequent savoir-faire she found rather stimulating. "It was not every man, she told herself, who, following a crash on the head that would have sent nine in ten to the mortuary, could have adopted that attitude."

"I was driving home from a dance," she said at last. "At exactly what awful hour of the a.m. I'd be ashamed to tell you; anyway, it was quite light. And suddenly I saw something lying in the middle of the road, a few yards ahead. I managed to pull up with a few feet to spare, and, risking the chance of a hold-up, got out of the car to investigate."

"And it was me?" Hilary inquired. "Or should it be 'I'?"

"It was you," she confirmed, shuddering a little at the recollection. "Apparently you'd been hit on the head, and with some considerable violence, with the usual blunt instrument. A particularly large and nobby one, too, I should imagine. Fortunately, however, there's very little traffic about these parts—ours is a road that doesn't lead to anywhere in particular—otherwise you'd probably have been run over."

He regarded her incredulously, and with admiration. Cried as he had been in what must have appeared to her as the discarded

stock of a rag-and-bone merchant, the obvious course, that would have been followed automatically by nine hundred and ninety-nine people in a thousand, would have been to lug him out of harm's way to the side of the road, and by telephoning the news to the nearest police station disclaim all further responsibility.

He said, quietly, but with intense sincerity:

"Words being so entirely inadequate, I'm not going to attempt to thank you; you must take my gratitude on trust. And, incidentally, I'm not sorry about that absence of traffic. One of the few human experiences I've never exactly hankered after is to be well and truly run over. . . .

"And then what did you do?" he went on to ask, following upon a pause wherein the lips that dwelt in her eyes came dancing to the surface. Apparently there was something about this lad with the keen unshaven face, steady grave eyes, and poverty-stricken wardrobe that rather appealed to her.

"What would you expect me to do in such circumstances?" she said. "Jump on your face, or practise driving backwards and forwards over your unconscious body . . . ? One of the servants helped me to lug you upstairs, incidentally—and get you out of your clothes. . . . And then, between us, we—well, we kind of washed you. Probably it was the shock of such unskilled labor that brought you round. Neither of us had ever washed anyone before. Except, of course, ourselves."

The rest, you know. . . . By the way, my name happens to be Moreland—Sarah of that ilk, whatever an ilk may be. Sally to my friends," she added, and was glad that his breeding rose superior to the unintended invitation.

"Then all I can find to say, Miss Moreland," Hilary returned, "is just—thank you. Of course I know it's frightfully inadequate, only in this case it happens to mean rather a lot more than it sounds."

BEFORE she had time to reply there were footsteps outside—a quiet, as it were, confident tread, that in some odd fashion suggested benevolence and good will. A moment, and with the silence demanded by a sickroom, the door opened. "And how is the patient?" a gentle and cultured voice inquired softly.

It was a moment before Hilary was able to reply. Before, on the previous night, the shattering darkness closed in upon him, his most poignant impression had been of that same pleasant tone, and of those same eyes that now beamed down with such obvious concern for his well-being. And though for so large a proportion of the time he had remained hidden behind the window-curtain those eyes had not been benevolent at all, but had glowed with the flame of a cold and terrible purpose, with out any doubt whatever the owner of that chubby, smiling face was the master of the house wherein he had overheard those unimagined things. By some ironic gesture of the high gods he had been taken back to the very house from where, so precariously and so short a time before, he had made his escape.

Later, when he came to think over the incident and his own conduct of it, he felt entitled to a small bouquet for the rapidity with which, in spite of his condition and the blank unexpectedness of the encounter, he pulled himself together. Perhaps it was, he thought, that the cherub detailed for his protection had reminded him of the unwisdom of giving any hint of recognition.

"The doctor tells me that thanks to a skull of solid ivory and a constitution of reinforced concrete, there's not much harm done, thank you, sir," he replied.

As if reassured by this satisfactory report, his host's smile broadened. Then, childishly, he shook his head.

"In which, I'm afraid," he said, "you're

somewhat of an optimist. The most robust of constitutions is subject to the law of reaction following upon shock."

As, then, with a quick, bird-like jerk of his head, he turned to the girl, there was a genuine kindness in his tone.

"And so, my dear," he added, "now that in some measure our anxiety is allayed, perhaps it would be as well to allow nature to complete in quiet her work of restoration."

Anxious to discover the exact, as it were, atmosphere of her response, Hilary, too, turned his eyes to the girl. To find, though the tone had been that of a father in speaking to a much-loved daughter, that in some indefinable fashion her reply was lacking in a corresponding warmth; to Hilary it was as though she had erected a wall between them against which those plump, well-tended hands, battered in vain.

"Probably you're right," she said with cool politeness, and with a quick and friendly smile nodded to Hilary and went quietly from the room. But as she opened the door he saw that for an infinitesimal moment her eyes met his own. And if he was capable of interpreting the human expression, in that glance was something of warning.

As soon as they were alone the chubby man introduced himself, skirting lightly, also, on his career. His name, it appeared, was Septimus Sainter, his business, from which he had retired some five years previously, that of cotton importer from the Southern States of America.

In return for this information Hilary gave his own story. Immediately Mr. Sainter was all sympathy.

"Dear, dear!" he murmured, before speaking giving consideration to what had been told him. "Am I to take it, then, Mr. Porteous, that you're so unfortunate as to have been left quite alone in the world? Or, at least, in this country?" He spread white hands in a gesture of commiseration. "Not a single relative or friend to—er—extend a welcome to the returned wanderer?"

"Not a soul who knows, even, I'm back in England—or, beyond one or two school and Cambridge friends, who by this probably have forgotten my existence, to give a hoot if they did know," Hilary said.

The voice and expression of his host radiated only kindly interest as he said: "Not even your—er—lawyers?"

HILARY shook his head.

"Well, well, well!" Mr. Sainter exclaimed cheerfully and, for one well into middle-age, slid with surprising agility from his seat on the bed. "We'll soon put that right, at all events."

"You mean you'll be good enough to telephone?" Hilary questioned.

Mr. Sainter screwed his chubby face into a look of mild annoyance.

"Unfortunately, my servant is even now engaged in using a neighbor's instrument to report that my own phone went out of commission only half an hour ago," he said ruefully. "Now, I suppose, I shall have to wait the usual unconscionable time before it's repaired. In the meanwhile, suppose you drop Mr. Crew a line? He happens to be a personal friend of mine, and the only active partner remaining in the business." He fell into one of his reflective pauses. "And as, following upon your unfortunate experience of last night, it is essential you shall have a few hours in which to recuperate, perhaps you'd better make the appointment for to-morrow afternoon. So if you'll allow me I'll bring you pen and paper."

So saying, he went out of the room to return in a few moments with the necessary materials.

His head still confused and his brain uncertain, Hilary wrote that note only with difficulty. When at last it was completed he handed it to the solicitous Mr. Sainter

who rather obviously refrained from glancing at the contents before carefully folding the sheet and putting it in the envelope.

"Splendid!" he exclaimed cheerfully, and slipped the letter into his pocket. "Something accomplished—in this case a very pleasant and necessary something, too, I should imagine—something done, it is fervently to be hoped, has earned you a—er—long repose."

Was it, the question flashed almost subconsciously through Hilary's brain, due to a slight feverishness caused by his crack on the head that it was as if behind those gay and kindly words lurked something not quite as their face value would suggest, or that, as with a friendly, quiet smile, his host stepped soft-footed through the door, it was as if some shadow which had seemed to people that comfortably-furnished room left with him?

AS Hilary lay back among his pillows he realised that, even had he not overheard that amazing conversation of the previous evening, the genial and ultra-sympathetic Mr. Sainter would have occurred to him as being just a shade too good to be true. So strongly, indeed, had he come to feel that the sooner he was out of this house and trusting the long road to London the better it would be, that but for the girl who had befriended him he would have tried to leave immediately.

But not only would such a surreptitious exit be the blackest ingratitude for such genuine kindness, but a distinct and inexcusable breach of faith. And to break faith with a girl like Sally Moreland was not to be thought of.

Figuratively, at this mental pronouncing of her name, he sat up with a jerk. Exactly who was she, anyway, this girl with the lovely face and figure and exquisite voice and breeding? What precisely her connection with the genial Mr. Sainter?

Hilary decided he was not going to leave Greensward Lodge until he'd seen her again and, in addition, had a further and private talk with her. A perfectly absurd idea on the face of it, but somehow he felt he would not be all the world surprised to find there was something rather special she wanted to say to him.

Gradually, at that, speculation faded, and he drifted into sleep.

CHAPTER 5.

FOR the first moment of renewed consciousness he had no idea of what, with such completeness, had awakened him. One moment he'd been as sound asleep as ever in his life, the next, here he was with every faculty stretched to the limit of alertness—and with everything about him entirely silent.

Then, with a suddenness equal to that of his awakening, from the door behind him came a click—subdued, furtive; followed a moment later by a second. Instantaneously the room flooded to light.

And though still there was no sound at all, and, in the position in which he lay his view was circumscribed by the wall immediately opposite, he knew he was alone no longer.

When, jerked to a seated position, swiftly he turned his head, it was with no particular surprise he found himself staring into the dark-skinned face of the Filipino.

Nor did it require any subtle sixth sense to tell him that he was in danger, and danger urgent and deadly at that.

For it was in this first instant that, in a flash of intuition, was revealed to Hilary that the previous night he had not escaped from that room as wholly undisturbed as he had imagined; that it was this inanimate body-servant who, with muffled feet and such perfected cunning, had trailed him down that lonely Hampstead road, savagely and expertly "coaxed" him, and,

under the impression that he was dead, left him where he lay. His muscles contracted.

"Hello! what is it you may happen to want?" he inquired in just the correct tone between guest and servant. And even if, his pulse quickening, he read the answer in the sheer blankness of the other's eyes, he was careful not to betray that knowledge.

STANDING quite motionlessly by the door, the Filipino made no reply. So, stifling a synthetic yawn, but with his brain working under forced draught:

"Whatever it is, I'd be obliged if you'd get about it quickly. I'm tired, need sleep, and plenty of it," Hilary said, and stretched luxuriously, and, as though to relapse once more among his pillows, feigned to turn sideways—the exact position he judged that would be most to that still, motionless man's liking. Instead, however, of throwing himself back, with a frantic call on his muscles and a split second to spare, he propelled himself feet foremost to the floor.

With one reservation, the move was admirable tactics. Not only did it transfer the element of surprise to the opposition, but it had the still greater advantage of placing the bed between them. In the preoccupation of the moment, however, what Hilary had omitted to take into account was the effect of such violent movement on that damaged head of his.

Actually, for that first moment his feet touched the floor, when his brain felt as if it was being squeezed hard between two red-hot flat irons, he thought—and hoped—he would swoon dead away. Then, the pain infinitesimally relaxing, came the two further difficulties, first of keeping his feet, and then of regaining the upright. His own blindly awaying form as axle, the bed revolved about him like a merry-go-round out of control, and with the walls swinging as wildly in the reverse direction, dazed and pain-ridden, helpless and impotent, he crouched there awaiting the inevitable.

Nor had he long to wait.

When the Filipino moved, it was quickly. Silent as a panther, in one incredibly lithe spring he was over the bed. Simultaneously with his lit-covered feet hitting the floor his hands shot out and thrust the bemused Hilary shatteringly backwards. It was a special misfortune to the latter that his head should strike the carpet almost on the exact spot where, on the previous night, his assailant's coat had descended. A flash of white-hot light, blinding, agonising, lacerated his brain.

Fingers of steel fastened about his throat. His senses drowned in intense and ultimate darkness.

Except that it seemed incredibly long, he never knew for what period that darkness lasted before, together with the relaxation of the pressure about his throat, the blackness faded to an indeterminate semi-luminous grey, and from that to a quivering, uncertain haze.

It was when in some measure he had succeeded in pulling himself together that from somewhere invisible a voice came—a voice that even through the still undisturbed mists of his brain he would have recognised from ten thousand other and similar sounds.

"And now, Sancho," that voice said, coolly, "you shall lift him up. And, if you're wise, it'll be gently, because if you happen to show even a very little roughness I'm liable to quiver so with indignation that the tremor'll communicate itself to my trigger finger."

A second voice, entirely unemotional, but, to Hilary, distressingly familiar, said: "As madam wishes."

Arms, not predominantly muscular, but taut hard, were thrust beneath Hilary's inert body; with neither strain nor jar he was raised to the seated position.

Presently the mists of pain to some

extent dissolved, and he was able to look about him.

The cold light of battle in her eyes, and a quite steady hand and automatic pistol directed undeviatingly at the Filipino's mid-section, it was The Girl who stood there.

BLINKING uncertainly, he watched her in amazement. Though she did not meet his eyes it was evident she was aware of his scrutiny.

"Sorry I can't look at you while I'm speaking," she said practically, in that golden voice of hers. "Only, in dealing with friend Sancho, it doesn't do to let your eyes wander. He moves too suddenly and with too much speed. I call him 'friend,' incidentally, because I think that, pretty soon, he's going to need one. . . . There's some cord on the bed there. If you haven't forgotten the knots and lashings of your O.T.C. days, perhaps you wouldn't mind getting busy with it."

Dazedly, under the protection of her pistol, Hilary complied. Sancho made no attempt at resistance. But when, having completed what he was inclined to think was quite a satisfactory job, Hilary propped the now helplessly-bound Filipino in a corner, it was with a gesture almost of collapse that the girl subsided into a big basket-chair.

"And that's that," she exclaimed, her tone a mixture of relief and weariness. She searched Hilary's face. "And now what?"

Not quite catching her meaning, for a moment he did not reply.

"It seems," he said at last, "that as the atmosphere of this house is not particularly healthy for the young and innocent, something in the nature of a rapid and unobtrusive exit is indicated for me. After that, I've assured myself there's no trouble in the offing for you. If there is, you don't get me out of here with a drag-rope."

She nodded, her eyes, so vividly blue, and yet, now, so clouded, still intent upon him.

"As apparently you've gathered something concerning my uncle it's to his advantage to suppress, his last intention is for you to leave here alive," she said coolly. "I should imagine his reaction to my own interference will be unpleasant. If, that is, I had any intention of waiting for the interview."

To the last degree concerned, he would have broken in, but she gestured him to silence.

"Listen," she said, and now her voice was urgent. "As I've no idea where in the house my uncle's parked himself, I think, to avoid further trouble, it would be as well to get a move on, and at speed."

Hilary agreed wholeheartedly, and, while the girl was out of the room collecting a few necessities, dressed himself for flight.

Sally returned just as he was ready. With her in advance, they passed swiftly down a corridor to a flight of softly-carpeted stairs; at the bottom, they crossed a panelled hall from whose walls looked down the portraits—admirably executed so far as by a passing glance Hilary was able to distinguish—to a large, oaken, nail-studded door.

"This way," Sally said, when they were on the terrace.

HERE, following a gesture that demanded silence, Sally, listening intently, stood for a moment peering into the gloom ahead. No sound coming to her, however, she led the way past the french windows, behind where Hilary had cowered on the previous night, to the end of the building and to the right.

There, confronting them through the gloom, was a garage with the door ajar.

"Splendid!" Sally whispered, relief in her voice. "I was afraid we'd find it locked."

She switched on the light. The car was

a high-powered two-seater of recent make. The only trouble was that, unlike the door, it was locked.

"I should have thought of that," Sally said despondently. "It's a way uncle has—since he had a car stolen from a park in town. Furthermore, he keeps the key on his watch-chain."

Hilary's mouth set grimly.

"If you'll give me a rough idea of where I'm likely to find him, I'll endeavor to persuade Uncle Crippen to hand over that key," he said. "And if I'm not back here in ten minutes you'd better make a quick departure for the nearest telephone-box and ring up the police."

To his surprise the protest she was on the point of launching died swiftly away.

"I think probably you're right," she said slowly. "Particularly as, even if the worst comes to the worst, the fact of me being still outside the house is bound to cramp his style."

She handed over the pistol.

"Probably you'll find him in his study—the door's in the far right-hand corner of the hall. And unless I hear from you in precisely ten minutes it's me for the telephone."

Hilary took the gun and passed softly out of the garage to the drive.

He had not gone half-a-dozen paces, however, before, like a lizard into a hole, he had darted back to her side.

"Look!" he whispered, pointing, and, as she followed the direction of his arm, caught the quick catch of her breath and a tautening of the flesh to his touch.

For in the light of the full moon that a moment before had broken through a cloud-bank they could see, turning the curve of the drive, three men.

CHAPTER 6

UNOBTUSIVELY, the two slipped round the angle of the garage where they were in the shadow.

By the time the three figures had covered only half the length of the drive, it could be seen that they were toughs of the worst order: a few more yards, and the unpleasant nature of that trio became more apparent still. One—who occupied the middle position—was without exception the biggest man Hilary had ever seen, six feet six if an inch, with a colossal breadth of shoulder and gorilla-like length of arms and huge tree-trunks of limbs. Nearer still, he saw that the countenance of the man was entirely at one with the frame—a hugely-broad, high cheek-boned face, with the faintly blue tinge of the quarter-bred Oriental. Pathan or Anglo-Sikh, probably.

A tremor passed through the arm beneath Hilary's fingers.

"Chimp Fergus," she breathed, and shrank further into the shadows. "If we get away now, we're going to be lucky."

PRESSED into the shadow, they waited tensely, but the three passed without a glance. And the instant they turned the angle of the drive to the terrace the arm beneath Hilary's fingers urged him forward.

"Not a sound," she whispered, and made cautiously for the open. Unwise, it occurred to Hilary, without preliminary reconnaissance; but, because he would not risk her safety, he followed at once. In a few seconds they reached the road.

Running strongly now, they came at last to a broad, lamp-lit path that on its further side was backed by a line of trees, and tall, closely-growing shrubs; here, evidently, Sally's experience of the neighborhood told her there would be sanctuary.

And here, with not a soul in sight, it seemed likely they would soon need all the sanctuary there was going. From the direc-

tion of the house came the throb of a high-powered engine.

It was a few moments later that, devastatingly, their luck turned. Within a couple of hundred yards or so of safety Sally tripped over a loose stone, stumbled blindly forward a few paces, and, with a stifled cry, crumpled awkwardly to the ground. In the livid moonlight Hilary saw the pallor of her face.

"And that, of course," she said through pain-twisted lips and with an attempt at a smile at which he wanted to burn josticks, "puts the tin lid on it. My ankle's sprained all out of shape."

Even in that distracted moment Hilary did not instantly reply. His attention was taken by the glare of a motor-horn, and, as he swung round, the glare of headlights, as the big car turned from the drive into the road.

Hurriedly, but with the extremity of care, he raised Sally to the upright, only once that position was painfully attained, to realise the hopelessness of their situation. Instantaneously, with the injured foot touching the ground, he saw how involuntarily she winced from the contact. She had about as much chance of using her feet as he of growing wings.

Supporting her weight, he turned to face the house; watched the car turn right until it reached the beginning of the path by the side of which, now, they stood; saw them get out—the whole five of them, Sainier, Sancho, Chimp Fergus, and the two others. And against the white glare of the moon he knew their own motionless figures stood out as sharply as silhouettes on paper.

Without a word, he slid his hand beneath her knees, swung her into his arms, and, surrendering every last ounce of his reserves, streaked desperately for the line of trees at the further side of the road ahead. With a natural gift for silent movement that had been perfected in the wilds, he knew that once he could gain this shelter it would take very expert trackers to trace him.

Though Sally, with her slim, lithe form was lighter even than he expected, the handicap slowed his speed by half, so that with every step the pounding feet of the pursuit became more evident. Even then, but for one element that in his preoccupation he had not taken into account, it is possible he might have made sanctuary.

It was when he was within a hundred yards or so of what might otherwise have been safety that a further sound superimposed itself against those rapidly-gaining footsteps. A dull, hollow, pluppp uppp.

Two bullets from a silencer-fitted pistol, fired, however, from too far a range for accurate shooting.

WITH relief Hilary saw that, however remote, there was the vestige of a chance. Some distance down the path towards which he was making, two faint lights were crawling—and even in the moment of his first sight of them it seemed to him that they gathered speed. Bicycles, or the twin, dim lamps of a horse-drawn vehicle, and the driver or cyclists coming towards him.

Remote as his chances appeared, the only thing was to carry on; the distance between hunted and hunters was so reduced that in the time occupied in putting down his burden and groping for his automatic the saffron-tinted Goliath who was leading the pursuit would be on him. Even in the remote event of his being able to cope with that gargantuan man, the reinforcements who still pounded in the rear would very rapidly turn the scale.

Then, with devastating unexpectedness, came still another shot. This time, however, not from behind, but so close to his ear that, startled and dazed by the explosion, he stumbled, so that it was only with difficulty he wrenched himself to the

upright again. A voice cried, vibrant with mingled excitement and disappointment:

"Missed!"

"Moses' moccasins!" Hilary panted, "where did you collect the cannon?"

"Out of your pocket," she replied perkily. "That's learnt him a bit, I think. Anyway, he's not coming on so fast as he was..."

From the tail of his eye Hilary saw that the twin lights from the path ahead had drawn appreciably nearer; that now, instead of side by side, they travelled one behind the other. Not a horse and cart, then, but a couple of cyclists. As assuring more mobility, and probably doubling the measure of help, all to the good, that.

Now, feverish to find her target, Sally's head was so high above his shoulder as to frustrate his object in shielding her.

"For the love of Mike, keep your head, do..." he panted, and because the bullet that crashed into his shoulder pitched him face forward to the ground, and that, in falling, that already badly misused head of his encountered a stone, was unable to complete the warning.

He had a nightmare impression of the rush of heavy feet from behind; footsteps less heavy, but even swifter, from the opposite direction; of what seemed like an enormous shadow hovering about the place where, by his fall, his burden had been thrown; of hoarse cries and furious shouting; of a mass of grunting, straining, struggling bodies; of a pistol shot, sharp and resonant; of a further shot, and still another; of the slow slump of a second body beside his own; of heavy footsteps retreating; of whisperings and purposeful movements.

And then, slowly at first, but cumulatively, as if the whole world was being swept to disintegration, everything about him went grey, and when that grey rolled back it gave place to a sable-black pall that, closing suddenly down on him, enveloped him in its own impenetrable blackness, and he was shut out from all knowledge of time and space and life itself.

HE had no idea how long it was before, dimly and uncertainly, he became re-aware of that greyness. Then, slowly as fog-clouds from the sea, it advanced, and as it rolled forward so, gradually, it dissolved, and with that dissolution it was as if someone was pumping intensely hot air into his shoulder. If the old but intensified pain in his head had permitted him to speak he would have yelled for them to stop.

With what later appealed to him as surprisingly good sense, he lay quiet for a little, trying to collect himself, and with each passing moment his senses cleared. At last, then, as preliminary to an attempt to rid himself of the discomfort of what ever pressed into his head, he risked opening his eyes.

His first impression was of a star-sprinkled sky of deep, dark blue, in which rode a full moon that lighted the landscape to a white, unammy clarity; his next of a row of highly-burnished brass buttons set on a vast acreage of thick blue cloth. Tilting his head still further backward, he encountered an enormous red face, whose natural good nature was for the moment subordinate to a quite unofficial solicitude, and a badly-discoloured eye and nose. Surmounting that rubicund sphere was a policeman's helmet.

"E's comin' round, m'lord," said a voice that issued from that same wide face.

"That's good," said another voice in a tone of satisfaction, and, turning his eyes in the direction from whence issued the sound, Hilary saw, a little to the side but on a level with his own, a second face.

Not round and red, this time, but brown and lean, and, had it not been that the keen grey eyes looked rather strained and anxious, and that there was a distinct and

evidently rapidly-developing swelling on the lower jaw, and a large but apparently superficial bruise on the forehead, a face of unusual good nature. About the same age as himself, this stranger, it came to Hilary, dressed with that immaculate carelessness that of all nationalities only those of those islands may attain, and only then to those of certain upbringing, in tweeds and violently-colored polo sweaters.

Then, suddenly, with a rush, everything came back—the whole stark horror of it. Hilary craned his head eagerly—and did not see what he sought.

"The lady who was with me?" he gasped, struggling with a wave of faintness that threatened to overwhelm him again.

He found no reassurance in the long pause that followed.

"I'm sorry to say, mate," the policeman said soberly at last, "that she's gone."

With a jerk that racked his shoulder in a red-hot surge of pain and his head in a white-hot stab of agony, Hilary sat bolt upright.

"Do you mean," he cried hoarsely, "that those thugs have got her?" And when the policeman's enormous hand would have forced him back into his former position, thrust it aside, and contrived somehow to stagger to his feet. Once at the upright, moreover, it was not to that good-natured officer he turned, but to the man in the polo sweater.

"Tell me about it," he said shortly, and saw with what good-humored shrewdness the stranger looked at him.

"As a matter of fact," the latter said, in a voice whose pleasant drawl was unable wholly to disguise a genuine concern, "it all came so sudden-like I don't quite know what's happened myself. I was cycling along the road, and just as I caught up with this Mainfactor's Menace bike, there came the sound of ordnance by night. M.M. pricked up his ears so high they lifted his helmet. 'What's that?' he said, with the alertness of the born investigator.

"Oh, father," I said, "I hear the sound of guns."

WITH a more extensive knowledge of that imperturbable raconteur, Hilary was able to appreciate that, far from an example of his lack of sense of the fitness of things, this recital was intended to give his vibrating and much-battered audience a chance to pull himself together. At the time, however, all Hilary was able to realise was a positive fury of impatience.

"Would you mind very much," he quavered hoarsely, "getting on with it?"

Instead of showing resentment, following another quick glance at him, the other's manner became more brisk.

"Right!" he said. "We started flat out for what, as almost at once there was another shot, we were prepared to accept as the scene of conflict. Just as we pulled up on the road opposite to and a hundred or so yards from what by this time seemed the focal-point of excitement the final shot came. That leading figure, who gave the impression of being slightly handicapped by the carriage of some large and heavy burden, stumbled and fell. You don't have to set yourself an examination to know who that someone was. Then the leader of the hounds—a fella who looked like Goliath's big brother Alf—rushed forward and gathered someone, who I presume was the lady concerning whom you're inquiring, into his arms. By that time we were within distance, and for a few moments a happy time was enjoyed by all. But though one or two of them will remember us with pain for some little time to come—for the Burglar's Bugbear here wields a snappy truncheon, let me tell you—as we were outnumbered by some two to one, we each took a liberal allowance over the ten-seconds' count."

In spite of the calculated inconsequence

of his tone, this time, when he paused, Hilary saw that his eyes were troubled.

"Then we came to where you were, a wounded an' unconscious body, if I may be permitted the expression. . . And so—what do we do now? After, that is, we've seen you well and safely to hospital?"

For the moment, due to the circumstance that something ice-cold and numbing seemed to have closed about his heart, Hilary did not reply. In common with all those who have attempted to wrest a living from the wilds, he had taken his share of hard knocks, material and spiritual, but never one with even a quota of the sheer defeatist qualities of this one.

Sally was in the clutches of that smiling, pink-faced fanatic who, so that he might continue his crazy scheme for the cleansing of society, would have about the same compunction in eliminating her as the ordinary man would have in killing an insect pest!

"Hospital nothing!" he said, and then, again, all about him went black, the whole world rocked and swayed, and he was falling through illimitable space.

Police-Constable Apps, looking down upon that crumpled form, said doubtfully:

"This is a go and a 'alf, m'lord, this is! Under the circumstances what I think is the best thing to do is for you to give me permission to use your telephone, so's I can call up for the ambulance to get 'im to 'ospital straight a-way."

IT was quite a moment, however, before the other replied. As he, too, stood looking down upon the derelict's pain-ridden face it was as though as well as sympathy for one who had put up a quite satisfactory scrap against an opposition that must have represented a quite considerable shade of odds, an instinct for adventure was urging that here was something that, followed to its conclusion, might prove very much worth while. Additionally, the poor bloke had made it so desperately clear that hospital, as the last place in which he wanted to find himself.

"Listen to me for a minute," the stranger said slowly. "Instead of to a hospital full of iodine and efficiency, what about bedding him down in my house? Three acres of bedrooms just shreiking for tenancy; it's only a quarter of a mile or so away, and with, as your exact local knowledge will confirm, a perfectly good M.O. within a quarter of an hour's walk."

Officially, P.C. Apps looked doubtful. That this poor bloke at his feet had been shot and wounded raised the affair above the category of a private "frakkas" to the dignity of a "serious charge," and as such could be dealt with only by the properly constituted authorities. In other words, essentially this was a job for the super.

"I take it you'll be, as it were, responsible for 'is whereabouts, m'lord?" he conceded at last. "See as 'ow 'e's there to answer any questions it may seem fit ultimately to put to 'im, an' all that?"

The other bent to Hilary's feet. "Catch hold of his head," he said curtly, "and neither jolt nor jabber more than you can help."

CHAPTER 7.

THE LODGE, one of the most beautiful and best-preserved examples of Tudor architecture in the Home Counties, had been built by the first Baron FitzRalph—who for the last few years of his life had been one of the chief financial advisers to Queen Elizabeth—as a retreat from the unceasing preoccupation of the Court.

Now, mellowed by the years and standing in five or so acres of well-kept grounds, long and low, half-timbered, tree-embowered, and warmly austere, it was as gracious a house as could be found in all southern England.

Through a wide, arched doorway they

helped Hilary to a square hall, panelled and portrait-hung; in the wide, open hearth a log fire burnt cheerfully. As he was being lowered into a chair, a servant hurried discreetly from a corridor on the right.

"Bring drinks and sandwiches," Lord FitzRalph instructed. "Then telephone and ask Dr. Ward to come here."

As if his master's arrival home in company with a policeman and a dishevelled, exhausted, and blood-stained tatterdemalion was as customary as meal times, the rotund and precise little man with the egg-bald head and libellously port-wine complexion bowed attentively, withdrew, and a few moments later reappeared bearing a silver tray whereon were several plates of sandwiches, decanters, syphons, and a large bottle of old ale.

FitzRalph poured a man-sized portion of pre-war Scotch into a cut-glass beaker, added a child-sized modicum of soda, and handed the glass to Hilary.

"And no heel taps," he said. "After that if you're fit enough, you might tell us something of what all the trouble's about."

P.C. Apps nodded a somewhat battered head.

"I'll be glad to 'ave particulars, m'lord," he said, "to hand on to the super."

"As soon as Banks is through," FitzRalph pointed out, "you can get through from here. . . . Incidentally, he seems to be having some slight difficulty. That's the worst of those doctors, they will expect a decent night's rest."

From a nearby room came the rattle and re-rattle of a telephone-hook, and "Hel-lo" constantly repeated in Banks' fruity but, towards the end, slightly-exasperated voice. Then his subdued footsteps from the corridor, and reappearance.

"No reply, m'lord," he announced.

"How do you mean, no reply?" FitzRalph demanded sharply.

"No reply from Exchange, m'lord," Banks explained deprecatingly.

FitzRalph got up and went to the instrument. They heard the click of the hook, followed by his voice, but with the tone lacking in confidence. It was only a moment or two before, his face thoughtful, he was in the hall again.

"The fact that the line's cut," he said slowly, "rather gives one to think, if you know what I mean."

Pain and fatigue disregarded, bolt upright, now, in his chair, Hilary's face was paler even than before. It was, however, the policeman who spoke.

"Those crim'nals want time to make their escape before the 'All stations' call's sent out," he said shrewdly. "That means they're makin' for somewhere in London." He looked across at their host. "And the nearest phone from 'ere is the call-box a mile or so down the road. I'll slip straight along there an' report."

"Only that it's away to be re-painted, I'd take you down in the car," FitzRalph said regretfully, and went out of the room.

"There's a bicycle at the front door all ready," he said when, a few minutes later, he was back with them. "So now I think it would be as well to have Mr. Portescut's story."

W

ELCOMING the opportunity for arranging the whole series of events into more orderly sequence in his mind, Hilary told his tale, ending with a description of his second rescue by Sally Moreland, and their escape. . . .

"What happened after that," he said feelingly at the end, "I guess you know a bit better even than myself."

As, after emptying his tankard, P.C. Apps heaved himself from his chair, his wide, red face was a mask of mingled amusement and protest.

"This is a do, an' no blinkin' error," he said decisively. "Out o' my line, anyway,

an' the sooner I gets it off my chest to the super, the more comfortable I'll feel."

"Unless, of course, you receive other orders. As soon as you've telephoned you might report back here," FitzRalph suggested.

"I'll do just that, m'lord, and return the bike," Apps responded, and strode quickly from the room.

The road surface was good, slightly down-hill, and what wind there was in his favor, so that in less than five minutes he could see a little way ahead the dim light of the roadside telephone kiosk. Having reached it, jamming on his brakes, he dismounted and, as the only place available, leaned the machine against the side of the booth.

It was as he turned to reach the entrance that, from the shadow in the rear, silently, glided the lithe figure that had been waiting there.

I

N the bedroom to which FitzRalph showed him, the doctor discovered that, so far as Hilary's shoulder was concerned, no medical attention was necessary. By one of those amazing vagaries with which all accustomed to gunshot wounds are familiar, the bullet had been deflected by the buckle of his braces that, intended originally for a man far taller than himself, was situated well over the curve of the shoulder. From there, ploughing a gory but superficial furrow to the left, it had made an exit through the cloth immediately below the arm.

"No M.O. for me," Hilary pronounced with decision and satisfaction. "Just a spot of first aid and iodine, a bath, and a few hours' sleep, and it's me for the road."

A not inconsiderable knowledge of men bringing it home to FitzRalph that to one in as hard bodily condition as, palpably, was this stranger, a period of forced inactivity would do more harm than good, he made only tentative objection. It was, too, with surprising gentleness and skill that he bathed, disinfected, and bound up the injured shoulder.

It was while doing this that he glanced at his wrist-watch. "It's taking Apps a long time to telephone," he remarked.

"How long has he been away?" Hilary asked quickly.

"Over an hour," FitzRalph said. "And, frankly, I'm not too happy about it."

"He may have had orders that kept him away," Hilary suggested, stifling the sudden fear that leapt up in him.

FitzRalph got up from his chair.

"I'll go and have a look at that phone box, anyway," he said. "And you needn't say you'll come with me, because I shan't take you. Your job at the moment is to get fit, because in the next few days you may need all the vitality there's going."

Hilary had the sense to accept this.

"Then I leave it to you, partner," he said reluctantly, and in spite of physical pain and mental turmoil was asleep within five minutes of his host leaving the house.

There was a clear moon now, so FitzRalph was able to see for some considerable distance down the road ahead. The fact that there was no sign of a cyclist nor anyone else did not detract from his now very active uneasiness.

As with his long-striding gait he put that straight road behind him, and for a good half of the distance was able to distinguish the faint light of the telephone box, and still the constable did not appear, that unrest developed cumulatively to a conviction of disaster.

Drawing closer still, he could see that there was no one in the immediate vicinity of his objective; closer yet, the light that shone through the glass of the upper door showed that there was no one in the booth itself.

When he pulled up, his unrest became

crystallised to something far more active. He looked up and down the road, gave a searching glance to the Heath on the one side, and, crossing the road, peered over the railings to the line of shrubs and trees on the other, but there was no sign of human presence.

Then it occurred to him to examine the road for bicycle tracks, for though the path was tarmac the tyres were new and deeply watered. Ridden by a man as heavily-built as P.O. Apps, it struck him there were bound to be places where they would leave an impression.

His first downward glance revealed, immediately outside the door of the booth, not the imprint of a tyre, but a flat patch of hard-beaten mould, at right angles from where he stood, between the booth and the side of the henth, another smaller but otherwise similar patch. It was at the sight of these that the sixth sense, perfected in his long months of stalking big game, urged that here was something wrong.

Why, in weather that had been dry for a week, and on a hard tarmac path, he asked himself, should there be patches of mud?

EYES narrowed, mouth grim, he stooped, manipulated the larger blade of his penknife between that patch and the road, skirted its outer edge, so that, thus loosened, he was able to lift it from the road.

He had not to ask himself what, distinct and horribly shining in the moonlight, was the patch of brown beneath. He had seen blood too often to be mistaken.

And when he came to make similar examination of the second patch it was to discover beneath it the same grim evidence of foul play, so that he knew that here had been lurking the one who had determined that no message concerning the activities of the cherubic Mr. Sainter should reach the police; one who to that same end, and as best he might had covered up the inevitable result of his crime.

White-faced, FitzRalph stepped from the path to the henth. Five or six yards away there was a darker patch on the tangle of coarsely-growing grass; a few yards further, another. When he came to take a line on these with the two on the road it pointed to a patch of shrub a hundred yards away. And when he made directly for that tiny clump he found all but the worst of his anticipations realised.

So concealed by the bushes he might have remained unnoticed by nine passers-by in ten. P.O. Apps was sprawled face downward to earth, projecting from the wide and now coagulated stain beneath the shoulder-blade was the haft of a tiny-hilted brass-wire-bound dagger. A dozen or so yards away, not quite so efficiently concealed, was the bicycle.

With an infinity of care, and without removing the knife, FitzRalph turned the body over and placed his hand upon the heart.

To his relief there was the shadow of a sign of life there; when he poured spirit between the rigid, drawnback lips, the eyelids flickered.

That was enough. There was nothing more he could do to help this stricken man, and he was within fifty yards of a telephone.

Fortunately, both as a liberal subscriber to police charities and an intermittent offender against the traffic regulations, he was well known to Carter, sergeant in charge of the local police station, so that within twenty minutes Apps was on his way to hospital in an ambulance.

Though by this time dawn was coming, there was a long interview at The Lodge with Sergeant Carter. Hilary was wakened to take part in it.

"A Yard job, this," the sergeant said

when the full story had been told. "As a matter of fact they're busy with it already. The inspector—when I got from his bed, an' he didn't half curse me, either—says will you call on him first thing in the morning. Ackroyd, the name is."

"We'll go," Hilary broke in to promise. "Just as soon as I've seen my solicitors and got some money. Besides, I want to find out if that letter I gave Sainter ever reached there. Personally, I'm betting nine to two it didn't."

"I'm not taking the odds," the sergeant said, and left.

CHAPTER 8.

IN a comfortable but unconventionally-furnished room on the third floor of New Scotland Yard, Inspector Ackroyd, chair tilted to the exact point of balance, generously-proportioned feet on the table-deck in front of him, his bony and hard-bitten face as devoid of animation as habit and natural proclivity had rendered it, was occupying himself with a spell of what, not too optimistically, he hoped would prove constructive thought. And, just now, there was more than enough to call for very constructive thought indeed.

Following upon the forcible abduction of a girl, wherein shots had been fired and a civilian wounded, in circumstances of appalling brutality a police officer had been stabbed to within measurable distance of death, and at whatever cost in time, trouble, and physical risk, the inspector was out to find the one responsible.

ALTHOUGH as yet he could see nothing to connect these outrages with any previous crime, it had of late been increasingly apparent to Inspector Ackroyd that the police were up against a new and unsuspected force.

And the staggering thing was that predominantly it was not against Scotland Yard this new and bizarre element was fighting; it was against those wrongdoers whom some flaw in criminal jurisprudence had rendered immune from official punishment.

So that, if his suspicions were as authentic as he had come to believe, he would be required to camp on the trail of one whose life and energy was engaged in putting where they belonged the very type that he himself would have had the utmost satisfaction in seeing in the dock. Almost as much satisfaction indeed—because there was nothing more calculated to arouse this usually placid sleuth's ire than amateur competition—as ultimately he would feel in putting in that same place those responsible for this amended but unofficial Criminal Code.

There was a knock at the door. A uniformed messenger came in and, without speaking, handed him a card.

Ackroyd, leaning as far back in his chair as was permitted by the law of gravity, stretched out and took the card.

Tel. Mayfair 001122.

MR. THEODORE BRAND

1100 Bruton St. W. Bohemian Club

Having assimilated this, he made a characteristic but unrefined noise that intimated he was not impressed.

Included in the gaunt detective's knowledge of the personnel of London's West End was an exact appreciation of the man who now sought an interview. And though as yet the inspector had been unsuccessful in formulating a charge that would assure Theodore Brandt (to employ the pre-war and naturalisation spelling) a residence in prison that would be commensurate with

his career and character, part of that realisation was that this man was of the worst type of swindler and share-pusher.

"Show him up," he instructed curtly, and occupied the next few minutes in speculating as to what particular form of fear brought this unpleasant criminal to the one place he might have been expected to avoid.

There was a tap at the door. It opened to disclose the messenger, who stood aside to allow his charge to enter.

As the visitor hurried across the floor, the inspector, watching him from lowered and expressionless eyes, was impressed by the change that, since he last saw him, that plausible man had undergone.

IN the ordinary way a beaming man this Theodore Brand, with a voice of vehement geniality and wide and expansive gestures. The type, Ackroyd conceded grudgingly, you are inclined instinctively to trust—until you looked into his eyes and read so much of the history he hoped was buried there.

He was not in the least ingenuous, however, as, his wide face mottled and sweat-ridden, he halted pantingly before Ackroyd's desk.

"You are the high official for protection to appeal to, ain't it?" he jerked when he had sufficiently steadied himself. In moments of exceptional excitement he was inclined to deviate a little from the well of pure English.

"It depends on what you want protection from," replied Ackroyd easily, his lazy eyes taking in every line of the man.

Except that his breath came gustily, for a long moment Brand was silent—steady-ing himself for the big revelation the inspector suspected. When, eventually, he spoke, however, it was to launch a surprise.

"No doubt you will my good friend Schumm remember?" he said tentatively. Then, as Ackroyd did not reply: "The man who—who . . ." he recommenced, but broke off. When it was necessary to make any reference to death he preferred to substitute some other and less intimidating term. Now, inspiration burnt up by excitement, he did not immediately continue.

Ackroyd decided to help him out. "I remember a whole lot about him," he said deliberately. "Including that about two-three weeks ago there was a common bond of dry eyes and a refusal to send flowers between Whitechapel and Mayfair."

Simultaneously with the noisy expulsion of long-withheld breath, Brand nodded a head that had too little back to it. Some element Ackroyd was able to read into both sound and action went to render that gaunt man's eyes more closely veiled even than usual.

"Curious, to me, that a feller whose whole career proved so conclusively that that was the one organ he hadn't got should have been pronounced to die of heart-failure," he said unpleasantly, and saw Brand's forehead bespangled suddenly with moisture, and that he was struggling uncertainly for words.

When at last these came, Ackroyd, whom experience had rendered almost shock-proof, had to admit to being startled.

"Heart-failure nothing," Brand cried, his voice as loud as it was uncertain. Ackroyd, however, conveyed no impression of anything more compelling than his customary detachment.

"How do you mean—heart failure nothing?" he demanded with more scepticism than, actually, he felt.

"Schumm was murdered," Brand jerked hoarsely, and swayed a little so that it was necessary for his hands to close about the edge of the writing-table for support.

Unmoved, Ackroyd regarded him through half-closed, deceptively lazy eyes. Actually

there had been so much in connection with the passing of the dead swindler that had struck him as dubious that it was only following upon prolonged consultation with Sir Hedvers Conquest, the Chief Commissioner, that it had been decided to take no official action. And even though Ackroyd had been able to console himself with the reflection that Schumm was better dead, anyway, the circumstances were pigeon-holed very neatly and accurately in his mind.

"What precisely leads you to spring a suggestion like that, Mr. Brand?" he asked. "Any definite grounds, or is it just native dramatic instinct plus a desire to butt in?"

"What would you say," his visitor demanded, after a moment's hesitation, "if I was to tell you that about a couple of weeks before they found him as you saw him—Schumm received a letter threatening that, on a certain day, he'd be put on the spot. And that the day mentioned was the very one when he died?"

As he reached for and filled a short and ill-favored pipe, there was in the inspector's manner nothing but a certain rather bored scepticism.

"I'd say," he said, striking a match, "that, being from Missouri, you've gotter show me."

Brand's thick lips drew back into a sneer. "You've no need to worry about that," he said. "I'll show you all right." And then, because the other's manner had goaded him, as it was intended to goad him: "Because, just as soon as he had that letter, Schumm came to me."

With the realisation of how much more he had been bluffed into saying than had been his intention, he broke off.

Ackroyd, however, remained unmoved. "No need to go all coy," he said imperiously. "It's no news to me you were his partner in that swindle. I haven't been able to prove it to the extent of having a cast-iron case to present in court, or the locale of this interview'd be the 'Awful Place.' But because I can't prove it doesn't prevent me from knowing."

At this, the color in Brand's face approximated a little less closely to putty. Ackroyd heard his quick sigh of relief.

"Then you know wrong," he said blusteringly. "Schumm was just a—an acquaintance—nothing to do with business at all. That was why he rushed to show me the letter; no question of competition, see?" He groped in his pocket. "I've brought it along for you to have a look at."

Ackroyd's only reply was, at arm's length, to take the note between the points of the long paper-scissors. It was a gesture into which he contrived to bring the high water-mark of disparagement.

Headed "London," with the date fifteen days before Schumm's death, the note, on paper that was without distinctive feature or water-mark, had been typewritten on a machine with no single peculiarity of lettering. Following upon a list of names, the smaller proportion of which were in red, and against each an amount in figures:

"Within fourteen days of this date you will refund or cause to be refunded, to each of the firms and individuals enumerated above the sum set out against those names, these being the amounts of which you robbed them, together with the interest at the rate of ten per cent. for one year."

"In connection with such of those names that are typed in red, and wherein doubtless you will be able to recognise those who, due directly to your defalcations, were forced into bankruptcy, you will remit the amount stated to whomever is administering the estate. Additionally, as compensation for inconvenience and mental agony, in the case of each private bankruptcy, you

will remit to the individual concerned an amount similar to that which you have to remit to the trustee, and in the case of limited companies send anonymously to each shareholder—whose names I need not remind you may quite readily be obtained—their due proportion of a corresponding amount.

"Additionally, as a fine for dishonesty and as working expenses to my campaign of restitution and retribution, you will pay to the writer in Bank of England notes, by a method in accordance with which, later, you will receive instructions, a sum that will be the exact equivalent of the gross total thus disbursed."

"Failure rigidly to comply with these instructions will be followed by your sudden and violent death at some period during the day following the expiration of the fifteenth day from dispatch of this letter."

"Fiat Justitia."

Even to the hard-boiled and disillusioned inspector this was something new—Robin Hood in twentieth century guise.

Struck by a sudden thought, he looked up.

"And when it came to a point where either he had to give up his money or his life, what did Schumm do, anyway?"

Brand's thick lips quivered.

"Pretended to laugh it off," he replied. "Said it was just a bluff from one or other of those—er—creditor firms—trying to scare him into giving back." Coughing a little, he checked himself hurriedly.

Ackroyd, his face blank, nodded a gaunt head.

"No need to go all coy," he said practically. "Some of the loot was what you stopped yourself from saying. And it was the right way to put it. What happened on that fourteenth day?"

The Adam's apple in Brand's thick neck quivered; the wide face took on a tinge of grey. To the inspector it was apparent the memory of that particular occasion was more vivid than reassuring.

"Schumm just—died," he said, his voice hoarse and uncertain. "And from no ascertainable cause at that."

CHAPTER 2.

As, breathing heavily, Brand broke off, Ackroyd pressed down the tobacco in his malodorous pipe with an asbestos forefinger.

"When you've sufficiently recovered," he suggested in his level, everyday voice, "suppose you retail the circumstances. They should be interesting."

This time Brand broke into something like a laugh, bitter and unpleasant.

"They were interesting all right, believe me," he said. "He'd finished dinner and gone into his library. When he was settling down into his chair he reached for a cigar from the box on the table by his chair. As he lighted it he pitched face forward to the hearthrug. When they picked him up..."

"It was to find he'd handed in his dinner-pail," Ackroyd concluded brutally, as, gulping, the other broke off. "And no cause for death could be found. No external wound of any kind, and the post-mortem showed no evidence of poisoning—only that he had something of a C3 heart. Marvellous!"

"Heart nothing! That wasn't what caused it."

The assertion came raspingly from somewhere far back in Brand's throat, and now the grey of his face had deepened. His hands were unsteady, and his limbs trembling.

Feverishly then he plunged a hand into his breast pocket to produce a further letter, and this he thrust roughly across the table to the inspector, who at the moment was excavating the sodden tobacco

from the bottom of his pipe bowl with the paper-knife.

"For me?" he enquired disinterestedly, looking up.

"Read it, man, read it!" Brand snarled. Dated some fortnight previously, the letter was on similar paper, and of the same type to the one that a few moments previously he had laid down.

H E read:

If you will carefully examine the cigar-lighter the arch-swindler and robber of the helpless, Schumm, was using at the moment of his elimination, you will ascertain exactly by what means that retributive end was accomplished. If you are not too deeply impregnated with cowardice to do so, as a practical and convincing demonstration I would suggest that you endeavor to use it also. There can be no danger—the instrument was charged only with sufficient poison to effect the immediate purpose in view, and, even if through miscalculation should any minute portion remain unused, as its substance is extremely volatile, by this time it will have evaporated.

This communication then is at once an explanation and a warning. For, if at the expiration of the fourteenth day following upon its receipt you have not completely fulfilled the instructions, for the ignoring of which Schumm was called to his account, a similar retribution—though upon dissimilar lines—will be meted out to yourself.

Within the next few days you will receive instructions as to the method you are to employ for handing over my own proportion of what, I feel sure, you will be prepared to regard as "conscience money."

FIAT JUSTITIA.

Slowly, his gaunt face still expressionless, Ackroyd laid this second letter by the side of the first one.

"Well! Well! Well!" he said amiably. "Quite a litterateur, that feller with the motor car name, isn't he? I suppose he got busy on his typewriter again a few days later?"

There was an element of despair in the quick nodding of Brand's gross head.

"I was to have the cash in notes at a clearly specified time on the top of a certain sarsen stone on the Wiltshire Downs," he said uncertainly, and spreading an ordnance map on the inspector's desk, with spatulate forefinger indicated the exact location. "If, instead of coming through with the money, I advised the police, I should be put on the spot same as Schumm was."

Ackroyd, folding the map into its original creases, instead of handing it back to Brand, slipped it into his writing-table drawer.

"Got that cigar-lighter on you," he asked, "or have you had it refilled to use one someone else?"

Brand either ignored or failed to notice the insult.

"I happen to be trustee under Schumm's will," he said, and, producing the gold and ornately diamond-studded fob from his pocket, laid it on the table.

"You would be," Ackroyd said, and put on a pair of thick but dissipated gloves he took from the writing-table drawer. Then, gingerly holding the lighter, he pressed the catch that, by releasing the cap, brought the flame into being.

Instantaneously with that cap's release, he felt, thrusting through that protective hand-covering, something that was extremely minute, but of an incredibly fine point. When, a moment later, he came to make an examination, it was to find the glove infinitesimally punctured.

"Real Lucresia Borgia stuff, this!" he murmured admiringly, and pressed the catch of the lighter again. This time, using the blade of his penknife where previously had been his thumb, he saw, swift

as the tongue-stroke of a tiny snake, a needle shoot out and as instantaneously disappear.

"You see?" Brand cried fearfully. Turning a slow glance on him, Ackroyd nodded.

"You know, you coming to ask help from Scotland Yard's pretty much the same as if I was to fly for sanctuary to a Thieves' Kitchen!" he observed dispassionately, and, picking up the second of the two letters that had been the inspiration of Brand's presence, confirmed his impression that this day was the second one following upon the expiration of the time-limit for repayment.

"And here's another thing," he went on, and now his tone had passed from detachment to one more personal. "Having braced yourself to come here, why leave it to the last minute?"

PAUSING, he watched with interest the pulse of sheer terror that like tiny hammer strokes throbbed in the other's forehead.

"It was only this morning I was able to find the lighter," Brand faltered. "Until then I thought that—" he flung out a trembling hand at the letter that had come to himself—"it was just a bluff—that Schumm's death was a coincidence someone in the know about that first letter was taking advantage of to—to get something for nothing."

"You don't think, actually, there's any—any—real danger, Mr. Ackroyd?" he stammered abjectly. "To—to me, personally?"

Ackroyd did not reply immediately, but there was no misreading his air.

"You—you think there's maybe something in that letter?" Brand gasped.

As an intimation that he was not prepared to allow the interview to last indefinitely the inspector knocked out his pipe, put it in his pocket, and sat more upright in the chair.

"Yes—and so do you," he said uncompromisingly. "Otherwise you wouldn't have come here—a place where at the back of what you like to call your mind you've often pictured yourself being interviewed without the preliminary necessity for sending up your card. Do you want protection?"

All the while he had been speaking, Brand's eyes, so small and shallow and terror-dilated, had not left his face.

"Not only do I want protection, I demand it," he said at last. "A man to—to keep me in sight."

"Have a couple—you'll maybe need 'em," Ackroyd replied promptly, and reached for the house telephone.

Johnson and Applegarth, each an outside in detective-constables, presented themselves, received the inspector's instructions, took stock of their man, and left.

"I'll go straight home now," the pallid Brand muttered.

With Detectives Johnson and Applegarth trailing unobtrusively within distance, he passed from the entrance to New Scotland Yard into Whitehall. There, a sick feeling in the lower part of his anatomy and something impeding the free passage of breath to his throat, he glanced fearfully up and down the street.

Nothing suspicious or out of the ordinary; to all appearance what pedestrians were in sight innocuous; no ominous-looking car prowling.

In the state his nerves were in, the only vehicle that brought any addition to his exasperation was the flat lorry coming towards him from Trafalgar Square, and that only because the steel rails with which it was loaded made such an intolerable din as completely to drown all other sounds of traffic. Wasn't there, he demanded of himself petulently, a regulation directed specifically to put a stop to that sort of thing? Characteristically, it did

not strike him as ironic that he should feel annoyance for this minor breach of the law.

Actually what did strike him was something far more material—and deadly. One moment there he was lumbering along the pavement, the next, with a cry of consternation, Applegarth, who was in advance of the two guards, rushed forward. For, without an instant's warning, Theodore Brand had clapped hand to mouth; blindly groping, away forward—forward; then the big knees bent from beneath him, and he was half kneeling, half lying on obese and shapeless heap, in the mud of Whitehall.

IT was the language of that metal-laden lorry, they decided afterwards, that drowned the detonation. Except that it must have been from the road, none knew from whence had come the bullet that made the tiny, purple-rimmed hole in the dead man's forehead.

None, that is, but the pink and smiling man seated so comfortably in the back seat of one of the half-dozen taxis that were speeding in the direction of Parliament Street.

A doctor was sent for, and with Johnson in charge of the body Applegarth went to break the news to Ackroyd. And though for the life of him he could not see where either he or his colleague had failed, it was an interview he did not anticipate with anything within measurable distance of confidence.

For once, however, the lank inspector was sympathetic. "Tough luck," was his comment. "I know you couldn't help it. The trouble I'm likely to have is to induce the Chief to see eye to eye with me."

CHAPTER 10.

THOUGH there was no indication of it in his manner, it was in a father and mother of a temper that Ackroyd returned to his office from an interview with the Chief Commissioner.

With a close personal resemblance to the late Earl Roberts and usually the kindest and most understanding of his kind, on this occasion he had found Sir Redvers Conquest very hot and bothered indeed. He was more so still when, as in duty bound, the inspector gave a categorical account of his interview with Brand, and the dead financier's statement as to the passing of Schumm.

But it was not until he read the two "Fiat Justitia" letters that the harassed official went really off the deep end.

"What do you think the Press are going to say at a man, under our own protection, being murdered at the very gates of Scotland Yard itself?" he demanded.

"After the way they tooth-combed the dictionary for adjectives over the Pottinger killing," Ackroyd said evenly, "they're going to tear the hide off us, if I may use the expression. Because, of course, the same man's responsible for the two murders—and for Schumm's as well."

From below snow-white tufted eyebrows, the Chief Commissioner shot a keen glance at him.

"I'd like you to enlarge on that theory, Inspector," he said, more evenly than he had yet spoken. "Forget I'm Chief Commissioner for the time being, smoke your pipe—I planned several gas attacks during the war, so it won't worry me—and just follow the sequence of events that led you to that suspicion."

ACKROYD nodded, respectfully and appreciatively. There was a very warm personal attachment between these two, and a close understanding, so that though by no means the senior officer on the Criminal Investigation side, the gaunt and laconic Yorkshireman was able

to open out to the little martinet in a man-to-man attitude that no superintendent ever had succeeded in establishing.

"However, fantastic the idea may seem to you, sir," he said slowly, "just lately I've become afflicted with the conviction that, working in London here, in a kind of twentieth century Robin Hood, but, unless I'm mistaken, with a distinct leaning towards homicidal mania. A man of brilliant brain who's become obsessed with the wide gaps in our Criminal Code as it relates to frauds of a commercial nature. But when, combined with a spot of blackmail, it comes to a feller not only administering a private code of his own, but killing by murder all those who don't see eye to eye with him, it's time the Yard here sat up to demonstrate we're still doing business at the old stand."

"That," the Chief Commissioner remarked dryly, "is precisely the attitude that, with the customary superfluity of adjectives, will be adopted by Fleet Street. And don't forget," he went on gravely, "that I'm due for an interview with the Home Secretary. It doesn't need me to tell you that, on top of the Pottinger case, his reaction to a kidnapping, the serious wounding by stabbing of a police officer, followed by the murder almost on our own precincts of a man supposed to be under our protection, and all within twelve hours or so, will have to be seen to be believed."

He paused, his face more troubled than in all their years of association Ackroyd had seen it.

"Go out after that killer, Inspector," he said at last, "and at all and any cost don't let up until you've put him where he can do no more harm. You are in charge, and with my authority to take any steps you think fit."

Back in his office, Ackroyd sat down and thought hard. Behind the series of crimes, each instantaneously executed, and, until his interview with Brand—himself, now, an addition to the list of victims—inspired by no apparent motive, in each case the murdered man was a criminal outside the law, with the one responsible far too brilliant to make one of the stereotyped mistakes through which 99 per cent of offenders are brought to the dock. Incredible as, in Ackroyd's experience, it was, in that chain of dead there had been left behind not one suggestion as to who was the slayer.

He was aroused at last by a knock on the door. It was his immediate assistant, Detective-Sergeant Broadbribb, who was looking puzzled but interested.

"There's a couple of—of gentlemen, by appointment," he said seriously. "A Lord FitzRalph and a Mr. Fortescue. Am I to show 'em up, sir?"

AS though resigning himself to the worst, Ackroyd nodded a gaunt lead.

"I suppose so," he said pessimistically. "Perhaps there's a thousand-to-one chance they'll have some slight grounds for suspecting some 10 per cent. of what they'll unload as Bible-sworn fact. Even at the worst they can't know less than I do myself, and so far's concerns this case I'm not even a good guesser."

"Lord FitzRalph and Mr. Hillary Fortescue, sir," the sergeant announced a few moments later, holding the door for the two to pass through. Unless forearmed with an extensive knowledge of that deceptive man, no one could have suspected the assimilative quality of the slow and apparently disinterested glance the gaunt detective gave them as they crossed the floor.

"And what," the inspector said, "may I have the pleasure of doing for Lord FitzRalph?"

"First of all," replied the visitor, who was not unaccustomed to recognition by strangers, "you can let me introduce you to Mr. Hillary Fortescue—a lad, I don't mind

telling you," he added confidentially, "who, instead of in your own office, you should be interviewing in hospital."

THE inspector shook hands.

"Any story of blood and slaughter appeals to me, either here or in a hospital," he said, his gaunt length well back in his chair. "Smoke if you want to, but omit no detail however apparently irrelevant. All detectives say that—it's part of the formula."

Categorically, in detail, but with characteristic absence of elaboration, Hilary told of all those strange adventures that had come to him since his landing in England.

"If you don't mind," the detective said quietly when the tale was complete, "I'd like a description of that man Sainter. In detail, as if you knew every hair of his head by its middle name. And one of the dago servants."

When, in response to that demand, Hilary drew acutely upon his recollection, it was to discover the personality of his late host stamped as clearly upon his recollection as an engraving upon steel. When, also, he rounded off that word-picture with an insistence upon all the tiny peculiarities of voice and manner that are the soul of personality, it was to hear Ackroyd expel a long-withheld breath.

For in that commendably photographic description to which so intently he had listened, incredulously at first, but with ever-increasing surety, Ackroyd had come to recognise the chubby and benevolently cheerful gentleman as the one who, at the acquittal of Adolf Pötzinger, had expressed doubt as to the late prisoner's good fortune. Nor did it escape his quickly-moving thoughts that within a few minutes of that intriguing mistrust, Adolf Pötzinger had been a very dead man indeed—of cyanide of potassium introduced into the end of a Corona cigar by a newly-appointed warden in charge of prisoners' effects, and of whose whereabouts following the return of those belongings to their owner had been discovered no trace at all.

"Sainter, you say his alleged name is?" he went on to repeat. "It was Oliver when he bought all that slum property at Poplar, turned out the bitterly protesting tenantry, and housed 'em in a block of workmen's model dwellings he'd previously built for the purpose—and at a rent so low every member of the Property Owners' Association ordered an image of him in wax so they could stick pins in it. At that time he had a pretty large flat in Artillery Mansions, Victoria Street."

The inspector reached a bony hand for the telephone.

"I think we'll go out to Greensward Lodge," he said.

CHAPTER II.

INSPECTOR ACKROYD spoke into the telephone, and a few moments later Sergeant Broadribb reappeared.

"Cars here, sir," he announced.

"I'll go first, with you in charge of the second," Ackroyd instructed. "Avoid the risk of arrest for furious loitering, do you mind? Seven men, have you detailed?"

"That was what you instructed, sir," said the red-haired, freckled sergeant, who was six feet two and slightly broader in proportion.

"Then let's get on with it," said Ackroyd, and reached for his hat.

Nothing more innocuous could well have been imagined than the appearance of Greensward Lodge, Sainter's home, as, having parked the cars on the quiet road outside the gates, Inspector Ackroyd and his party turned the angle of the drive to the shallow terrace that fronted the house. The day was delightfully warm and sunny, the green lawns closely mown and trimmed,

the flower beds in full bloom. But about the whole house and grounds was neither sound nor sign of life.

"Everything in the garden's lovely," Ackroyd remarked dryly, running his lazy eyes over that unresponsive facade. "I wonder if the same applies to the inside."

"Seems to me like a bad woman made up to look pretty," that dour and forthright Yorkshireman continued as he stepped forward to the door. There, rather to Hilary's surprise, he neither rang nor knocked. Instead, his knobby fingers closed over the handle.

To Hilary's greater surprise still, the door yielded. As the inspector swung it open, Sergeant Broadribb brushed past him.

Never afterwards was Hilary able with any clarity to reconstruct what so instantaneously followed; the whole thing was too unutterably horrible. One second there, at the head of the file of men, keen, alert, purposeful, was the broad and splendid form of Detective-Sergeant Broadribb. The next, like an inept diver, the whole bulk of the man seemed to plunge forward and downward; there was a frantic scuffling of heavy-soled shoes.

Then, as though the novice had clumsily overbalanced, in a sweeping arc, head and shoulders disappeared. Mingling inseparably with his frenzied cry came a hollow, reverberating clang as the trapdoor that had given to his weight crashed against the wall of the shaft.

Nor did Hilary ever know how long it was before any one of them made a move; did anything at all, in fact, but with numbed and speechless horror stare blankly each into the face of his neighbor. And when at last the inspector took the situation in hand, his voice hoarse and dry and a thought uncertain, came from lips that were uncertain, too.

"You fellows stand back—right back," he ordered, "while I see."

WITH unsteady hand he produced an electric torch, moving carefully to the opening shone it low. And as in the bright sunshine that streamed through the door from that flower-bedecked garden, he was able to distinguish what that space held, his customarily immobile face was infused with such deep-seated and inextinguishable anger that, hard-boded as years of rough usage had rendered him, Hilary, too, turned cold. Nor, when at last he spoke, did Ackroyd's voice, low and bitter, do anything to dissipate that horror.

"Step forward, fellows," he said in a voice that all his years of training were unable to keep within control, "and take a glance at hell."

And as cautiously they peered into the depths, in the combined light of their torches shudderingly they saw that the collapse of the trapdoor had precipitated Sergeant Broadribb face downward to a chevaux-de-frise of spikes that, when later these came to be examined, proved to have been ground to razor-edged spear-points.

At last, as, white-faced, they drew back from the death-trap, Ackroyd turned his stricken face to them.

"He can't be anything but dead," he said, and miraculously he had collected himself. "He must be pierced in twenty different places. So the only thing left is to collect him . . . Go and find me a rope, one of you."

There was one in an outhouse near the garage, and it was characteristic that before trusting himself to it Ackroyd should have examined every inch of its length. Satisfied at last, however, and supported by their full strength, he was lowered into the shaft.

Lord FitzRalph, his usually pleasant face as grim now as that of the inspector, followed, and together they released the body. Mercifully one of the longer and keener

spikes had penetrated the heart, so that the victim's shriek must have been cut off by death.

Together they carried the dead man into the hall and reverently placed him on a cottee. As Ackroyd turned away from covering the still face he said quietly:

"Not so long ago there was a Commissioner sitting right here in London to determine whether or not to abolish capital punishment. If they'd asked me, I'd have told them that, whereas in the majority of murders I'm all for it, at odd times come across killers who on no account should be hanged. And this, I may tell you, is one of them."

The words came so quietly, and with such admirable restraint, that for a moment Hilary and FitzRalph were deceived. Then the inspector concluded: "Because what could think out for the man who kills, Broadribb would make death by the dislocation of the third clavicle veritable hell like a day at a Fun City."

He stood for a moment in thought.

"Now we'd better take a look-see through the house," he said at last. "And the only thing we're likely to find is trouble, and after the style we've just seen. Because it's a dead sure thing that the man—I call him that because I can't think of anything bad enough to fit him—with the type of brain that contrived the particular form of hellishness that killed poor Broadribb—won't likely to have left anything of a clue to his present address, if any."

Cautiously testing what lay immediately in front of and behind each door before standing well back, he opened it, they explored rooms and passages.

The only room where there was the least sign of disarrangement was one on the first floor of an annex to the east wing, and that, to judge from its furnishing, had been used as a study.

But here, indeed, were indications of the haste of sudden departure; drawers pulled out and not replaced, the contents tossed carelessly here and there as discarded; blanks in the bookshelves where volumes had been taken down and not replaced; the door of a filing cabinet—so as not to clash with its surroundings, especially made in old mahogany—swinging on its hinges.

"Take all but Adams and Porter and make a close search of the grounds," Ackroyd ordered; and to the two who were the drivers named, "Porter will bring his car to the garage here to find out why she's knocking. I noticed the engine on the trip from London. . . . Hullo—here's one habitual criminal that hasn't made his getaway any way!"

HE bent to stroke the cat which, having appeared from some mysterious aerie of its own, was stropping a sleek back against his trousers.

"Reticent animals, cats—except, of course, to their girl friends," he remarked, and watched the tabby as, tail erect, it stalked over to the hearthrug and, having selected the most inviting spot, curled luxuriously to sleep. "I bet this feller could tell us a lot if only he could open out."

Even when his subordinates had left to carry out orders, the inspector continued for a few moments silently to regard the room. Long and narrow, two sides were taken up by the book-cases. At one end was the door, and the other, panelled in mahogany, with at the corner of each square a magnificently carved Tudor rose, was unoccupied.

His inspection was broken into at last by Lord FitzRalph.

"If you don't mind, I think I'd rather like to scout around on my own for a bit," he suggested. "Probably it's frightful cheek, but I can't quite rid myself of the idea that, even though we've been through the whole place, we haven't seen all there is. In other words, as Mr. Robey says,

there's more in this joint than meets the eye."

Busy with his own thoughts, Ackroyd's consent was only casual.

"Just as you say," he said abstractedly, for, with every moment he was becoming more impressed with the conviction that, harmless as from its outer aspect this room appeared, once he was able to penetrate below the surface he would find something well worth the search. And, judging from the disorder, it would be according to luck whether that search was long or short.

FitzRalph left, and, with Hilary hovering discreetly in the background, Ackroyd passed slowly to the writing table, and, beginning at the left hand top drawer, began methodically to go through the contents.

Suddenly he looked up.

"Why not take a look at the books, Mr. Fortescue?" he suggested.

"Splendid," said Hilary, more than anxious for anything that, however remotely, would help in tracing the one girl who counted or mattered.

"Take each in turn," the inspector instructed. "Begin from the first book on the top left-hand shelf, and work downwards. Have a good look at each volume in turn—don't miss one."

As, having moved the ladder to the required position, Hilary was in the act of mounting, he heard the police car back into the yard upon which the room abutted. Then, oddly distinct, there was the sound of it backing into the garage. Two or three minutes later, as he was turning over the leaves of the fourth volume in the row, came the loud beat of an engine, footsteps, and the sound of voices, all appearing to originate from immediately behind the panelling at the unoccupied end of the room.

Slowly, lazily, but with an odd impression of alertness, Ackroyd looked up from the papers he had laid out on the desk.

"Suffering Saul!" he exclaimed. "The garage must be immediately behind that wall—that's less a wall than a partition." The lazy eyes narrowed, and for a moment the gaunt face was intent. "Now why in Sam Hill," he said ruminatively at last, "did Oliver or Sainter, or whatever his non-de-crime happens to be at the moment, choose to build his garage close to his library, where you'd think what he'd need more than anything is silence?"

Though he said nothing more for the moment, as he turned that gaunt face once more to his papers, it seemed to Hilary, watching him, that he was attending less to what lay before him than ruminating over the influence that from the first had struck him in the atmosphere of this quiet room.

Well, that was Ackroyd's pigeon. All he himself could do was continue his own job. So, on top of his ladder, he went on systematically to run his fingers through the leaves of each volume in turn.

One factor he observed as he passed from one volume to another: all had one thing in common. However indirectly the guiding thought behind each was an indictment of individual wealth and rebellion against the social or spiritual order of the time in which it was written.

The contents of the shelves appearing to have so intimate a bearing on the attitude of mind of the one they were out to trace, it occurred to him it might be as well to bring them to the attention of Inspector Ackroyd. And, as for this purpose, he turned to look down at that lank figure. It was to receive such a shock it was only by an instinctive clutch at the ladder head he was able to check himself from falling.

CHAPTER 12.

INSPECTOR ACKROYD was slumped face downward across the desk. And what little of his countenance remained visible was a ghastly pale leaden

color, the eyes, glazed and without life, staring unseeing at nothing.

For a moment, as though literally stricken with the sudden and so wholly unanticipated horror of it, Hilary remained staring speechlessly at that rigid and so obviously lifeless figure. Then, with a supreme effort collecting himself, as swiftly as his wounded shoulder permitted, he swarmed down the ladder.

Two steps across the floor, however, and he jerked to a halt; in that momentary hiatus he had caught sight of that which, because of the inspiration that enabled him to correctly interpret it, so certainly saved his life. The cat, lying immovably on the hearthrug.

Even in that first quick glance he was able to realise in the attitude that, far from the sinuous pliability of sleep, this sleek tabby was stiff and rigid. And when, quickly, he came to make a more intensive examination, he saw from whence that strange impression of immobility was derived.

The cat had ceased to breathe.

AS he stood there, a cold sweat breaking out on him, the monotonous beat of the Wellesley car came to him, though now without the accompaniment of the voices. It struck him, also, that it was quite a few minutes since last he had been aware of them—a fact that in the ordinary course he would have attributed to the circumstance that having completed their repairs the two officers had attached themselves to the posse who were searching the grounds.

In this case, however, that wouldn't do. Ackroyd's instructions had been definite that once the car was ready it was to be driven back to the road, and since he had heard it backed into the garage not for a moment had the engine ceased to throb.

Another arresting thought, this. Because you can't repair an engine while it is running. And if they had found occasion to leave the garage, why had those two expert mechanics not switched off the engine? In tune with that persistent throbbing on the further side of the wall, the question came again and again so that almost instinctively he turned his head in the direction of the sound.

And as he did so, suddenly the breath caught sharply in his throat. Covering each end of the panelling was a flimsy Indian curtain, and so rhythmically to and from the wall was the lower portion of this awaying. It was as if it was keeping time to the beat beyond.

It was this last thought that, in a flash of revelation, brought solution—also, in all probability saved the life of Inspector George Albert Ackroyd. For from that instant Hilary acted with speed and decision.

Holding his breath, and despite the quick stab of pain the action brought to his shoulder, he hipped the limp, gaunt form of the detective from the chair and flung it across his shoulders, staggered with him down the corridor to the door and into the open air. There, lowering his burden, he expelled the air from his lungs and, gratefully and in great gulps, breathed in a fresh supply. Then, shouting to the others for help he began the work of artificial respiration.

And hard work it was; grey faced, lank, strong body inert, the inspector was very far gone. It was while Hilary still sweated and gasped from the sheer muscular exertion of the job that a voice came from behind him.

"Moose's moccasins, what's happened?"

Hilary turned to discover FitzRalph.

"Gassed, and badly. Lend a hand, will you," he replied shortly.

It was a long time before they were able to detect the first sign of life; a further

delay before dazedly, but even then with a suggestion of the old humor in the lazy eyes, the inspector was able to sit up.

"Apart from a head like an inexpertly-filled gasometer, what might be the matter with me?" he demanded unsteadily, and so far as he was able to diagnose Hilary told him.

"But where in Sam Hill did the gas come from?" Ackroyd protested, his voice still uncertain.

"As soon as you're able to walk," Hilary said grimly, "I think I'll be able to show you. You'll find it interesting."

"Once I'm on my feet I'll walk ten miles if necessary," he reassured them.

In spite of many resolute attempts, however, it was a good quarter of an hour before he was able to move off, and even then but uncertainly, so that they were obliged to help him to the garage where the car engine still throbbed rhythmically.

Here Hilary passed directly to the far end, to where the car was backed, bent to peer down at a point a few inches from the floor. And as he made his examination his expression changed to one that comes only with the vindication of a long-shot theory.

"Have a look at this," he said, raising himself to the upright and pointing.

As, rather precariously, he dropped to his haunches, into Ackroyd's face came a look that was a restrained mingling of comprehension, professional appreciation for a master mind, and an abiding anger. He had seen that to the exhaust-pipe of the car was attached a length of tubing which, passing through a hole in the wall, extended into the library beyond.

"That diverting of the carbon monoxide from the exhaust to within a few feet of the library desk shows pretty good staff-work all right," he said, at length addressing himself to the as yet unenlightened FitzRalph. "We've to hand 'em that all right. So good, in fact, that if Mr. Fortescue here had been on the ground instead of standing on top of a ladder—to where the heavy gas couldn't reach—there'd have been two fresh slabs under occupancy in the Hampstead mortuary. Carbon monoxide being both tasteless and colorless, we should have passed out—as in my own case, of course, actually happened—and within a very few minutes have handed in our dinner-pails."

HIS face expressionless, eyelids half lowered, he paused.

"But now that the angels have decided to take 'No' for an answer," he added, "what I'm immediately concerned with is how Sainter and his crowd were able to put it over. In other words, while this arrangement was being fixed, where were Porter and Adams? It doesn't look too good to me."

More firmly than a few moments previously had seemed possible, he strode to the door, produced a whistle, and blew it vigorously. There was a hail from somewhere not far away, followed by the pounding of heavy footsteps. A few moments and the sergeant arrived, panting, and with him the larger number of his men.

"Have you seen anything of Adams or Porter?" Ackroyd asked quietly, for neither of these was of the party.

Startled, the sergeant, whose name was Bird, shook his head.

"No, sir," he said promptly. "I thought they were in the garage here."

"Go and find . . ." Ackroyd began, but broke off, turning sharply at the low cry that came from Hilary, to whom it had occurred that, to render the library safe for further exploration, it would be as well to switch off the car engine. In stepping on to the footboard more conveniently to put his hand through the window, he had happened to glance into the tonneau. Ackroyd saw that the knuckles of the hand

gripping the door stood out with the same whiteness as had come to his face.

Hilary pointed a shaking finger of his uninjured hand.

"Look!" he cried hoarsely.

His own face controlled in advance, the inspector stepped forward, swung open the car door, and for a pregnant moment stood rigid.

Sprawled starkly across the seats within lay the two drivers, and from the cheek of each protruded a tiny, tufted dart.

Ackroyd took one look, and swung round on Sergeant Bird.

"First aid, and quick about it," he snapped. "One of you phone for a doctor."

The youngest and most active constable left at speed.

"Not," Ackroyd added, after he had felt the unresponsive pulses and listened for heart-beats that did not come, "that the whole Medical Register'd be able to help these poor chaps; I've seen death too often not to know it at sight."

He turned again to Sergeant Bird.

"You saw no trace of anyone, in the grounds or elsewhere?" he asked quickly. The sergeant shook his head.

"Not a hint or sign of a soul, sir," he said definitely.

Ackroyd looked down at the still figures of his murdered men.

"They were there, or here, anyway; they couldn't have materialised out of thin air," he pronounced savagely. "And not so blame many minutes ago, either; we weren't in the library all that long." His half-closed eyes travelled from one to the other of the little group. "Even now we're one short," he said suddenly. "Where's Lord FitzRalph?"

THEY looked at each other dubiously. It was Sergeant Bird who replied.

"He was here a minute ago," he said. "Full of information, you," Ackroyd rasped. "And you're doing no good here, anyway. Take your men into the grounds and put every blade of grass through a fine toothcomb. I'll wait here for the doctor."

The search, in which Hilary assisted, revealed nothing. The only unusualness about the whole premises, indeed, was a large, artificially-heated room that had been made by knocking two large coach-houses into one. Here the walls were surrounded by cages of all sizes; in them a collection of the smaller tropical birds, animals, and reptiles, all in admirable condition, sufficient in quantity to stock a small zoo; monkey, marmoset, mongoose, chipmunk, birds of paradise, lyrebirds, Canadian bluebirds, Chinese pheasants, gorgeously-colored lizards, and an infinite variety of snakes. Almost without exception the specimens were so friendly to these strangers as to prove the kindness of their treatment.

Ackroyd grunted when the result of their search was reported to him. The doctor had come and gone—having been able to do nothing but confirm the death of the two constables.

"Meanwhile, I'm getting back to the Yard," the inspector said. "I've an interview with the Chief Commissioner ahead of me, and, as it's not a chat I'm looking forward to with any particular pleasure, the sooner it's over the better." He glanced at one of the remaining constables. "You'll drive, Wilkins. Take the car in the garage. We'll meet you at the gates."

If their progress down the drive was not distinguished by hilarity, they had still less cause for light-heartedness when they reached the road. However trained to self-suppression, the inspector needed all of it there was available. Even then, grim and voiceless, he stood for a moment before he was able to command himself.

The second car had gone. With no soul in sight from whom to make inquiries, slowly and without sign of emotion other than that the line of his

jaw was more rigid perhaps than usual, Ackroyd swung round slowly to Hilary.

"I'd give a couple of months of what's humorously known as my pay to know which of those two swiped that car," he said levelly.

"What two do you mean?" Hilary inquired, surprised.

The reply came with more deliberation even than was customary from the laconic Ackroyd.

"Lord FitzRalph or the feller who murdered my three officers," he said.

Illogically, Hilary found himself resenting this. To the last degree inexplicable as was FitzRalph's disappearance, the confidence he had come to feel for that self-contained Samaritan convinced him that at least there was good reason for it, and but for the interruption furnished by the throb of powerful cylinders and scraping of tyres on gravel as the newly-repaired car swung out of the drive, would have had no hesitation in saying so.

"Pull up at the nearest call office," the inspector ordered as they climbed aboard, and from the A.A. box that, some three-quarters of a mile away, stood at the junction of this byroad with the one that led directly to London, gave a description of the purloined car, and instructions if and when found as to how the occupant or occupants were to be dealt with.

"Not," he said pessimistically, as he rejoined Hilary, "that it'll be any darn good."

"How's that?" Hilary asked quickly.

"Because it'll be empty," prophesied the inspector as one who knew. A forecast that, in common with the bad luck that from the beginning of this appalling case had conspired to blight each effort in turn, was to prove only too accurate.

It was not far down the Finchley Road that, with a sudden exclamation more excusable than printable, Hilary grabbed the inspector's arm.

"There you are!" he shouted and pointed.

CHAPTER 13.

PULLED in neatly to the kerb was the police car. When they came to examine it, it was to discover it unoccupied, nor was there any clue as to who had driven it there.

"Still, there may be some fingerprints or other evidence not visible to the naked eye," Ackroyd said, unconvincedly, as he climbed to the driving-seat. Adding, cynically, "I don't think. And with me having put every officer in London on the qui vive for just this very car, our ride to Cannon Row's going to be just from one policeman to another."

Between there and the Embankment, indeed, they were pulled up a good score of times, and on each occasion Ackroyd cursed and complimented the policeman in the same breath.

His stabbing apprehension as to what, in all this interminable delay, was happening to Sally, becoming with each moment more acute, to Hilary the journey was funeral. When eventually he was left in Ackroyd's office what time that still non-apologetic official went to keep his appointment with the Chief Commissioner, as near as made no matter he gave way to despair. In the light of the smiling Sainter's methods, this further call on his endurance was to the last degree intolerable.

Nor when at last Ackroyd returned was the lank man's attitude calculated to raise his spirits.

"If something doesn't break for us soon, it'll be me that'll be broken," he said; "if to be led out and shot at dawn does break you, that is. Already news of what no doubt they'll headline as 'The Hampstead Holocaust' has reached the papers, so that every culture in Fleet Street's waiting outside the Yard here to scotch on the carcass—I'm the carcass. I found the Chief Commissioner biting pieces out of the fur-

niture from what the Home Secretary had just finished unloading on him... He broke off as the telephone buzzed; wearily lifted the receiver.

THAT, however, was the last sign of indifference he displayed. Hilary observed how suddenly the gaunt frame stiffened, the controlled alertness of him. Then for a few moments that seemed so terribly long drawn-out, he listened to a dialogue wherein, at his own end, the only contribution, and at extended intervals, consisted of some sharply drawn question.

"We'll be with you," the inspector said at last, "just as soon as our fastest car can carry us. Until then, content yourself with doing nothing at all."

He replaced the receiver, and turned to Hilary, who at the suggestion of action had sprung to his feet.

"This is where we get busy again, my lad," he said, and in the lazy eyes was a gleam. "Wait a bit, though, while I phone." Then into the receiver: "Instruct Detective-Sergeant Oates to come to my room at once."

Chin sunk to chest, heavy lids veiling his eyes, bony legs stretched before him, Ackroyd did not speak again until, following a knock on the door, Sergeant Oates entered.

Oates proved to be a fresh-faced and fair-haired giant, who appeared to have adopted as his life's slogan the maxim that speech was given to conceal thought. Except at rarest intervals to ask a question, each framed in the minimum of words, he listened to all Ackroyd told him without comment or movement.

Finally, the inspector scribbled a list of names that he handed to his subordinate.

"These men good enough for the job?" he inquired.

The sergeant's quiet eyes examined the list for a good three minutes. Then he gave back the paper to Ackroyd.

"No better men at the Yard or elsewhere, sir," he said with decision.

"Good!" Ackroyd said, equally business-like.

"Have them choose suitable disguises and report to me. Not outside, but in the office here. I want to give them a look over, and their operation orders, and to make sure they've got them right."

When the sergeant had saluted and left, Ackroyd moved over to a wardrobe-like cupboard which stood in a corner of the room, and from the large and representative assortment of clothing hanging there selected coat, vest, trousers, shirt, boots, muffler, and hat, each separate article as it was produced dangled and more outworn than the one previously selected.

And, having chosen his own, he picked out a similarly uninspiring assortment for Hilary.

"Get into these—you'll need 'em—if you're coming along to the scene of conflict, that is," he said.

"Believe me," Hilary said, and even in speaking beginning to undress, "it'd take more than a change of costume to keep me from any place where there's a chance of a few words with Sainter."

"The prospective star guest at the forthcoming Pentonville necktie party who murdered my two boys," announced the inspector as he dressed, "appears to've been your friend from the Philippines."

This did not come to Hilary as any great surprise. "I shouldn't wonder if you're right," he said bitterly.

There was, however, a genuine surprise in store.

"It seems," Ackroyd went on conversationally, "that Lord FitzRalph caught a glimpse of the little dago anaking out of the summer-house in a corner of the grounds—the one nearest the boundary wall. His lordship's first stirring impulse was to break from cover and put it across him

straight away, and no questions asked. Fortunately for the course of justice and the continued appearance of my monthly pay envelope, better counsel prevailed, as they say in the thrillers. As, by a stroke of luck, the dago hadn't spotted him, it struck FitzRalph that if he followed along there was a pretty good chance he might be led straight to the new headquarters."

At this clear demonstration, not only of his new friend's good sense, but of his enterprise and courage, Hilary, a large proportion of the dead-weight of impotence lifted from his heart, beamed appreciation.

"Splendid chap!" he cried. "And then what did he do?"

"What," Ackroyd said, "it had come into his mind to do—and apparently with some small amount of skill. He followed—but not as you might say directly. As the dago was swarming over the wall, obviously FitzRalph couldn't make for the same place. Instead, hoping to find cover until they struck the ordinary traffic, he hared down the drive to the road. Only, as the dago dropped over the wall, to run into a snag that, if he hadn't shown the initiative that'd make him a success even as a policeman, would have scuppered him from that moment."

That was good again. Hilary liked to hear Scotland Yard's most outstanding successful detective handing it to this new friend of his.

"And that snag was?" he questioned, as the inspector paused.

"The fact that the first thing the Filipino made for was a motor cycle he'd cached in the lee of the wall," Ackroyd said dryly. "And unless there was someone camping on his trail, once he was allowed to get his legs across that he'd be over the hills and far away, and with the time that was the very essence of the inquiry gone for good. Casting about for inspiration—I'll be getting lyrical if I'm not careful—he remembered that, just round the corner of the wall was our car—and that by another stroke of luck it was camouflaged to look like one of those mass-production makes that'll pass unnoticed either by a crook or an honest man—if there's any left, that is."

Hilary nodded.

"Good again!" he said. "Only—once he was in it and on the trail, why abandon it?"

"I've hinted to you already," Ackroyd replied, "that that fellow's threatened with intelligence. Anyway, in the mile or two he was driving fifty yards or so behind the Filipino, it seemed to him that more than once the dago glanced round a bit suspiciously. As it didn't do to take chances FitzRalph made up his mind the only thing to do was wait for a traffic block where there was an empty tail, leave his own car, and keep on the trail in that."

"To me," Hilary commented, as the detective paused, "that seems a pretty bright idea."

"But he is bright," the inspector pointed out patiently. "That's what I've been trying to tell you. . . . Anyway, a little further on, he had one of those strokes of luck that've won most of our leading detectives their reputation. It so happened that he came to a cab-rank where he knew every driver by his middle name. Anyway, in about ten seconds he was inside a driver's cap, coat, badge, and cab, and was hitting the trail again."

Now, it seemed to Hilary, that it was in spite of himself the inspector paused. When he looked up it was even more apparent that FitzRalph was a man after his own heart.

But what Hilary needed was action, immediate, and plenty of it.

"What became of Saicho, anyway?" he demanded impatiently.

By way of reply the inspector, who by this, his make-up completed, was so exactly in character that not even his day-to-day intimates could have recognised him for anything but the won't-work-cum-jailbird he was out to represent, drew a large-scale map of London from a drawer at his side, unfolded it, and spread it on the desk in front of him. And as, after poring over it for a moment, the point of his pencil came to rest at the end of the route that had been given him through the telephone, his expression was of one confronted by a problem whose solution remains maddeningly a bare inch from revelation.

"Turned into a house—if such a demesne in that fair neighborhood may be termed—between the New Cross Road and Griffen Street, Greenwich," he said slowly at last, and remained for a long moment motionless and without speaking.

Then, suddenly and for the first time in Hilary's experience of him, that long, immobile face lighted to vividness. More surprisingly still, he brought his clenched fist to the desk with a crash that all but upset the inkpot.

"I knew it'd come if only I went on talking long enough," he cried triumphantly.

"Just what is it you've got?" Hilary questioned, endeavoring to suppress eagerness.

That rare animation dying under pressure from his will, Ackroyd looked at him.

"I've got on to," he said slowly, and as though bringing uncustomarily chaotic thoughts to sequence, "what for the last half hour has been playing blind man's bluff around remote corners of what in moments of enthusiasm I like to call my brain."

His pencil point hovered, and then stopped at a point on the map.

"Here's where the dago went to earth," he went on to explain as Hilary joined him at the table, "and here"—the pencil point travelled a fractional quarter-inch eastward—"in the same street and on the same side of the road are Oliver's Model Dwellings."

"I'm afraid I don't get you," Hilary told him shortly.

Intent, the inspector brooded for a moment.

"What I'm trying to make out," he said slowly, "is why Oliver—who, as you know is your own little playmate, Sainter—should have gone to the trouble and expense of importing a squad of hairy-faced artisans from Albania to work inside the block?"

"How do you know he did?" Hilary asked, spurred to a quickened interest by something in the gaunt man's manner—a certain ever-accumulating excitement that, suppressed as it was, was yet too urgent to be wholly under control.

Pursuing, however, his own line of thought, Ackroyd allowed the question to go by default.

"Two months and more these fellows were here," he said, "and among the whole sixty-odd, not one with a word of English, or any intention of learning. Dumb from the neck up, every baggy-breeched one of 'em."

"Then how did they get on outside—finding their way about the streets, and buying things and so on?" Hilary asked. "I've never heard that the average East Ender makes a speciality of Albanian."

"And there," Ackroyd said, folding the map into its original creases, and replacing it in the drawer, "is where you may be said to've put your finger on the one crucial point. Because, from what I learned later, it was part of their contract they were to be housed inside the building, and never allowed outside. At the time I heard it that didn't mean a thing to me. Knowing the sainted Oliver's procli-

vities, or, at any rate, those he shows to the world, I took it for granted he wasn't having his unspoilt mountaineers exposed to the temptations of our wicked city."

PURPOSEFULLY he got up from his chair.

"But now I know—and let me tell you it's not the first time in my experience a similar thing's happened—that the man, who handed me that apparently useless and irrelevant piece of gossip gave me the one item of information that ever since poor Broadribb's murder I'd have given my eye-teeth and Sunday bed-socks to learn."

He stood for a moment in one of those unanticipated periods of thought that by now Hilary had come to recognise as characteristic. Then, suddenly and without speaking, he went back to his chair, produced and respread the map, and with this as model made a rapid sketch, rough, but astonishingly accurate.

Just as he had finished there was a sound of feet outside, a knock at the door, and Oates ushered in the men who had been detailed for the work on hand.

Though temporarily as typical a bunch of hobos as the four-ale bars and doss-houses of stumdom could have produced, if, in the combined police forces of the world there existed a physically finer lot of men than those who within a few minutes were grouped about Ackroyd's table, it occurred to Hilary he would like to see them. Tall and broad, and steel-hard and mentally alert, the toughs who rough-housed with that bunch and got away with it would have to be very tough indeed.

Ackroyd, however, looked them over with no visible display of enthusiasm.

"I suppose you'll have to do, failing any better," he said, and turned to the map that once more he had outspread across the desk. When they had assimilated the district wherein their work was to lie, he transferred their attention to the more detailed pencil sketch of what he termed "the area of occupation," allotting to each his place and duty.

"Listen, you men," he wound up, his usually indifferent voice crisp and incisive. "In dealing with a killer of Sainter's calibre, and one who keeps a tame assassin on the premises, it won't pay you to take unnecessary chances. From the word go it's gloves off, and no heel-taps. Get me?"

Apparently they did; received the instructions moreover, with every sign of satisfaction.

"Then let's get on with it," Ackroyd said, and they followed him to the cars that were drawn up in the yard outside.

CHAPTER 14.

THOUGH they ignored traffic signals, it took them longer to reach their destination than Hilary had anticipated: perhaps it was in that tense ride that for the first time was brought home to him the vast extent of London.

In a district that was damp and flat and squalid, one by one those plainly-dressed men dropped off the cars; it was against Ackroyd's policy to attract more attention than was necessary.

After, with the same unobtrusiveness, the cars were paraged, Ackroyd and Hilary turned sharply left into High Street. Some distance down this inglorious thoroughfare, sharp right into Dragon Street. A hundred yards of this, and they passed into a street that ran directly towards the railway—a thoroughfare that presented an amazing mixture of the old and pitifully derelict with the machine-made trimness of the ultra-modern. The houses—if those befouled, outworn derelicts of brick hutchies could be so described—were in the last stage

of decrepitude, with no trace of paint on their perished wood, what windows remained unbroken coated and begrimed; doors hanging crazily.

It was from this collection of insanitary disease-traps that, immediately following upon the repatriation of his semi-imprisoned and wholly inarticulate Albanians, the incredible Sainter had transferred the tenants to the accommodation prepared for them on the other side of the street. Here, inconspicuously, was a long line of buildings, so glaring, new, and red-bricked, so up-to-the-minute-trim, they were as though poured from some gigantic mould.

"Oliver's Model Dwellings," Ackroyd pointed out, with a jerk of his head.

"Marvellous!" said Hilary, with sincerity.

FROM the cover of what was left of one of the doorways from across the street a little way ahead, a figure detached itself; hands in holes that once had been pockets, slouched across. A scrubby and, to the ultimate degree, down-and-out dervish, with unclean face and dishevelled hair, whose cap was like an engine rag, with what was left of his boots heelless and gaping at the toes; coat and trousers but the tattered and greasy reminiscences of the gaudy cheapness of their long-ago-emergence from some East End sloop-shop.

When this figure reached the pavement, instead of lurching past, he swung slowly round to fall in beside them, and, in speaking, amazingly revealed himself.

"Beat it about twenty yards ahead," Ackroyd instructed, "and don't bother to look round to see if we're following, because we shall be."

"And that," Lord FitzRalph replied cheerfully, but without relapsing from his slouch, "will be splendid. Especially," he added, with a complacent contemplation of his own repellent person, "as I joined you less for instructions than admiration. An attractive figure, don't you think?"

"Where did you get the Savile Row outfit, anyway?" the Inspector growled.

"Ah, there it was, I'm inclined to think," the pseudo-dervish explained placidly, "where I may be said to have reached the high watermark of genius. Immediately before I telephoned to you, I took the precaution to put a call through to my own man at Virginia Lodge. With commendable quickness on the uptake, he arrived here one-time, complete with tramp-cyclist suit. To waste as little time as possible before making personal application for admittance to the tenancy of one of these desirable suburban residences, I changed in the car."

"You mean," Ackroyd said quickly, "that you've called on Sainter already?"

"Quite, of course, an informal visit," said FitzRalph.

"And a useless one, I'll bet a pretty long shade of odds," Ackroyd said confidently, though Hilary suspected he awaited the reply with some eagerness.

The soiled and, Hilary noticed with distaste, slightly malodorous peer raised grimy eyebrows.

"As ever, your deduction is masterly, Mr. Holmes," he said. "My knock and ring remained unanswered."

"I'll bet!" said Ackroyd confirmatively.

The dejected figure of the peer shuffled off. When he was a few yards in advance Ackroyd strolled casually over to a further figure of similar dishevelment whose shoulders supported the perished wooden shutter that covered what once had been the windows of a tenement, and repeated the instructions he had given in his office. From here, so unobtrusively that only the most interested observer could have suspected purpose behind that lounging tour, he inspected each post in turn—posts that were established in the tenements facing

their objective, and concealed among the equally squalid houses at the back.

ALMOST at the corner of the third of the by-streets, Arbour St., the long block of new dwellings departed materially from type. Here, rearing importantly against the uniform line of the remainder, and still further bedazzled by the electric standard that fronted the entrance, was a veritable model dwelling de luxe, six-story, clean, airy, and in its essential solidity so much more than weatherproof. Now that dark had fallen, there were lights in the various windows; over the rails of fire-escapes wisps of laundry flapping ghost-like in the half light, and while the larger proportion of windows shone dully through lack of occupancy, others were brightly lighted; sometimes a shadow passed across a blind.

They were within a few yards of the entrance now, and more decisively than his normally lethargic movements, Ackroyd swung round on Hilary.

Ahead, Hilary saw FitzRalph reach the entrance and pass by it. Not until they themselves were at the same point was he able to see what, previously, this outstanding building had concealed. Next to it, and fronted by what optimistically had been designed as a strip of front garden, was one of the crassest dwellings in all that crazy street—the only one on that side—forslorn, tumble-down, grime-befouled, and showing no sign of life.

It was when he reached the door of this ruin that FitzRalph paused to light a short and blackened pipe, so that his profile stood out flame-like against the gloom. Then, wraith-like in the unbroken dimness, he shuffled to one side and, propped inertly against the broken railings, stared contemplatively at nothing in particular.

By this, having converged unobtrusively from various hide-ups across the road, other figures had joined Hilary and the Inspector, noiselessly keeping to the shadows, trailed behind as they approached the door. And though in the uncertain light that door bore every evidence of crazy unsubstantiability, when he came to run his hand over the surface Hilary discovered how to the last degree superficial that frailty was.

Without comment, however, Ackroyd produced from his pocket a miniature oil-can and a skeleton-key. From the first he squeezed lubricant into the door-handle and hinges, thrust the key through the keyhole, and, following careful manipulation, succeeded in disengaging the catch.

He turned the handle. It yielded, and inch by noiseless inch, he pushed open the door.

Nothing confronted them but an oblong of not too sweet-smelling but sound-unbroken darkness. He risked a flash from his torch, to discover the door opened directly into what, originally, had been designed as the "parlor," empty, and with no sign of recent occupancy.

With a backward glance at the others to follow, and Hilary close at his heels, he tip-toed into the house. When the last of his men had passed through it was in the same soundless fashion that he reclosed the door.

Comprehensively he swept the tiny room with his torch-beam. There were some remnants of furniture—an uncovered deal table, three or four elmwood chairs, and, on the mantelpiece, in tin candlesticks even dirtier, a couple of dirty wax candles. Reversely, the room itself was not as wholly unkempt as might have been expected.

Noiselessly still they stood for a moment listening. No sound came to them.

SIGNING to the others to wait, the Inspector passed through into the room beyond, but in a few moments

wherein the only sign of his presence was the flicker of his torch-beam here and there about walls and flooring, he was back with them.

"No cellar," he whispered, "so now I'm going to have a look-see upstairs. Alone, so that if I happen to run into a rough-house there'll be reinforcements at hand."

But these last few minutes had been too much for Hilary's fortitude. Here he was under, probably, the same roof as Sally, and she enduring heaven knows what. And now he was asked to stand about while someone else went into the very heart of things. Simply, it wasn't good enough. He sprang forward.

"No—me!" he said, and before the detective could protest, pistol at the ready, was four treads up the stairs.

There he paused; it was so dark it was necessary to risk a flash from his torch. This showed him that the flight opened to a tiny landing having doors on either side.

Swiftly, but, to reduce the risk of creaking treads, keeping well to the wall, he negotiated the remainder of the flight.

At the top, with no sign that his presence had been detected, or, indeed, that there was any one there to detect it, he paused outside the door to the left, examined it by torch and touch.

No result, and his fingers told him why; the door, that from the feel was of a construction and state of repair in strange variance with the dilapidation elsewhere, fitted so closely in its frame that no glimmer of light could penetrate through. Nor was there a keyhole.

But as, motionlessly, he stood there, it seemed to him that, very slightly, the silence was disturbed, and that the sound came from the other side of the door.

And when, stepping forward, he pressed his ear to the panel, his heartbeats accelerated. Muffled almost to extinction as it was, the sound was unmistakable.

Voices and, more occasionally, the clink of a glass.

CHAPTER 15

FOR what probably was three minutes, but that seemed to him more like a quarter of an hour, he stood there straining to distinguish each voice as it came, and, in particular, if one of them was that of the amiable Mr. Sainter. Or—the blood thrummed in his ears at the thought—Sally.

But it was quite impossible; the sound was too muted even to convey an idea of how many were speaking; there might have been two, or half a dozen, in the room beyond.

His hand went to the handle; taut in his grasp, there was small fear of it rattling. Fractional inch by fractional inch then he turned it until, having reached its limit, he could turn no more.

Then, with the essence of caution, and to a very small extent indeed, he pushed. The door yielded. Instantaneously, then, with his left hand he flung the door to its widest, the revolver in his right, passed inside.

At the head of a bare deal table, and furthest from the door, the fingers of his enormous drab-blue hand curled about a thick glass tumbler, and a cigarette drooping pendulously from enormous empurpled lips, sprawled the half-caste, Chimp Fargus who on the previous night had retrieved Sally for the retribution of that blood-lustful altruist, Septimus Sainter.

Had it not been for the gigantic proportions of that leader the remaining members of the quartet sitting there might have been accounted to the last degree formidable. No one of them was below six feet in height, nor of a build not to scale, and, judging from their features and expression of a mentality that would have made Attila look like a churchwarden,

Even in the tense preoccupation of the moment it occurred to Hilary that certainly Sainter was an expert in selecting his "droppers."

WITH the slamming open of that door there had come the clatter of chair-legs on boards, but at the sight of the dishevelled and blazing-eyed apparition who, a large revolver pointed steadily at the chest of Chimp Fergus, had impinged into their midst, it seemed to occur to them that to-morrow, also, was a day, for with one movement they sank back into their chairs. Regarding him, their jaws dropped and their eyes boggled.

"Put 'em up," Hilary said, and there was that in his voice that carried conviction.

With commendable promptitude the arms of the others shot upwards, only the left arm of Chimp Fergus followed suit. With the other he made a lightning dive for the automatic pistol that was on the table at his side.

This was no moment for hesitation, and Hilary was commendably prompt. Calamitous as the explosion might prove, there was nothing else for it, and Hilary shot. The bullet, that after carrying away the first joint of the sausage-like finger, ricocheted from the table to bury itself in the wall behind, deterred Chimp Fergus from any extension of enterprise. With a bellow of mingled rage and agony the column-like arms shot up.

"You—ill—" he blubbered, but at what he read from Hilary's eyes broke off abruptly.

From the instant of the pistol-shot Hilary had been aware from the tramp of feet that, caution discarded, those left below were swarming up the stairs. A moment, and, though he was too wise to take his eyes from those at the table to discover exactly who those were, Hilary heard them grouping through the door. A further instant still and Inspector Ackroyd was on one side of him and the tattered-demon figure of Lord FitzRalph at the other.

"And very nice, too," Ackroyd remarked complacently. "All old college chums together, what?" His lazy eyes travelled from one to the other of them. "Chimp Fergus and Tuppy Wang, Mick the Malay, and the Yellow Peril—each with a crime-record long enough to choke a goat. Although," he added reproachfully, his glance resting once more upon Fergus, "I'm surprised at you, Chimp. Yes, hardened as I am, I'll admit to a certain mild astonishment at having to 'knock you off your perch.' Up to now I've never known you charged with anything more reprehensible than 'knocking off' an odd car or two, absent-minded like, and on the spur of the moment."

Suddenly his voice hardened.

"But now I'm taking you on a real charge," he said definitely. "You're in for trouble, Chimp, with a big T, all wool and a yard wide." He paused, and when he spoke again, for one customarily so self-contained the look in his eyes was revealing. "And if I can prove you had any hand in what happened in Hampstead yesterday you're going to take the eight o'clock walk if I have to pull the lever myself."

Fergus, his flattened, high cheekbones face laden-colored with fear, growled.

"What you got on us, Ackroyd? And where's your warrant, anyway?" he growled, almost inarticulate.

If the expression that brought such grimness to his gaunt face could be said to constitute a smile, then Ackroyd smiled.

"I don't need a warrant to pull a man for shooting with intent," he said briefly, with an explanatory jerk of his head to indicate Hilary's wounded shoulder. "Or as accessory after the fact in five separate killings, even if, in more than one, you weren't actually the principal." His thumb and forefinger closed about Fergus' enormous ear. "In any event, you can make up

your mind to fifteen years of the 'Awful Place'—if you're luckier than I'm all out to see you're not, that is". . .

HILARY saw how the Inspector's words got home; the giant's knees and hands were trembling, the gross face distorted.

"Fifteen years," Ackroyd repeated slowly. "A hundred and eighty months, or seven hundred and eighty solid an' sordid weeks between the same four walls, every minute of every day under orders; doing the same thing at the same time; no smokes, no drinks, no girl friends; a plain and simple diet." Eyes boring into those of the cowering Fergus, whose wide face had broken into tiny pin-points of sweat. "Fifteen years of it, Chimp," he repeated slowly, and then paused to allow these ominous words to sink in.

"Unless—" he added at last, with slow deliberation.

The giant snapped at the tentative hope like a starving pike at a minnow.

"Unless what, Mr. Ackroyd?" he burst out eagerly, but even then it was another long moment before the reply came.

"Tell us the way to reach Sainter from here," Ackroyd said levelly, and, watching, Hilary saw the eagerness in Fergus' face give place again to terror.

Apparently, also, that reverend was not lost upon Ackroyd.

"No need to be scared at opening out," he said coolly. "There's no harm coming to you from Sainter, because once we lay hands on that bird he'll be put where he can't harm anybody—not even himself."

At which it seemed to occur to Fergus that if his terrible master was due for the coop there couldn't very well be any come-back from him. So it was safety first for Chimp every time.

"Pull out the damper above the oven in the kitchen," he said, not letting his glance stray to the three other crooks.

Eyes boring into that huge apprehensive face:

"And Miss Moreland—where is she?" Ackroyd said, and to Hilary, at least, the pause before the reply came was interminable.

"With Sainter," Fergus replied, but only after another and more prolonged pause still.

Ackroyd's expression remained unchanged as he turned to Sergeant Oates.

"Tie his feet the same as you've done the others," he instructed, and waited until that was done before, the others at his heels, he led the way to the kitchen below, leaving Chimp and his friends bound and handcuffed.

There the range was large and old-fashioned, rust-encrusted, and with every appearance of disuse; the middle portion the fireplace, with the hot-water boiler on the left and the oven on the right. Six inches above this latter was the knob of a damper.

Without moving, for a little time Ackroyd studied it. The door and library of the Hampstead house had had just that same appearance of innocence—and three men had died through over-confidence.

"Any of that cord left?" he said over his shoulder at last. "Plenty, eh? Good. Tie an end round that knob. I don't suppose there's any man-trap and spring-gun stuff, because, in that case, Chimp would know what to expect from the survivors. Nevertheless, I'm taking no more chances in this joint than I have to."

WHEN, standing immediately behind the door, he pulled hard on the cord, the damper came out to its fullest. Nothing more deadly happened than that the whole structure of the range swung outward, leaving an opening that loomed dark and unpromising.

After an interval of a few minutes, and

no delayed-action phenomenon developed, Ackroyd went forward.

Descending from immediately within the opening was a flight of steps.

His face alive with relief that here, at last, the way was open, Hilary would have thrust past him, but Ackroyd's large hand prevented.

"Stay put a minute," he said curtly, tipped to the back door that hitherto had been left unexplored, unlocked and unbolted it, and peered into the reeking alleyway that was Arbour Street. Like a substantial shadow, Sergeant Bird detached himself from the gloom of the opposite building and came across. His fingers round his subordinate's arm, Ackroyd propelled him through the door and to those newly-discovered steps; showed how the opening could be closed and reopened.

"Telephone particulars of this to the Yard," he instructed. "Meanwhile, if you hear nothing of us within half an hour, collect your men and bring them to find out why. I needn't warn you to watch your step or as to who you'll be up against. If you happen to bump against any of the gang—get them. Treat them rough if you have to, but get them! Follow?"

Bird said that he did, saluted, and went out into the street again.

CHAPTER 16.

HIS pistol poised and at the ready, Ackroyd disappeared through the opening. Hilary followed, with Lord FitzRalph and Sergeant Oates taking up the rear.

There were not many steps, and when they reached the bottom it was to discover that a passage ran sharply to the left—in the direction of that new and ornate Model Dwelling—a passage shored and beamed that had been made by those who manifestly knew their business. And except that from somewhere a little distance ahead came an intermittent glimmer which, but that it seemed to originate from the wall, was faintly suggestive of standing water, they were in darkness. Actually it was this faint guide that enabled them to grope forward without the torches Ackroyd did not think it advisable to use.

As they drew nearer the reflected light enabled them to distinguish that the short passage to the left ended in a cellar. At what was transpiring in that brightly-lighted room, all caution disregarded, Ackroyd rushed forward.

So, also, did the others.

Hilary arrived at the entrance in time to see Ackroyd standing in the centre of the floor staring at a loop of rope that was on the point of disappearing through a small trapdoor in the ceiling. When an instant later, with a loud, metallic clang the trapdoor fell, it fitted so exactly into its frame as completely to conceal that any opening had been there.

Signaling to Oates, Ackroyd turned, dashed down the passage in the way they had come.

In the face of his own preoccupation, however, Hilary was not interested; he was on his knees before the figure who, the lovely face a pale mask of pain, was prone upon the floor there.

Billy Moreland.

A moment, and his knife was out, the cords that tightly bound her severed. With infinite gentleness he lifted her to a seated position.

IN those first few moments when they massaged her arms and wrists she did not speak for the pain of returning circulation. Then, faintly, but with an attempted smile that went to Hilary's heart for the sheer, dear gallantry of it, she said:

"If you'll be perfect little gentlemen and turn your backs for a moment, I'd like to—or—extend the scope of your ministrations—"

tions. "Then I shall be all right and able to tell you all about it. And, incidentally, to thank you."

"You're going to have a drop of this first, anyway," FitzRalph said, and held out the silver cup of his spirit flask.

Not making any bones about it, she drank.

"And they talk about opium being grateful and comforting!" she said scornfully as she passed back the cup.

During the work of self-restoration they stood making a more or less desultory examination of the cellar. Presently:

"Now you can turn round," Sally said, and they helped her to her feet. She swayed rather dizzily for a moment, so Hilary put his arms about her shoulders. A supreme, head-singing moment!

"Who were those two who shot out of the door?" she asked at last in a strengthened voice.

"Inspector Ackroyd and Detective-Sergeant Oates, of New Scotland Yard," Hilary told her.

The corners of her mouth went down, and, gazing thoughtfully to her front, she made no immediate comment.

"So they've got busy, have they?" she said at last. "Well, after that shooting party over at Hampstead covert, I'm more grateful than astonished. And I don't mind telling you that, for me, the last twenty-four hours or so haven't been exactly a riot of fun and laughter. Apart from the slight physical discomfort I'd too much reason for pessimism regarding my chance of ever drawing the old age pension. . . . Who's the second of my gallant rescuers, Hilary?"

The name slipped out unconsciously, and, because it went to show that even in her distress he had been in her thoughts, he thrilled to the sound of it.

"Lord FitzRalph," he said in introduction. "Miss Moreland."

"Probably, later on, I'll learn just how you happen to come into this," Sally observed as the two shook hands. She shuddered a little. "It's just as well you arrived when you did, too, because with only a very little delay conversation with me would have had to be conducted through a medium. My revered uncle's resentment at the abruptness of Hilary's departure from Hampstead was about to take practical form."

"And so will Scotland Yard's against him once they lay hold of him," Hilary assured her. "Incidentally, we had a general idea he'd be here."

The corners of Sally's mouth drooped eloquently.

"So he was, until he heard—and saw—you coming down the passage," she said. "And if your two friends who made such a rapid exit are hoping to cut off his retreat they're going to be unlucky."

HILARY gazed at her incredulously.

"Sainter here—a few minutes ago!" he gasped.

"Didn't you see him disappear through the trapdoor in the roof—like Harlequin at the pantomime?" Sally demanded, and indicated a small iron stud that was let into the floor.

"His emergency exit—just in case," she explained. "All he had to do was put his foot in the looped rope, touch the button, and he was drawn to the upper floor. . . . And it's no use pressing that gadget now, because the trap'll be clamped down with butterfly nuts."

"Don't you think we'd better try and find Ackroyd?" FitzRalph broke in to suggest, but Hilary was not listening.

Against the dark curtains at the further end of the cellar was a huge glass case.

"And what, precisely, is that?" he inquired. "An aquarium?"

"Except that, to me, there's something

unexplainably beastly about it," Sally said shortly. "I've no idea." There was the return of fear in her voice as she added: "For some occult reason that contraption occurs to me as a very good thing to keep away from. And in any case, I've had all of this luxurious apartment I'm able to stand."

INSTANTLY, contrite, with his arm about her shoulder, Hilary led her down the passage, through the opening of the range, into the kitchen of the sordid house that had been their starting-point, and to a chair.

The door opened and Ackroyd came in. With him was Sergeant Oates and a tall, red-faced, ramrod-straight man, with bristling moustache and eyebrows.

"Miss Moreland, I presume?" Ackroyd said courteously, indicating Sally, who gave him a friendly smile.

"I felt more like Livingstone when you broke in on us," she said. "Only probably more grateful. Any sign of my sainted relative?"

Ackroyd swung round to the tall stranger.

"Repeat what you've just told me, do you mind?" he asked. "Who you are, and where you last saw Oliver?"

Two solid heels clicked together, the third fingers of two enormous hands rested rigidly on the seams of the trousers. A large and audible breath was exhaled; two wholly expressionless eyes gazed straight to their front. An excellent type of the time-serving soldier of the old school—whom for some unknown reason Hilary disliked at sight.

"Sir," the man began in the voice that for so many years had brought the delinquencies of "other ranks" before the colonel, "my name is Sergeant-Major George Orms. Parker, late of the Grenadier Guards. On the fifteenth of May last, being out of employment, I answered an advertisement in the 'Situations Vacant' column of the 'Morning World,' invitin' applications for the position of caretaker. In due time I received a reply instructin' me to call at Oliver's Model Dwellin's at height-thirty the follerin' evenin', bringin' copies of recent testimonials, an' to ask for Mr. Oliver in person. Dooty presentin' myself at the time specified, I was engaged at four pun ten a week."

Ackroyd held up his hand and the flow ceased. All very convincing, but for Hilary's thinking just a shade too glib and, as it were, well-rehearsed.

"I'm not for a moment suggesting you're not worth it, Sergeant-Major," the inspector said reassuringly, "but for that particular job, and as wages go nowadays, four pounds ten a week's rather a lot, isn't it?"

Something of an additional flush came into the already rubeund face of the ex-soldier; for a moment the expressionless eyes became wary.

"Very good wages indeed, sir," he agreed heartily. "After Mr. Oliver 'ad gorn into particulars of my career, 'e said what wages was I arskin'. When I told 'im two ten a week, 'e said could I be trusted to obey orders implicit an' without arskin' questions? I told 'im respectfully that if there was a man who'd ever risen to Warrant Rank in 'is Majesty's Brigade of Guards by insubordination an' back-chat, I'd like to meet 'im."

"And then?" the inspector invited, as the stolid man paused.

"Why then 'e sorter surprised me, sir, if you know what I mean," the sergeant said slowly. "Said as 'ow 'e wasn't goin' to 'ave a man in 'is employ who wasn't in a position to live comfortable an' self-respectin' an' as no man could do that under ninety bob a week, just as long as I be'aved meself an' obeyed orders, that'd be my wage."

Though the exposition ended, the voice ceased, with the finality of water cut off at the main. Hilary observed that the defensive look remained at the back of the eyes.

"And what were the especial orders he was so particular you should obey without question?" said Ackroyd.

"From the vestibool, where I was stationed," the ex-guardian told him, without any pause for reflection, "there 'e a door—always locked it was, anyway—that led to Mr. Oliver's private soot. My orders was never to attempt to gain entry thereto."

Slowly, contemplatively, Ackroyd nodded.

"I see," he said at last. "Did Oliver use the door to any great extent himself?"

"'E used that there door, sir," Sergeant-Major Parker stated definitely, "maybe once every fortnight or three weeks, but always from 'is side to mine, an' never from mine to 'is. In other words, it was always to come out, an' never to go in."

"And your employer having emerged from the depths, as it were," Ackroyd went on to ask, "what then?"

THE sergeant's face became even more blank than before.

"Ow do you mean, what then?" he asked.

"Where, as a rule, did he go? Upstairs, through the front door, or where?" Ackroyd asked patiently.

"Sometimes," Parker said, after another brief interval for reflection, "'e went one way, an' sometimes another; sometimes both, an' sometimes, on the other hand, neither."

To disentangle this it was necessary for Ackroyd, too, to put a little thinking.

"You mean," he said, "that after he'd made his inspection of the upper quarters he used the front door into the street?"

"Or through to nex' door," Parker revealed stolidly.

Only by keeping a tight rein on himself was the inspector able to prevent himself from shooting up from his seat.

"You mean," he said quickly, "that without the necessity of using the front door there's a way through into the next block?"

Parker nodded.

"Sure there is, sir," he said unemotionally. "And into the nex' one after that. And the nex'."

"On the ground floor?" Ackroyd demanded.

"Just oppo-site the door 'e used to come by," the janitor told him. "An' the reason why you didn't spot it just now is because it's, as you might say, concealed."

Ackroyd stood up.

"Show me," he said shortly, and they filed into the street and round to the entrance of the flats—a wide, square vestibule with stairs running up from the left, and, in the right-hand corner, a door—with a tiny keyhole but no knob!

Ackroyd pointed.

"That's where Sainter emerged into the light of day," he said, and turned to the ex-soldier. "And now show me the way he went."

Parker strode stiffly to a wedge-shaped space under the stairs where the light had difficulty in penetrating. Each wall of the vestibule was lined with a kind of mass-production panelling in oak and in that dim light here, to all appearances the continuity of that work was unbroken.

The janitor, however, placing the tips of sausage-like fingers in the centre of one of the panels furthest from the stair-foot, exerted gentle pressure. There was a click, and from some three feet from the corner the triangle of wall opened to a narrow stone passage that was lighted dimly by a single overhead bulb.

Parker pointed.

"There's another o' these doors at the further end," he told them, "that opens out same as this one—under the stairs. An' so on—to the end of the block—and the street."

As Ackroyd turned away, his gaunt face

was as without expression, almost, as that of the ex-soldier himself. Yet Hilary, who by now had gained some insight into that odd mentality, could sense the bitterness of his disappointment.

"Fat lot of good me surrounding the house!" he grumbled. "By this he's two or three miles away, and still going. What makes it worse still is that at the time he must have used this emergency exit the sergeant-major here was out at his tea—came back just as I was leaving for next door. So naturally when I asked him if he'd seen anything of our man, he hadn't." He turned to Parker. "Any telephone anywhere?" he inquired.

"In the flats office, sir, centre entrance in the block," the ex-guardsmen told him. "Stay here while I use it, do you mind?" Ackroyd said, and passed into the street. Five minutes or so later, when he returned, his expression impenetrable.

"When it comes to thoroughness," he said, "I'll certainly give Sainter full marks and a bonus. He's cut the blinkin' wire. I've told Sergeant Bird to send out the 'All stations' call from the nearest box while I take the same route as Sainter, making inquiries as I go. A full-time job, that, in itself for one evening—and, for all I shall learn—a useless one. The trouble is, it has to be done. Have you thought where you're going to sleep to-night, Miss Moreland?"

"In the quietest and most comfortable bed I can find in London," Sally said promptly, and Hilary saw that the lovely face was pitifully white and strained. Small wonder, either, it occurred to him.

Ackroyd took a card from his pocket and, followed by a series of cabalistic signs, wrote a few words on the back.

"Listen, Miss Moreland," he said, his customary detachment momentarily abandoned and his voice impressive. "These last few days you must have had about all the excitement you'll need for quite a while, so the last thing I want is to scare you. But there's no getting away from it, by this time any affection your revered uncle may once have felt for you could be packed in a very small compass. So as he's one of those who're inclined to allow their feelings scope I think it probable any unsupervised interview that takes place between you is likely to be more episodic than tranquil, if you see what I mean."

SALLY met the lazy eyes directly.

"In other words," she said calmly, "you think that, ignoring any danger to himself, he's likely to come gunning after me?"

The inspector's hands groped for, and found, his pipe.

"That's my one big hope," he said piously. "That may not sound particularly chivalrous, but it has the merit of truth. Meanwhile, you can take it from me you're going to be well looked after—very well indeed."

"Thank you very much," Sally said, and so demurely that the inspector's eyes twinkled.

"I want you to take this card," he went on, putting it into her hand, "to 19C Clanricarde Gardens, Lancaster Gate, and give it to Mr. Duff there—Detective-Inspector Joseph Angus Duff he was not so long ago. Only instead of setting up in opposition to Scotland Yard, as so many of us do when we're too old for real work, he had the sense to take this select boarding-house, and, being a Scotsman, is making a very good thing of it. The beds are good, I know, because I've stayed there, and the food's to scale. By the time you arrive he'll have been advised, so you won't have to go into a long account of yourself. And once that old Highlander's taken you under his wing the man who approaches within a hundred yards without authority is due to be as busy as a moth in a lighthouse."

Looking, for the first time in Hilary's knowledge of him, distinctly embarrassed,

Ackroyd coughed a little so that Sally hurried to the rescue.

"I know!" she said understandingly. "You want to ask me how I'm off for money, and not knowing quite how to put it without hurting my feelings."

Ackroyd nodded.

"You're quite the thought-reader, Miss Moreland," he said quietly.

"Fortunately," Sally said, "you've nothing to worry about, because when my father died and I went to live with Sainter, who incidentally was only his half-brother, I was left almost vulgarly well off, and one thing I'm able to say for my uncle is that he always refused to have anything to do with my money; wouldn't handle a penny for investment or even advise me what to do with it."

Her brow creased into tiny lines of thought; she was silent. Then, suddenly, she looked up.

"You think he's mad, of course?" she said.

Ackroyd was silent.

"There's still another necessary question it's not going to be pleasant to ask you," he said at last, and again she seemed to know instinctively what was in his mind.

"If there's insanity in the family?" she inquired, and, as silently the inspector inclined his head, Hilary's breathing checked.

"After his father died in an asylum his mother married my grandfather," she said.

"And, though I have my doubts about it, that's where I hope it will be his good fortune to finish," Ackroyd observed soberly. "Now I'm going to have a look at that trapdoor."

The passage through the door on the right of the vestibule ended in a loft-like space that actually was the ceiling of the cellar. In the centre of the floor the trapdoor, secured now by butterfly nuts, was surmounted by a grooved rope-surrounded drum, the end of this, weighted and looped, roughly coiled nearby, in the far corner was the dynamo from which it was operated.

CHAPTER 17.

HILARY accompanied Sally to the large, old-fashioned house in Clanricarde Gardens, where, despite his rough appearance, they were shown at once into a small office at the back of the reception-desk. Here at a businesslike roll-top desk was seated ex-Detective-Inspector Angus Duff, a hatchet-faced, keen-eyed, rather saturnine man who in height and general boniness was second only to Ackroyd himself.

"I'm glad to see ye safe," he said to Sally as he rose to shake hands. "And as long as ye're beneath my roof I'll see that's what ye remain. But, maybe, before ye do anything else ye'd like to see your room."

"And immediately after that, a bath," said Sally, and without further discussion Duff led the way to the lift. When they reached the room that was on the third floor it was to find it large, airy, comfortable, and of a cleanliness that would have passed muster from the captain of a battleship. Not only was a bathroom leading from it, but on the dressing-table were all those brushes and combs and bottles and miscellaneous cosmetics that are so essential to the feminine toilet. A sleeping-suit and dressing-gown lay on the eiderdown.

"Things I keep for leddy veeitors who for any reason arrive without baggage," Duff explained. "The last thought of the landlord of hotels and boarding-houses in this country seems to be to make their places as much like a stay with friends as possible—and that's the whole difference between a good house and a bad."

"What would be real Samaritanism," Hilary pleaded, "would be to show me, also, to a bathroom, and then us both into a private room where we can have a meal."

Falling that, I'm afraid it'll be a coffee-stall for me. If the owner isn't too particular as to the personal appearance of his clientele, that is."

Then a thought came that he could not but regard as inspiration. Apart from the house was too far from the centre of things, he couldn't wish himself on FitzRalph indefinitely. Further, to remain where he was would have the merit, inestimable and unassailable of keeping him within immediate touch of Sally. Until Sainter had been put where he could do no more harm, the closer he was to her the safer she'd be.

"Although I can't think that, with the way you look after people, there's ever a room here that isn't booked about ten deep," he said to Duff, "if it has so happened that one of your other beneficiaries has died of old age or too soft living or something, do you think I might have his room?"

The Scotsman's keen eye twinkled; the more these two saw of him the better they liked him.

"Folk don't die at the Waverly House, 'ere," he said. "They're like old soldiers, they just fade away. Mr. Bennison, the actor, who's been w' me ever since I opened, happens to have faded away to a thirteen weeks' tour of the provinces. Though he's keeping his room on, I'm entitled to let it to—a-selected guest."

"I hope he gets twelve calls before the curtain every night and fourteen at West Hartlepool. God bless his roving spirit," said Hilary with enthusiasm. "And please can you lend me a pair of pyjamas?"

The following morning, armed with the substantial cheque he had drawn from his lawyer, Hilary drove to his father's bankers. This, despite his dishevelment, successfully negotiated, with a heartening wad of Treasury notes in his pocket, he drove then to one of those universal outfitters that have sprung up since the war, and bought and changed into a complete outfit. Then he drove to Sackville St., where he was measured for several suits of what he called "real" clothes, to Duke St. and Burlington Arcade for socks and shirts and ties, lastly to a great craftsman in a tiny shop in, of all thoroughfares, Little Newport St., and here he placed a substantial order for shoes.

When, about a quarter-past one, he arrived back at Waverly House, in the same sitting-room where they had dined on the previous evening, and that subsequently Sally had engaged as her own, it was to discover Ackroyd, and with him Lord FitzRalph. Following her first half-credulous glance of recognition, Sally's eyes lighted with laughter.

"But look who's here," she cried, and only then it came to Hilary that this was the first time she had seen him in anything but what closely approximated to rags.

"I always wear my Sunday suit at a party," he explained, and turned to the inspector. "Any news of Sainter?"

The detective shook his gaunt head.

"About as much as you'd learn of any one pilchard in a glut," he said. "And there are about seven million people in London." A waiter brought a tray of cocktails, and until he had left the room they switched the conversation to commonplaces.

"Do you know who I spent a most interesting hour or so with this morning?" the detective inquired. "... If you don't, I'll tell you. It was Sir Leonard Harland."

HAVING been for so long out of touch, the name conveyed nothing to Hilary. Lord FitzRalph, however, said quickly:

"The Harley St. man?"

"The greatest alienist of this or any other country or age," Ackroyd said, with unusual impressiveness. "Knows more about the working of the human brain and—and

spirit—than a skilled watchmaker about the mechanism of a clock. Obscure reactions and pre-natal influences and all that. It seems that Sainter's is a clearly-recognized pathological condition. I've forgotten the scientific name for it, something 'obsession.' It means that, to the exclusion of every other interest, the whole life and soul of the sufferer are given over to one object. And if in his strivings to achieve that object he finds himself thwarted, the original purpose becomes transformed to a possession of lust for revenge against the one responsible." He turned directly to Sally. "That's why, for the time being, we've got to be so careful of you."

"As how?" Sally asked interestedly. "What I mean is, am I prisoner within these four walls with trusty big-booted guardians at my portal by day and by night? Or do I have a breath of fresh air some time?"

"Just for a time," the inspector said gravely. "I'd like you to rest quietly here. But only for a few days if my idea and Sir Leonard's is correct. If Sainter's—well—his affliction, if you like to put it that way, has taken the course usual in such cases," he continued, "you can bank on it that he isn't just sitting waiting for the clouds to roll by. So, at least until we see what's going to happen, the only safe place for you is here in Waverly House."

A telephone buzzed on the side table. When Sally went over and lifted the receiver they saw her face grow suddenly more intent. Hand over the transmitter, she turned to Ackroyd.

"Sergeant Oates," she said. "Speaking from Scotland Yard."

The inspector took the receiver, announced himself, and listened.

"Who?" he said sharply, and went on listening. "Ask him," he said at last. "If he'll come with you down here?"

There was another period of waiting, punctuated only by the low indistinguishable voice that crackled into the receiver. Then that sound died, so that all to break the expectant silence was the hurried ticking of the little gift clock on the mantel.

At last:

"Right. We'll wait for you," Ackroyd said, replaced the receiver, and swung round to them. "Anybody here know anything of Lord Kilnsyde?"

FitzRalph looked up.

"I do," he said. "Sir Henry Prior, who has the distinction of being my maternal uncle, is quite a big name in the shipping world. If that is with every country but our own paying subsidies to their merchant fleet there's any voice left in British shipping but a groan of anguish."

"I know all about Sir Henry Prior," Ackroyd said. "A good man, too, if I may say so. But what's his connection with Kilnsyde?"

THE peer's good-tempered mouth was grim as he said:

"When next you meet my revered relative, I don't think I'd suggest there is any connection. He was at sea himself for a time and learnt the vocabulary and how to use it. His idea of Kilnsyde corresponds with that of a high priest of the Brahmins towards an Untouchable discovered slaughtering a Sacred Ox."

"As before I interview a man officially, I like to know as much as possible about him, praps you'll tell me why, exactly," Ackroyd suggested, as FitzRalph paused.

"My uncle happens to be of the old type," FitzRalph replied. "Integrity of British Business." "An Englishman's Word Is His Bond" sort of thing. Kilnsyde has sold the pass—and his own men. In this country there's a pretty strict law regarding the overloading of ships; also, before a vessel is allowed to leave port, it is required to pass a high standard of seaworthiness. The Board of Trade scale of wages and food,

too, comes pretty expensive. In Greece, however, the laws are not so stringent, and the officials suffer from epidemic myopia. They can't see the rotten hulls and overladen holds for palm-oil. So, as soon as the trade winds blew cold, Lord Kilnsyde let it be known that he'd sold his ships to a Greek syndicate. One item of interest he omitted to mention, however, was that nine-tenths of the syndicate is Lord Kilnsyde himself. In the three years since the port of registry was changed four out of those ten ships have been lost with a large percentage of their hands. In the meanwhile, Lord Kilnsyde has purchased the late Marquis of Hannaford's estate in Sussex for £45,000."

"He's on his way here with Sergeant Oates," said Ackroyd, and this time it was Hilary who cast a quick glance at him. "It seems that our Mr. Sainter is even more enthusiastic in the cause of reformation and applied assassination than we'd thought. He's sent one of his far-famed 'demanding money with menaces' letters to Lord Kilnsyde."

To Hilary, in the fashion that extremes in most things are able to gather attention to themselves, the personality of the man who, about half an hour later, Oates showed in to them, was of absorbing interest.

Physically, the first-generation peer was almost completely square; as nearly as possible broad as he was tall, and of a depth of body within measurable distance of his breadth. He had a wide, yellow face, with coarse, upstanding black hair, protruberant lips, and eyes deeply embedded beneath overhanging brows. His voice was thick and hisping, and Hilary took an instant dislike to him.

He stood in the doorway for a moment without speaking, his eyes darting from one to another of them.

It was characteristic of Sergeant Oates, Hilary realised later, to test his charge's reaction to the company before introducing him.

Eventually, however, he looked across at Ackroyd.

"Lord Kilnsyde, sir," he said formally.

The inspector's acknowledgment was short and without enthusiasm.

"Sergeant Oates tells me there's something you preferred not to wait until I get back to my office to communicate," he said. "Also, that you declined to discuss the matter with any of my colleagues."

"You Inspector Ackroyd?" the visitor demanded.

"That's me, m'lord," the inspector replied. "Won't you sit down?"

"I understand you wish to see me regarding a blackmailing letter," Ackroyd went on when the other was seated, and Kilnsyde nodded easily. It occurred to Hilary that if he was afraid he was very successfully disguising it.

"That's right," he said. "Real money or your life stuff—just the same as . . ." He broke off; quite obviously he had been on the point of saying more than he intended. Slightly to Hilary's surprise, however, Ackroyd made no comment.

"Show me, please," he said, holding out his hand.

HANDS thrust deeply into his trouser pockets, jolling easily back in his chair, the shipowner made no move. "Where our other friends," he said, his eyes turning to Sally.

Casual as the question was put, it was an ultimatum. Nothing more was to be forthcoming until he knew with whom he was dealing. And it was so essential Ackroyd should have a sight of that letter.

"My warrant card," he said, producing it.

The other regarded it unmoved.

"I might remind you that as it was

Sergeant Oates who brought me here it's not your bona-fides that are in question," he said coolly. "What I want to know is who are these—others, and why it's necessary for them to be present. At least until after the criminal's arrest I should have thought that the fewer outsiders with an exact knowledge of the terms of a blackmailing letter the better."

As, in general, this would not have admitted of dispute, it had the effect of putting Ackroyd at a disadvantage. Something in the shipowner's attitude as well led Hilary to wonder if he had any suspicion as to how vital to the inspector that letter was.

It did not surprise him then, when, his voice official and unmoved, the inspector made the necessary introductions.

"Upon whose discretion you may rely," he promised, "and who it is possible may be immediately concerned in the object of your call here," he supplemented coolly as he did so.

It was only to Sally that Kilnsyde's glance turned.

"May I venture to hope," he said, "that at some not-too-long-delayed date I may have the honor of looking back upon this as only our first meeting?"

Sally flushed, and her dark eyes were dangerous. Her reply, however, was checked by Ackroyd, whose voice had an edge to it Hilary had not heard before.

"I'll be glad to see that letter Lord Kilnsyde," he said curtly.

THE shipowner settled himself more comfortably in his chair. "Apparently my impression that in a case of blackmail secrecy is the one thing the police insist upon is all wrong," he observed hesitatingly. "However, if it's all right with you, I've nothing to hide."

He dived a square, squat-fingered hand into his breast pocket and produced an envelope; handed it to Ackroyd, who, opening it, discovered the sheet it held to be of an exactly similar make, and in the same unblemished typescript, as that which a few days previously had been handed to him by the crook financier, Theodore Brand.

He read:

"Since you saw fit to transfer the port of registry of your steamers from London to Athens, no less than twenty-eight British seamen have lost their lives in the subsequent wrecking, either through overloading or deliberate barratry, of four separate vessels of the fleet. Thus it is necessary that as far as is humanly possible the relatives of those victims shall receive compensation."

"It is then, my intention that in each case the legal representatives of these murdered sailors shall be paid the sum of £1000 (one thousand pounds), and that I myself will distribute. Additionally, you will include a further sum that shall be equivalent to the total amount thus disbursed, and this I shall make myself responsible for dividing between the various maritime charities."

"On Tuesday next, the 14th of May, you will proceed to Lewes, in Sussex, and drive to Afriston. There you will alight at the Star Inn, and by the lane of which those premises are the corner, proceed on foot to the Downs. From thence, timing your arrival for twelve noon precisely, you will go directly to Pirie Beacon."

"You will carry with you in denominations of 100dol., 500dol., and 1000dol., in United States currency, the sum of 300,000 dol., an amount that represents, approximately the £50,000 as mentioned in a preceding paragraph of this letter, plus, roughly, £4000 as compensation for the present below-par value of the dollar."

"This money, wrapped securely in white paper, you will place on the ground at the extremest southerly point of the beacon, after which you will return, without look-

ing back, by the same way you arrived, and having reached Alfriston, will return at once to Lewes.

"Should you fail implicitly to carry out these orders, or communicate directly or indirectly with the police, you will cease to be alive within forty-eight hours of that failure or betrayal becoming manifest."

"Fiat Justitia."

"And what," Ackroyd remarked, placing the document on the table, but without removing his hand from it, "could be fairer than that?"

The shipowner's brows contracted. "Am I expected to accept that comment as official?" he sneered.

The inspector's eyes remained as wide open as was permitted by their habitual somnolence.

"The only thing I ask you to accept," he said coolly, tapping the letter with the heel of his hand, "is this ultimatum."

HIS dark face flushed to an even darker shade. Lord Kilnyside jerked bolt upright in his chair.

"You mean," he cried, and now the lisp in his voice had degenerated to shrillness, "I'm to run the risk either of losing three hundred thousand dollars, or my life. Because, let me tell you, that letter means exactly what it says."

"And let me tell you, Lord Kilnyside," Ackroyd said unemotionally, "that I meant just exactly what I said. If it is of any interest to you to save your money and your life, at precisely twelve o'clock noon on Tuesday next, the 14th of May, you will place a parcel of the requisite size, wrapped in new white paper, at the top of Pirie Beacon, on the South Downs of Sussex. Except that, should actually the parcel contain United States or any other currency, you will have rendered yourself liable to prosecution for compounding a felony, I am indifferent as to what that parcel contains."

Staring straight to his front, his fingers about the arms of his chair, and some part at least of the frown still creasing his forehead, for a long moment the shipowner made no reply. Then, slowly, he hoisted himself to his feet.

"You mean," he said, "that, having defied the terms of that letter by communicating its contents to you, and having received your instructions, the whole matter is out of my hands? That I'm to be told nothing of what you intend doing about it?"

Hilary smiled inwardly as Ackroyd, too, got up from his chair. By following that example the inspector had transformed a gesture of emphasis into one preliminary to departure.

"You know all we're going to do about it already—so far as it concerns yourself, Lord Kilnyside," Ackroyd said briefly. "Except that instead of money the parcel will be a dummy, you are to carry out the instructions contained in"—his hand moved to indicate the letter he had no intention of surrendering—"this."

Lord Kilnyside's eyes rested for a moment upon Sally, who avoided them.

"You don't happen to have overlooked what's likely to happen to me when my correspondent discovers the deception?" he lisped ironically.

Ackroyd reached over and, collecting the shipowner's hat, handed it to him.

"I've overlooked nothing—not even that Miss Moreland is waiting for her lunch," he said.

Contemplatively the shipowner's eyes rested upon him for a moment. Then, the glance shifting to Sally, he seemed to think better of an intention to protest. Instead, he bowed ceremoniously from the waist.

"I hope, Miss Moreland, to have the honor of seeing you again," he said with sincerity.

In the one brief moment Sally's eyes

travelled from the unduly small and ornately-shod feet to that square and bristling head, there was no flamboyance of apparel or imperfection of personality they did not expose or depreciate.

"I am much engaged, Lord Kilnyside," she said.

Incredibly, in face of that snub, as the shipowner minced over to the door, he was smiling.

"That, at least, does not surprise me," he said, bowed again, and disappeared.

But even before the door had closed Ackroyd caught the eye of Sergeant Oates.

"Have him tailed," he said soundlessly, and, without waiting to ask questions, Oates, too, disappeared.

A moment, and the inspector, lean face inscrutable, turned to Hilary, and from him, in turn, to the others.

"Notice his hands?" he demanded.

There was a pause.

"Only that they were square, thick, short-fingered, and too meticulously manicured," Sally said at last, as they seemed to wait for her.

Ackroyd turned an inquiring eye upon Hilary, and then upon Lord FitzRalph.

"That go with you as well?" he asked shortly.

"Quite," said Hilary.

"Entirely," corroborated FitzRalph.

"Nothing curious about 'em?" the inspector persisted.

"Not apart from that, as Miss Moreland pointed out, they're almost square," said FitzRalph.

"Why do you ask?" Hilary inquired.

"Except for one omission in detail, a most convincing performance," Ackroyd said quietly. "You can take it from me, nevertheless, that if the enthusiastic feminist who's just passed through that door is Lord Kilnyside, then I'm Little Lord Fauntleroy."

CHAPTER 18.

THEY knew sufficient of the inspector by this to realise he was unlikely to make so staggering a statement without adequate foundation. Eventually it was Sally who broke into their astonishment.

"How do you know that?" she asked, and the inspector smiled grimly.

"By the fact that the real Lord Kilnyside lost the little finger of his left hand in the war," he said. "Also, from the circumstance that the girl he was engaged to having bolted with her real boy friend on the morning they were to have been married, he's the only man ever I met who honestly and definitely dislikes your sex."

Sally threw back her head in the husky, golden laughter that of all human sounds Hilary loved most.

"I'd hate you to think I was taking more to myself than I'm entitled to," she said, "but to me that last sounds almost more conclusive than the missing finger."

"Certainly there weren't no blinkin' misogynist about that artist," Lord FitzRalph agreed.

"Only—just what was his idea, anyway?" Hilary demanded blankly. Then, as Ackroyd made no reply, a thought came that was the reverse of reassuring. "For the love of Mike you don't think he was from Sainter—just spying out the lay of the land?" he cried.

"I shouldn't be all the world surprised," Ackroyd admitted. "But I'll know more about that when I've heard from Oates." He had repeated himself, and now he looked across at Sally. "But one thing, at least, I'm definite about," he added.

"And that is?" she said, as he waited for her to speak.

"That you've to take fewer chances even than I'd thought," he said gravely. "Until there's about half a dozen locked doors and twenty feet of wall between you and

that uncle-by-marriage of yours, you're staying very put indeed, and with all kinds of willing helpers to see you don't get careless."

Sally got briskly to her feet.

"Mr. Duft'll be thinking I've got very careless about that perfectly good lunch I ordered in your honor," she countered.

Promptly Ackroyd put aside his pipe.

"That's what my stom—inside's been telling me for the last twenty minutes," he agreed.

They were almost at the end of that cheery meal before they heard from Oates, who reported by telephone.

Owing to the fact that he had not dared risk calling attention to the guard placed over Waverly House by instructing one of the detective-constables on duty outside, he had been obliged to undertake the tailing of the pseudo Lord Kilnyside himself, and had not found it easy.

His quarry had turned into the Bayswater Road, and there boarded a bus. With a keen look-out for any colleague in sight, Oates had followed in a taxi.

Not until Piccadilly Circus, however, had he been successful in his quest for assistance. There, crossing the road, was Detective-Constable Bortram, only lately transferred from the uniformed to the plainclothes branch, and as yet untried.

Beckoned into the taxi, however, and the situation explained, the lad had greeted his first departure from routine work with enthusiasm.

At Leicester Square, ignoring lunch, the quarry had turned into a billiard hall. Bortram had followed him inside, and as for successful shadowing three persons are necessary, and it was so essential Oates should keep in the background, he had drawn two more men from Scotland Yard by telephone.

"Stick to him, brother," Ackroyd urged encouragingly, and rang off.

There was more shopping to be done before Hilary's outfit would be complete. Included in the afternoon he spent in the West End was a second call at his boot-maker's. About six o'clock, when having left Little Newport St., he was passing through Leicester Square, he ran into Ackroyd outside the Queen's Hotel.

"Our bird's having a drink in the Cavour," the inspector announced. "Care to wait and see what happens? Not much risk of him seeing us, anyway, because it isn't him I'm here to keep in sight. Only the rear end of the three men I've out on to tail him—none of whom he knows from Adam."

IT was nearly an hour before Ackroyd received a signal from the figure who lounged so unobtrusively by the Shakespeare statue. At an easy stroll "Lord Kilnyside" covered the distance between Leicester Square and the Florence restaurant in Wardour St. It was obvious that he had no suspicion of being under observation. After an excellent dinner he rounded-off with a cigar and liqueur brandy, so that it was not until approaching half-past nine that he emerged from the Rupert St. entrance and in his short-stepping, mincing gait, walked in laudably fashion to Jerrard St.

As the inspector and Hilary waited, Oates came hurrying up.

"Turned into the Riviera Club, sir," he announced.

Ackroyd whistled contemptively below his breath.

"That joint, eh?" he said at last, and Hilary saw the glance the two exchanged.

"What's the matter with the Riviera, anyway?" he demanded.

Before replying, Ackroyd completed the bar of alleged music that, following a brief silence, he had recommenced.

"For wickedness, naked and undiluted," he said quietly at last, "that place has any

other joint in London packed in a parcel and addressed to the Church Army Home." "What do you think's the best to do now, sir?" Oates inquired.

Ackroyd heaved his shoulders from the shop-front against which he had been leaning.

"Let's have a look at the place, anyway," he said morosely, and turned to Oates. "Post one of your men at the entrance to the alley there," he ordered. "Send the other to find out if the joint has a back exit, and, if so, to stand by. You wait outside here; if you hear my whistle or other tumult come right in, because maybe I'll need you." He turned to Hilary. "Care to join in the fun and laughter of one of London's haunts of pleasure and habitual criminals?"

"There's nothing," Hilary assured him truthfully, "that would appeal to me more."

A few steps brought them to the place they sought. Ackroyd turned the handle of the door. It yielded, and they stepped into a dimly-lighted vestibule. There was a hatch in the wall on the right, and a flight of stairs on the left.

The hatch shot up. A bullet-headed, pasty-faced harrikin with a flattened nose and shallow, green eyes peered aggressively out at them. Hilary noticed that, hanging back a little, Ackroyd was outside this guardian's range of vision.

"Well? Wot'sit?" truculently demanded the keeper of the pass.

Judging from the inspector's uncourtly diffidence that a few moments' delay might be indicated, Hilary swayed a little as he stood.

"Heard sounds o' rev'ry by night," he said gravely. "An' lads and lassies trippin' a stately measure. So I said to myself 'Shall us?' 'Oh, indubitably,' I replied deftly. An' here I am."

"Buzz off, Clarence!" the man said, and very obviously meant it.

Hilary seemed to endeavor to collect himself. Also, it was apparent he resented the other's tone.

"When I speak to a man civ-civ-ly," he said with dignity, "I expect civil answer. An' what's more," he added in a loud voice, "I see I gerrit."

"You'll gerrit all right," the man said unpleasantly, and, his mouth ugly, slipped from the stool and through a door some few feet from the wicket and so into the vestibule, and at sight of Ackroyd could not have stopped that advance more abruptly if he'd run against an invisible wall.

"Well, well, well! If it isn't Happy Jagers. In youth the Bean of Borstal in maturity the Darling of Darimore, and, doubtless, in old age, the Bane of Broadmoor." Ackroyd exclaimed cheerfully and darted forward just in time to intercept his man as the latter dived for his cubby-hole.

"Those warning bells shall not ring out!" he said chidingly. Then, in the tone of one who meant precisely what he said: "And raise your voice in just one little sound. Happy, just one tiny squeal to let Toni know we're here and you'll only be sorry once, but that'll be for ten years. Or, if I've any influence or eloquence, fifteen."

Happy, whose mouth was open preliminary to a view-huloo, seemed to think better of it.

"You've nothin' against me, Mister bleedin' Busy," he marled.

Ackroyd's voice was chiding again as he said:

"With the proofs I've collected you were 'spotter' for the Danahar gang. I wonder if you'll be able to convince the Judge of that—without my evidence to the contrary?"

HAPPY clutched at the straw held out.

"But it was your case, Mister," he pleaded. "If I'd 'ad any notion there was to be

shootin' I'd never 'ave been in on it. I may be—what I am—but I'm no gunman."

Ackroyd's eyes remained fixed upon him. "Come quietly now, without opening your mouth, and maybe I'll put in a word for you," he said.

Happy's reply was to tip-toe to the door and wait there. Ackroyd followed and outside delivered him to Oates.

"Who's the square-faced, black-haired man with small feet and a mincing walk who went into the so-called club a few minutes ago?" the inspector asked curiously. Instantly Happy's hard-bitten face became blank.

"Sweep me, Mister, you can search me as to 'im," he said. "I don't know 'im from a 'ole in the ground."

"Then why admit him to the club?" Ackroyd asked, and for a moment the crook doorkeeper hesitated.

"Because I was told to," he said sullenly.

"By whom?" Ackroyd pressed.

Again there was hesitation, so that the inspector turned to Oates.

"Put him in the cooler," he instructed ominously.

NARROW face fear-ridden, but for the detective's detaining arm, Happy would have taken an eager step forward.

"Toni told me. The bloke's Pav Martin," he said, but with the acme of reluctance.

It seemed an unconscionable time before Ackroyd spoke. When he did so, it was in a tone so purposeful, so coldly menacing, as to turn Hilary rather cold.

"Listen, Happy," he said. "I know the two who, besides yourself, were in that Brill Street killing. The drag-nets out for them and within a week they'll each be occupying rent-free, one room flatlets. That's certain. I know, too, that your own contribution to the affair was small: that you were just a 'spotter', hired to give the signal if there were any police about, and that no one was more annoyed there was a killing than yourself."

"Believe me, Mister. . .," the crook burst out excitedly, but Ackroyd checked the flow.

"So far as concerns the police and that particular case, you just don't matter," he continued in the same coldly judicial voice. "Or didn't, anyway. But now it rests with yourself whether you find yourself in the dock or whether you—just forget you."

He paused, and for the first time in Hilary's experience of that tracker of men, the usually velled and lazy eyes were merciless.

"The shortness of our memory is going to depend on the shortness of yours, Happy," he added quietly.

"Woddyer mean, gov'ner?" the other demanded quickly.

"I mean," Ackroyd said, "that if you're wise you're going back to your cubby-hole with no recollection that we've been asking questions about Pav Martin. Then, maybe, I'll be equally forgetful that you were anywhere near Brill Street on the night of the murder."

The crook's face lighted to eagerness.

"I've forgotten already," he cried, with emphasis.

"But if, before we get upstairs," Ackroyd went on unheeding, his words coming more slowly and impressively than ever, "Toni or anyone else gets the least inkling that Pav was followed here, I'll have you on a charge of murder. There's a valuable life—maybe two or three lives before we're through—dependent on your silence, Happy, and if ever I meant anything in my life I mean the warning I'm giving you now. . . . Let go his arm. Sergeant."

Impressed, and Hilary could see, considerably awe-stricken, by the inspector's manner, Happy stood for a moment without speaking. Then suddenly, something like resolution on his face, he looked up.

"If it's a matter o' lives," he said, "you could bank on me keepin' me trap shut anyway. It's no use me sayin' I'm not a

crook, because you've 'ad me 'inside' more than once to prove me a liar. But I'm no killer—an' well you know it—not even in self-defence. An' I'm not out to 'elp them as is."

There was a certain sincerity in this, and as such apparently Ackroyd was prepared to accept it.

"Very good," he said. "Get back to the club before Toni gets on to it you've left your post."

The "hook" was half-way back to the entrance when Ackroyd quietly called him back.

"Know anything of a man named Oliver, alias Sainter?" he demanded.

Happy thought for a moment.

"Not by that name, mister," he replied at last. "But then names don't mean anythin' 'ere, as you know. What sort of a lookin' feller?"

BRIEFLY and comprehensively Ackroyd described the pink and blooming man. And, as that adequate word-picture developed, Happy's face showed a quickened interest.

"If it's the same bloke as I think," Happy volunteered, "it's 'im wot Pav's 'ere to see now."

"Where?" the inspector demanded quickly.

"Go through the main room, if Toni don't stop yer, that is," said Happy. "an' to the passidge at the far end. Mr. Smiler's waitin' in the third room on the right."

"If that's the real Mackey, Happy," Ackroyd said, "I'll remember it in your favor. Get back to your cubby hole now."

At this, more than ever, Happy's expression belied his name.

"For the love of 'Eaven, sir," he pleaded hoarsely, "let me stay out 'ere—in charge of one of the buses, same as if I'd bin 'knocked-off.' I was put there to give Toni the office if—if you fellers blew in, an' if I haven't done so. . . ."

"You're goin' to get it where the chicken got the axe," Ackroyd finished for him. "Very good. You'll find Detective-Constable Bettram at the end of the alley there. Warn yourself on to him, and tell him I sent you."

When, thankfully, the little crook had left them:

"Don't make more noise than you have to," Ackroyd instructed, passed into the club, and, followed by Sergeant Oates and Hilary, began noiselessly to mount the stairs.

At the head of these was a small square landing, the wall facing them taken up by double doors, the upper halves of frosted glass. It was from behind these came the strains of a syncopated orchestra of the red-hot variety, the slur of feet, and unpraised voices.

Without preliminary, Ackroyd pushed open the door, and, the others close at his heels, went inside.

About the waterfronts of the world—Marseilles, Montreal, Pernambuco—there may have been gathered faces as vicious as those of the men and women assembled there, but surely not all in the same place at the same time. The men, vice-ridden, brutal, cunning, and degenerate, clad with the flamboyancy that is one of the sign-manuals of the type; the women hard-eyed and predatory of mouth, ornate, exotic, strident, bore the impress of the "hazer," the "gyp," the "broad," and, predominantly, the most ancient of professions.

It was a fairly large room, the windows to the left overlooking the court. There was a double row of tables against either wall, the continuity of those on the right broken by a platform whereon performed an orchestra of negroes. To the left was a bar. Facing the intruders at the opposite end of the room was an archway, concealed by heavy curtains of dull red.

Seated at an ornate knee-hole writing-table immediately to their right as they entered, so that the whole room came

within his purview, and that he would be in a position to intercept unauthorised entrance, was Toni Remardi, the proprietor.

Of medium height and build, with a smooth, pale, clean-shaven face and black hair beginning now to recede from the forehead, a well-shaped, but thin-lipped mouth, and dark brown eyes of exemplary candor, he was clad in a dinner jacket suit that was just right. He might have been, on appearances, the respectable manager of a foreign branch bank. It was not indeed until he was crossed, or stood in danger either of losing money or of frustration in gaining it, that the real man behind that rather pleasantly commonplace exterior obtruded.

Now, beyond a momentary stiffening of features, and an infinitesimal narrowing of the eyes, there was no change in the countenance that glanced up into the more than customarily expressionless face of the detective. Nor was there any sign of recognition, though Hilary thought that, in the instant before getting up from his chair, one of Remardi's long-fingered hands travelled below the desk top, and that simultaneously the two barmen, of abnormally powerful build for this profession, glanced quickly across at them.

CHAPTER 19.

"WHO are you?" he said, his voice neither unpleasant, nor the reverse.

Ackroyd's reply was official and business-like.

"No fooling, Toni," he said. "You know very well who I am. Who's with Pav Martin? And where?"

As, unobtrusively, Remardi's hand travelled again to the underside of the desk, his face had whitened a little. It whitened still further as, before his finger could reach the button that was its objective, Ackroyd's hand closed about his wrist.

"You give just one little warning to Pav Toni," the inspector said slowly, "and within a quarter of an hour you'll be in Vine Street. As you will be if you don't stand away from that desk. Jump to it!"

Quietly as it was spoken, there was an edge to this last from which perceptibly the Italian flinched. But as reluctantly he did as he was ordered, there flamed into his eyes a light that to the last degree rendered understandable the reputation he had. From his initial appearance of respectable well-to-do ordinariness, the man was transformed to an unleashed devil.

"Have you a search-warrant?" he said, and this was the first time Hilary had heard words spoken literally from between clenched teeth.

"Do your talking to Detective-Sergeant Oates," Ackroyd said, and made his way swiftly down the room.

But by the time that, Hilary at his heels, he reached the curtained archway, the barmen were threatening their passage.

One of them, an enormous broad-shouldered plug-ugly whose flattened nose and faintly leaden coloring was suggestive of the mulatto, thrust out jaw and an enormous forefinger at Hilary.

"You can't come tru' here, sar!" he said unwaveringly.

Ignoring the flesh wound in his shoulder Hilary seized the outstretched hand of that finger; locked the arm; pulled the huge body swiftly forward; applied the necessary leverage. Like a nose-diving plane, the mulatto shot over his sound shoulder, to reach the floor with a thud that shook the room.

SEEMING this, the other, who was of similar build, and a bare half-inch shorter than his fellow, made a swift dive for his left arm-pit. Wise to, and

watchful for, the sign, Ackroyd's fist crashed to the angle of that prognathous jaw; the thug hurtled backwards through the curtains to the passage beyond, there to lay spreadeagled, "out to the world." Disregarding anything and everything but regret for the noise made by those separate crashes, Ackroyd hurried forward.

"Collect his gun," he instructed hastily over his shoulder, and, with the unconscious man's coat wide open, Hilary had small trouble in doing so, a short-barrelled heavy-calibre automatic.

Nor when, in a few quick strides, he reached the third door on the right, did the inspector hesitate.

If, except occasionally in conversation, this was the first time Hilary had seen Ackroyd anything but slightly somnolent, he made up for that lethargy now. Already his revolver was out, and, without an instant's hesitation he crashed four bullets into the lock. Then, backing to the opposite wall, he hurled his full weight against the door.

From the top to perhaps a couple of feet from the bottom, it bent open. Only the bolt held. Before Ackroyd had time completely to gather himself together from that first assault, Hilary had repeated it. This time the door crashed open.

At what the interior of that small, brightly-lighted room disclosed, Hilary experienced the supreme surprise of his life.

Except that there was no stage adjacent, this was the complete theatrical dressing-room; full-length and side-arm mirror beneath shaded electric lights; down one side a mirror-crowned bench, with laid out on it an array of grease paints, hares' feet, spirit gum, and crepe hair; at the end further from the door an enormous wardrobe filled with—as in his first instinctive glance it seemed to Hilary—every conceivable variety of costume; a washing-bowl, complete with running water, in the corner.

And by the wardrobe, a tense expression on the face that momentarily turned to them, was a figure at the sight of whom they checked in sheer amazement.

FOR, while in color and texture the face was that of the pseudo Lord Kilnsyde, the countenance was not square, but chubbily rounded; instead of the coarse, black up-standing hair of that spurious shipowner, the head-covering of this man, which retreated from the forehead, was fair and fine.

As well as the face, the body, too, was different. While the victim of the black-malling letter had been almost square, this man's frame was chubby and rounded.

The first to gather himself together, without a word, Ackroyd made his spring. Begun in that bright revealing light, the movement finished in impenetrable darkness, so that he fetched up shatteringly at the edge of the half-open door of the wardrobe. He fell back breathless and gasping. Superimposed upon that painful respiration, and from slightly to the left, came a thin, creaking whine.

There in the darkness Hilary stood for a moment uncertainly. Ten seconds or so passed. Then suddenly, but with intense conviction, it came to him that, apart from himself and Ackroyd, the room was empty.

The inspector's raucous breathing stilled; there was the shuffle of feet. The white beam of his torch showed let-in to the edge of the wardrobe a highly-polished switch. The next moment the room flooded to its former brilliance.

As Hilary had known would be the case, the two were alone. But in the left-hand half of the wardrobe now was a yawning space. The whining had been that made by a descending lift.

"Help me to shift this," Ackroyd panted in an attempt to reach the window so that he might warn the watchmen outside.

But, clamped to the floor, that heavy wardrobe was immovable.

Inside, among the array of clothing that hung there, they found the cables of the lift; at the back the switch that worked it. Pressed, however, there was no response; the fugitive had disconnected the power.

All this had happened so quickly that, as swiftly they returned down the corridor, the man who had taken the knock-out from Ackroyd was only beginning to stir; on the dance floor side of the curtain the one dealt with by Hilary was propped against the wall nursing a badly bruised shoulder—that their activities had not been interrupted was explained by the fact that from his place by the entrance door, a police whistle in his mouth, and a regulation pattern revolver held very steadily in his hand, the imperturbable Oates was engaged in discouraging any too ambitious movement on the part of the assembled revellers.

AS he approached Remardi, whom Oates had ordered to stand with his back to the room, Ackroyd's lank face was unpleasant.

"Fetch Constable George here," he instructed Hilary. When, accompanied by the detective, the latter returned: "This man is in your personal care until you receive orders from me to the contrary," Ackroyd said.

Then to Remardi:

"Where does that lift-shaft lead?"

There was a pause.

"I not know which lift-shaft you mean," the Italian said very slowly.

Ackroyd's lips drew back in a snarl.

"I'll give you just ten seconds to answer," he said. "After that you'll be on your way to Vine Street."

His own activities in mind, and with no knowledge of how much the police had against him, the threat was effective.

"Come," said Remardi quickly, and the constable, gripping his arm, and the inspector and Hilary close behind, he strode down the room, through the curtains, and, passing the dressing-room, turned into one at the far end. In the corner was a built-in cupboard, that, when the door was opened, disclosed the head of a flight of steps running downward.

The Italian pressed a switch, and a light sprang on.

Thirty steps Hilary counted before the flight ended in a narrow passage to the right, that terminated in a door.

Remardi stopped, pointing.

"Be'old!" he said, and they saw that the door opened to a cellar, and that let into an alcove; at the far side was an open hand-worked lift.

For the moment at least Ackroyd did not trouble to examine it.

"Now for the exit to the street," he said, and again from the Italian was the same hesitancy that had been apparent upstairs.

Ackroyd buried the muzzle of his pistol in the Italian's mid-section.

"Get a move on, or I'll blow your backbone out," he said, and the sheer savagery in his voice bluffed Remardi into the conviction that he meant it.

His always pale face now paper white, Remardi strode over to the corner farthest from the entrance door, and indicated another one that, brick-covered and white-washed was hardly to be distinguished from the surrounding wall.

There was no knob, but the Italian opened it with a Yale key he took from his pocket. On the further side was a three-foot square of space that on the right communicated with an ascending flight of steps. At the top, on ground level, these in turn opened to a short passage, leading through a door at the end to a kitchen, dank and unfurnished, and from thence to a small lock-up shop, stocked with the miscellanies of a cheap tobacconist.

When Ackroyd went to the window it was to look out upon Denman Street, a

down or more yards from the entrance to the court where was the Riviera Club.

"Keep your man here until I come back, Constable," he ordered curtly, opened the door, stepped into the open, and called to the two detectives who guarded the entrance to the alley.

"Seen anyone come out of here?" he said curtly.

"Yes, sir," one promptly replied. "Chubby-looking middle-aged respectable-looking feller we took for granted was the proprietor." Then at what he read in the inspector's face: "Why—who was it, sir?"

"Sainter," said Ackroyd, and laughed.

CHAPTER 20.

"WELL go back by the way we came," the inspector pronounced. "We've got to lock up, anyway. First place I want to give the lock-over now is that fancy dressing-room. Hold your man in the corridor until I call you, Constable."

The "dressing-room" door closed behind them, Ackroyd pointed to the bottom of the wardrobe, where was a neat pile of pads each shaped to fit some specific part of the human anatomy. Then he indicated various oddly-shaped pieces of wax on the bench.

"To build himself to the necessary squareness," he pronounced, as to the former, and took two of the pieces of wax to the bowl, and having washed them, slipped them into his mouth and cheeks. The effect was to transform that lank and melancholy countenance to a full-fed oval.

He picked up one of the body pads, examining it minutely.

"But what an artist!" he exclaimed, with the appreciation of one craftsman for another.

"The wanted murderer who has the immortal gall to walk into Scotland Yard itself, and afterwards hold a long interview with the chief of the detectives who're hunting him down, has to be that, and then some," Hilary remarked.

"You're telling me," Ackroyd said, and relapsed into thought. Then, without speaking, he went to the door, called the detective in charge of the Italian.

"I want Remardi here," he said. "Stay outside yourself, but within call."

REMARDI advanced into the room only hesitatingly; there had been something in Ackroyd's voice not reassuring, and now he confronted him, something in his eyes and in the set of the mouth that didn't look too good, either. More than once he'd encountered that look as prelude to an inquest.

"There are one or two questions I'm going to ask you, Toni," the inspector said, but in so quiet a voice that the Italian took heart.

"Oh yeah?" he said lightly.

Ackroyd gave one of his slow nods.

"Just one or two questions," he confirmed. "Quite simple to answer, too. The first is—where's Sainter hanging out?"

There was noncomprehension in the Italian's dark, hard eyes. He, too, shook his head.

"The man who's just made his getaway from here?" Ackroyd pressed.

Hilary watched the Italian's expression change to one of incredulity, and from that to stark and overwhelming fear. Hand pressed to heart, he swayed a little as he stood.

"Pav Martin, Sainter!" he breathed at last, and there was no doubt as to the shock brought by that realisation.

Ackroyd, at least, appeared content to accept it for that.

"Why Pav Martin?" he demanded.

"I think, with your so kind permission, I sit," Remardi said uncertainly, and lowered himself to a chair.

"Why Pav Martin?" Ackroyd repeated.

As if overwhelmed with some insupport-

able load, Remardi's head slowly raised itself; as if to clarify his thoughts his eyes blinked dazedly.

"E say, when he come 'ere first," he said, "that years ago—before and during the war—e was a quick-change artist on your 'alls, and that many times e appear at the Pavilion. So many times e say this that the boys get to callin' 'im Pav." He shuddered. "Did I know e was the terrible Sainter—that assassin in the newspapers who kills for the 'appiness e gain from his killings, what, think you, would I have done?"

"Put the black' on him," Ackroyd replied promptly. "for that's half of your living. But . . . Who sent Sainter—Pav Martin—here?"

During this speech, those hard, brown eyes with their now wildly-distended pupils had been fixed upon the Scotland Yard man with such abject fear that with every passing moment Hilary expected Remardi to faint. He gasped inaudibly before he was able to command his voice sufficiently to reply.

"You get me all wrong, Mr. Ackroyd," he protested fervently.

"I've got you to rights, Remardi," the inspector corrected, significantly. "But that's nothing to how I'm going to have you before you're out of this room. Who sent Sainter here?"

There were pin-points of sweat on the other's forehead as, after a moment, he burst out desperately:

"I not tell you. That man Iav Martin—e was terrible. So soft an' so smiling always—so that one would think he was—what you say?—easy. But when that 'appened e not like, though e was still smooth and smiling—and that's but made 'im the more terrible—that smile meant—death. I know, for before I come to London I live with the gangs in New York an' Chicago, where there are men 'oo kill, as the great French assassin Lecapalre said of 'imself, as they drink a glass of wine—Fir, ten, twenty times, some of those American 'droppers' 'ave kill. . . . But not in one of them did I see the look as so many times I read it in the eyes of the one who call 'imself Pav Martin. There's nothin' will make me tell you, 'ear?"

Ackroyd's expression, or lack of it, remained unchanged.

"How much money do you owe him, Toni?" he said, and now the Italian's forehead shone damply and his limbs and lips were unsteady.

"It is not I who owe my clients, it is they who owe me," he said with a pitiful clutch at dignity.

"How much did you drop on Wall Street in this last slump?" the inspector asked in his cool voice. "And how did you pay your stockbrokers? Nathan and Rubinstein, aren't they, of London Wall?"

As so frequently is the case, the strength of the Scotland Yard man's position lay in the ignorance of the opposition as to how much he knew.

"And when the London and Metropolitan Bank were on the point of filing your petition, how did you reduce your overdraft?" Ackroyd pressed, still in that everyday tone.

THE Italian's dilated eyes stared into those calmly detached ones, but he did not reply.

"As I estimate it, Toni," Ackroyd said, "it must be only a few hundred on the right side of £10,000 you're in Sainter's riss for, and that's a pretty big hold for one man to have over another. Particularly a man who, apart from any monetary obligation, is as scared of his creditors as so obviously you are of Sainter. Nevertheless, you're going to tell me who sent him here in the first place."

Remardi, however, continued to retain a trembling but obstinate silence.

"His bedroom was on the floor above, I

take it?" the inspector suggested, breaking in at last.

Dumbly, the Italian nodded.

"I'll go and have a look at the room as soon as I'm through with you," Ackroyd said conversationally. "Not that there'll be anything there—with all your crook staff about. Who sent Sainter here, Toni?"

There is cumulative force in the same question constantly reiterated, and it was obvious that with every repetition the Italian was becoming more uneasy. Ackroyd, then, proceeded to press his advantage.

"I don't see what you've to be scared of," he said reasonably. "You're going to save yourself—well, quite a lot of trouble—by unloading all you know. How can it harm you, anyway? Except by suicide, no wanted man—get that, Toni, because it's interesting—whose identity was known, has ever escaped arrest by Scotland Yard. Once we've got Sainter, how can you come to any harm from him? Especially as you'll be safe in prison. It isn't as though he's any gang, behind him to carry on the good work when you come out. Apart from that Filipino, Sancho, who'll stick to him so close that when we 'knock off' one we shall 'knock off' the other, and Chimp Pargus and his three hawes, whom we've collected already, he's single-handed. Who sent Sainter here, Toni?"

STILL the Italian evaded the question.

"Because no man has yet escaped your Scotland Yard is not to say none ever will," he pointed out in a voice of fear. "And Sainter is no ordinary man. The devil incarnate, that apache, an' with all a devil's cunning. An' when you say because I shall be in prison I shall be safe, it is to laugh." He paused, eye-pupils suddenly so dilated that they seemed veritably to throw back the light from the powerful bulb overhead. "Was the man Adolf Pottinger safe? Even when he was surrounded by police?"

Ackroyd seemed to reflect for a moment.

"The man responsible for poisoning Pottinger," he said, "was Sancho, who, disguised by Sainter, gained admittance to the Old Bailey through his impersonation of the officer they'd abducted when he came off duty the previous day, and well, we'll say, 'persuaded,' to give them an exhaustive description of his duties. But, as I told you a moment ago, when we get Sainter we shall collect Sancho as well. So you needn't worry about him. Who was it sent Sainter here, Toni?"

The Italian's trembling lips hardened; became a thinner line across his face.

"Still I no tell you," he said.

When, in response to that refusal, the Inspector leaned forward in his chair, his mouth, too, was firm, the lank jaw protrudent, his eyes implacable.

"If you take my advice, Toni," he said, "you'll bite on to it that, before you leave this room, you're coming through with that information."

Apparently the Italian was impressed by the detective's manner, for the eyelids fluttered and the lips fell slightly apart.

"What is it that will make me speak what I no wish to say?" he said, his voice a mingling of fear and derision.

"Me," said Ackroyd, his glance undeviating.

"Will what your commission instruct for the protection of—of suspects—ow they need not to answer anything they no want to answer; ow they must be warned that anything they say may be used against them; ow, if it pleases them, they may 'ave their own 'mouthpiece' to 'ear all that passes, ow can you make me?" Remardi demanded, with a shrug of expertly-tailored shoulders. "An' I 'ave no 'mouthpiece' 'ere, an' I no answer your question."

Slowly, ominously, Ackroyd got to his feet. Going to the door, he beckoned the detective-constable from his post outside. When the latter joined him inside the

room, followed intently by the dilated eyes of the Italian, he turned the key in the door. Then, carelessly, he indicated the seated man.

"Put the iron on him," he instructed shortly, and Remardi shrank from the handcuffs as a child from a threatened blow.

"You cannot do that!" he cried desperately, and now it was apparent the inspector's manner was beginning to tell. "I do no wrong here in the Riviera Cafe." He shuddered visibly. "I have no idea the man to whom I let a room is the murderer Sainter. An' may not a man take roomers without bein' a criminal?"

Apparently the detective-constable was not unaccustomed to protests at being handcuffed, for, taking no manner of notice of the outburst, he quickly had those instruments about the Italian's wrists.

Then, stepping over to confront him, Ackroyd said:

"Listen, Toni. I'm not arguing, I'm telling you. You are going to answer that question. That's definite—and final. If you're wise, you'll answer it quick. But in any case you'll answer it."

But for his shackled wrists Remardi would have wrung his hands. The vicious good-looking face upturned to the inspector's was dead white and glistening with sweat.

"This isn't America," he shouted. "Or even France. There's no Third Degree in England."

"Isn't there?" Ackroyd said quietly, and took a small blue eight-sided bottle from his pocket—turned it about so that the Italian might read the label.

HAD he been an ill-treated hound confronted by a whip in the hands of a sadistic master, Remardi could not have shown a greater intensity of terror. The white of his face turned to a livid grey; he thrust out his manacled hands as if to ward off the supreme and ultimate horror. For the two words that stood out so starkly from that printed label were "Sulphuric Acid."

Desperately, frenziedly, the Italian made an attempt to pull himself together.

"But you dare not," he mouthed. "Bluff—that's what it is, and I no' fall for it. For what would your 'One Office say'—your newspapers, to what I should 'ave to tell them?"

Ackroyd's short bark of a laugh was one of the most terrible sounds of Hilary's experience.

"You wouldn't be the first arrested prisoner who attempted suicide, and, when the humane police strove to deprive him of the weapon, injured himself in the struggle," he pointed out callously. "And in this case the evidence of two police officers will be reinforced by that of an independent civilian witness of good position."

"You—you, an Englishman so humane, you couldn't!" Remardi moaned, and but for the hands of the young detective pressing on his shoulders, would have sprung from his chair.

"If you're banking on that humanity stuff, Toni," Ackroyd said levelly, "you're making the mistake of your life. While it's true that, up to now, those Sainter has murdered are better dead than alive, it isn't undesirable I'm out to protect. In comparison with the life he's after now, anything that can happen to a dope-and white slave trafficker like you simply doesn't count."

Though Remardi seemed on the point of collapse, he appeared still to retain some faint hope that Ackroyd was bluffing. The inspector, stepping forward, poised the bottle.

"Who sent Sainter here, Toni?" he said, seized the Italian's chin, thrust the head backward so that the white face lay level beneath the mouth of that sinister blue phial. Slowly, inevitably the bottle tilted,

so that the eyes into which he gazed so implacably widened to irresistible panic.

"Monkey Baines," he shrieked.

It was as his frame suddenly relaxed from the strain, Ackroyd stepped back from the chair that climax came. Climax so unexpected, so monstrous, as for a moment to leave impotent one as hard-bitten even as Inspector Ackroyd.

It was from the lift shaft the sound came—a soft plup-p-p-p, not unlike the drawing of an easily extracted cork. Simultaneously, in the centre of the Italian's forehead appeared a tiny blue-rimmed mark from which sprang a trickle of blood. The terrified eyes glazed and protruded; the thin-lipped mouth gaped as one smitten with some devastating surprise. Then, inertly, the body slumped forward.

The first staggering shock assimilated, Hilary swung round to face the point from which had come the sound.

By a fractional instant to catch a glimpse of the vividly triumphant face of Sancho, the Filipino, before, silently this time the lift descended.

CHAPTER 21.

LIKE a flash Ackroyd was through the door and down the corridor and stairs to the cellar.

But with all his haste there was no sign of Sancho. By then probably that devoted henchman of murder was lost in the crowds of Shaftesbury Avenue. It was with a curse at his own lack of forethought that the inspector remembered that, following the escape of Sainter by that same route, he had not only thought it unnecessary to put a guard on the shop, but had withdrawn the watchers from the passage-end. And though he spoke to the policeman outside the Palace Theatre, that efficient regulator of traffic had seen nothing of the man described to him. Nor had the officer on the beat between the end of Gerrard Street and Piccadilly, "Not to notice 'im, sir, anyway!"

So that was that, and, after he had put through the "all stations" call there was nothing but to return to the Riviera Club, clear it of its unsavory "guests," and close its doors—permanently, as it proved.

Also, and as he had anticipated, Sainter's bedroom, that was on the floor above the dance-hall, yielded no information. Plain carpet, enamelled iron bed, plain oak wardrobe meagre of clothing, and with nothing in the pockets; washstand, chest-of-drawers, simple toilet accessories, the room might have been the one-night resting-place of some obscure commercial traveller.

And all the time he was engaged in this Hilary had the impression the man's thoughts were elsewhere. It wasn't that he spoke so little for, except on rare occasions Ackroyd was never particularly communicative. But now the lady eyes were abstracted, and when he was addressed his replies were abstracted, too.

AFTER they had seen the safe closed, but with a guard at each entrance and exit, his face blank, the inspector stood for a long time in silence.

"Monkey Baines," he said at last, speaking more to himself than to Hilary.

"Who is he, anyway?" Hilary asked quickly. "And what?"

"Importer of wild animals," Ackroyd said slowly. "Sells to travelling managements and circuses and things—both here and on the Continent. Shows 'em first though. There's a head, on his premises in Lamport Street, Hoxton, where he sells birds, and guinea pigs, and rabbits. And dogs—practically every one of 'em pinched in the provinces and shipped to London in exchange for those that are pinched and shipped from here."

"Pretty bad hat, apparently," Hilary

agreed dubiously. "But not half big enough to be mixed up with a super-criminal like Sainter. I shouldn't have thought. Like the First Lord of the Admiralty arm-in-arm with the stoker of a Fishery Protection sloop, if you see what I mean."

Ackroyd, however, did not immediately reply.

"Of course," he added at last, "though, apart from receiving dogs knowing them to've been stolen, Monkey's outside the crook game himself. He knows more about the criminal side of London than the crooks themselves. Funny how invariably the little fellows—the 'dips' and the 'whizzers' and small-time con-men—all seem to have a soft spot for pets. You've only to take a walk down Club Row any Sunday morning to discover that half the fellows buying bullfinches and linnets and things are crooks—or were, before the sale of caged wild birds was stopped."

"At one time or another the greater proportion of these petty thieves drift into Monkey's place, either to buy, look round—or meet their old friends. And each of those little crooks is connected more or less intimately with crooks a stage above them, and those, in turn, with those higher up still, and so on in an unbroken chain to the top. And as news travels from one stage to another, so it percolates down."

"And you can take it from me that the sum-total of what's collected into Baines' place is considerable. If that little saboon had any bent towards authorship, the book he could write on the underworld of London would be a blinkin' encyclopaedia of crime. In the last year or two it hasn't been only the little fellows who gather at his place. If there's any information they need, and that they can't get elsewhere, there's quite a number of the big fellows call in on Monday for expert counsel, and are willing to pay big money for it."

HILARY whistled below his breath.

"Sort of cross between an Advisory Bureau and a Clearing House for Crime, eh?" he suggested.

"Run by one of the shrewdest and most reticent associates of thieves in London," said Ackroyd. "Apart from his dog-stealing transactions—and it's next door to impossible to prove he knows any one animal is stolen—he keeps himself on the right side of the law; but, providing the consideration's big enough, helps others to break every statute in the Code."

There was another long silence. Knowing the inspector as well as by now he had come to know him, Hilary realised that there was some question, special and urgent, that lank man was groping to answer.

Presently, with a shake of bony shoulders, Ackroyd roused himself.

"Anyway, late as it is, we'll go and have a talk with him," he said. "Hours don't mean a thing to Monkey, anyway."

It was on their way there that Hilary put the question which, ever since the Italian's passing had exercised him.

"That bottle," he said, "where you really going to—well, disfigure Remardi?"

Ackroyd's sigh was one of intense relief. "Do you know," he said earnestly, "I thought the little swine was going to have guts enough to call my bluff. And that one piece of information he was withholding was absolutely vital for Miss Moreland's safety."

He blew out lean cheeks in an audible expulsion of breath. "We owe a special prayer of thanksgiving that we found his yellow streak. Otherwise—"

"You'd have poured a drop or two of that stuff on his face, just to encourage him?" Hilary suggested.

Ackroyd gave one of his slow, negative headshakes, put his hand in his pocket, withdrew the tiny sinister bottle, took out the cork and, before the younger man

could prevent him, tilted the contents into his palm.

Those contents were pure water.
"But as good a weapon as a battery of field guns," the inspector stated, and somehow Hilary felt glad.

LAMPORT STREET proved to be one of the innumerable minor streets in the triangle formed by the Walworth-Camberwell Roads, Camberwell New Road, and Kensington Park Road—dark, dismal, ill-lighted and paved, the continuity of ill-conditioned back-to-back houses broken occasionally by one of those newsagent-cum-tobaccoconist shops which seem to exist chiefly through the sale of betting tips, of second-hand clothing stores, or one of those establishments which in a diffused odor of lamp-oil and pickled onions, sells pills and bacon, dog-powders and tin-tacks, cheese and tinned salmon, firewood and margarine, black-lead and soapdishes, with equal impartiality and in the minutest possible quantities.

In the four or five streets, each for general unsaviness the twin to the other, through which, after dismissing the taxi in the main thoroughfare, they passed, the "Hoxton Zoo and Domestic Pet Depository" of their objective were the only premises that had not one or other of these enterprises as their raison d'être.

Arrived there, strange animal sounds and still stranger smells came out to them, uneasy shufflings of little bodies among straw, gruntings and yappings; the pungent reek of wild things in captivity.

"Not exactly attar of roses, this place," Hilary observed, as the inspector pealed the bell.

"Wait till we get inside," Ackroyd replied with feeling, and, no response forthcoming to his summons, stepped back so as to bring more of the house within his vision. No light shone from within; over the windows the shutters were tightly closed.

Ackroyd reapproached the door, this time reinforcing his ring at the tinkling bell with a thundering knock on the panel. Even this could be heard only faintly above the pandemonium of barking and yelping engendered by the summons.

Then without any preliminary sound of approaching footsteps, there was the grating of bolts. By a bare three inches the door, still on the chain, opened to them. Dimly through the gloom appeared the blur of a face.

"Wotist?" a husky voice demanded truculently. "And 'oo?"

"Detective-Inspector Ackroyd, of the Criminal Investigation Department, New Scotland Yard," Hilary's companion replied brusquely: "I want a word with you, Monkey."

There was a pause before the reply came. Hilary had the impression that the information as to identity was unwelcome.

"Wotist you want? You ain't got nothin' on me," the voice said at last.

"At the moment," Ackroyd said dispassionately, "it's information I'm after. Open the door. And get a move on."

"I've no information to 'and out," the man said, but drawing the chain as he spoke. Grudgingly the door opened sufficiently to allow of their thrusting through—to be assailed by a malodorous wave that, to Hilary, appeared to consist of a mingling of every animal-smell known to zoology.

There came the sound of a handle turning to their left, and with the opening of that further door the stench seemed literally to rush out at them. The scrape of a match followed, the pop of a lighted gasjet, and the open doorway showed through to a dimly-lighted interior.

Ackroyd entered, and Hilary followed.

The only furnishings of the room consisted of a treble row of wire-fronted cases

about the walls. Within were specimens of practically every one of the smaller mammals known to science: dogs, cats, weasels, mice, guinea-pigs, mongooses and monkeys. If, apparently, adequately fed, so far as concerned cleanliness one and all were in a state of indescribable neglect.

Yet of all the creatures of that bizarre stock not one was so wholly grotesque or suffering from more prolonged personal neglect than the figure who waited to receive them. Truculently, yet, Hilary sensed, not without some underlying trepidation.

There could be no doubt as to why he had been rechristened "Monkey." With his stunted, barrel-chested body, short, bowed legs, and in-turning feet, the short, thick hair with which almost the whole of his face was invested, and that with no difference in color or texture covered his head, his long, flat mouth, and short, wide-nostrilled nose, and the tiny twinkling brown eyes that beneath crazy, over-hanging brows were so alert and inherently suspicious, he was so incredibly akin to a baboon as at first glance to appear to have some direct relationship with the simian.

"Let's be hearin' from you, Mr. Busy," the proprietor growled, before Ackroyd could speak.

"What do you know of the man Pav Martin you wished on to Toni Remardi a few days ago, Monkey?" Ackroyd said steadily, and looked for a flicker of fear in the twinkling brown eyes into which his own so directly bored.

INSTEAD, following a quick and rather startled change of expression, he read only caution.

"Ow do you mean, what do I know about 'im?" the animal-dealer demanded.

"Who sent him to you in the first place?" asked Ackroyd.

The other replied irritably.

"That's a good 'im, that is!" he exclaimed. "Ow did he come 'ere in the first place. I'm asked! 'Ow does everyone 'oo comes 'ere come? Becor 'e either wants to sell a animal or to buy one. An' for the reason that I'm the best-known an' the straightest dealer in livestock in London or elsewhere. That's why Pav Martin come 'ere in the first place. And the second place. And the third."

There was the ring of truth in this, and in view of those cages of assorted livestock that had been such a feature of that terrible house at Hampstead, to an extent the inspector was prepared to accept it.

"That your only connection with him?" he demanded. "As a customer?"

"Course it was," Monkey replied shortly. "What did you think it'd be? That 'e was my long-lost uncle from Australia or somethin'?"

"What made you send him to Toni's?" Ackroyd demanded, reaching the crux of his inquiries.

Now, for a moment, Monkey seemed to hesitate.

"Well," he said at last, slowly and judicially, "'e waited some place where 'e could."

"Lie low?" suggested Ackroyd, breaking harshly into the other's groping for the exact word.

"Stay a while," the animal-dealer substituted. "Where 'e could stay a while, an'—an' rest."

"What you mean," Ackroyd said unpleasantly. "Is that he came to you and said that as the buses were after him he wanted a hide-up where he'd be safe, and so you sent him to Toni's. Get your hat and coat."

"Get me 'at!" The man's protruberant jaw dropped, and his eyes were wide open and staring. "What do I want me 'at for?"

"For the reason," Ackroyd said uncompromisingly, "that I'm going to 'knock you off'. Here and now."

Though a persistent and unregenerate law-breaker, by guile and cunning beyond

the ordinary Monkey had contrived never yet to see the inside of a prison cell, and now that record seemed upon the point of breaking, the shock was transcendental.

"But—but, what for?" he shouted at last. "I ain't done nothin' . . . What sort of a charge can you bring aguin' me?"

"The charge," Ackroyd said, and for the second time that night, "of being an accessory after the fact of—murder."

"A man doesn't assist by every means in his power a criminal of the calibre of Sainter unless he's in sympathy with murder!"

"Sainter!" The other's voice rose to a roar of protest. "The bloke the papers 'as been so full of this last day or two?" he went on to demand. "'Oo's wanted for a good 'alf-dozen killin's?"

Gazing in horrified protest in the unmoved face of his questioner, he paused, struggling for self-mastery. The grotesque head shook slowly.

"I don't know that bloke, mister," he asserted solemnly, "from 'Enery the Eighth. An' if I 'ad known 'im, an' 'e'd come into my shop 'ere, I'd bin outer the back door so quick you wouldn't 've been able to see me trousers for steam."

"Pav Martin was Sainter," said Ackroyd.

AGAIN there was no mistaking the genuineness of the astonishment that crowded into the grotesque face. Amusement, and—again—a suggestion of some other emotion Hilary could not quite capture.

"Yer—mean—ter—till—me—that—that 'armless—quiet-spoken bloke was Sainter?" Monkey demanded with, for more complete emphasis a pause between each word.

"Was—and is," the inspector confirmed shortly. "And you've still to convince me you didn't know it."

"I never!" The man was trembling with excitement and protest, as was his voice. Then he came to an abrupt halt. "I don't believe it," he said definitely.

"You've never seen him in any character but Pav Martin?" Ackroyd demanded sceptically.

"Listen, Mister!" As if with sudden realization of his position, the animal-dealer's hoarse voice was earnest and impressive. "First time 'e come to me was a year or so ago—in the character of Pav Martin. If you was to gl'e me a 'undred pound I couldn't tell yer 'oo sent 'im. Tole me 'oo 'e was—one of 'ee old Musin 'All turns 'oo'd saved a bit of money in the years 'e was in reg'lar work, an' when the pitchers ruined the business, retired on 'is savin's. As a nobby 'e'd taken up w' keepin' a bit o' livestock, an' would I show 'im what I'd got. . . . Well, 'e bought one or two oddments—a mongoose an' a few birds, if I remember right—an' took 'em off with 'em in a motor-car. . . . Since then, 'e's dropped in pretty frequent, an' I've sold him quite a bit o' stock. An' that," he concluded, "is the beginnin' an' end of all I know about 'im. As f'r bein' a murderer . . . why, a quieter-spoken or pleasanter feller you couldn't find anywhere."

He met the detective's glance directly, and did not lower his eyes. But again, Hilary was possessed of that same sense of something withheld.

"And what," Ackroyd went on to inquire, "made him—when already he'd told you he'd retired to his own little house—come to you in Poplar, to inquire for lodgings? And if he was the decent, respectable sort you say you thought him, why recommend him to a place like The Riviera—or to a man like Remardi? The one a notorious resort of crooks, the other a notorious criminal?"

This time the bright eyes drooped before the direct and searching gaze that confronted them; he moved a little uneasily on his feet.

"Well, seein' 'e's the man you say 'e is—a murderer many times over—I'll be

straight with yer," Monkey muttered at last. "E came to me an' tole me 'e was in a bit o' trouble—with yew fellers—an' wanted to lay low for a while. Nothin' serious—just a matter o' smuggin' a couple o' dawgs through from France by airplane, an' forgettin' to put 'em in quarantine. 'E'd done it before two or three times, 'e sez, an' so the 'buses were on to 'im, an' it wasn't just a matter of a fine. An' w'at I know about them so-and-so Customs blokes, I was only too glad to 'elp 'im. So I put 'im on to Toni. Toni may not be a lig-anded saint, but any feller 'e takes in 'oo pays what 'e asks is as safe as if 'e was in a tank strongroom."

"When did you see him last?" Ackroyd asked.

"Not since 'e went from 'ere to Toni's," Monkey replied quickly.

After a few moments' thought: "Any objection if we take a look round?" the inspector asked; and the animal-dealer's response was immediate.

"You're not takin' me along w' yer?" he demanded quickly, the dawn of relief in his voice.

Though Hilary had the idea that at no time had Ackroyd had any intention of carrying out his threat, again he seemed to consider.

"We'll let that go—for the moment, anyway," he said curtly. "In any case I know where to lay hands on you."

MONKEY made a wide gesture to indicate the treble row of cages that surrounded him.

"Ow could I run away—w' all these to feed?" he demanded.

"If you'd do a bit of cleaning at the same time it wouldn't do any harm," Ackroyd pointed out.

"This way," said Monkey, and passing through the door made his way down the passage to another door at the end. Opening this, he disclosed a yard that at one time might have been used by a builder or marine-store dealer.

It was here the low, uneasy mutterings and an occasional deep-mouthed growl that more than once during the interview had developed into a full-throated roar, were traced to their source.

Here again were cages, though owing to their size, but a single row of them. Temporary homes of the larger animals that within a few hours or days would be conveyed to whomever had ordered them, by the light of the powerful lamp that, in passing through to the open air, Monkey switched on, Hilary's startled glance saw reflected the cold, yellow gleam from the eye of a half-grown tiger, pacing uneasily back and forth from the cage adjacent were a couple of Canadian timber-wolves; a pair of puma cubs were stretched in the abandonment of sleep; a chimpanzee rattled angrily at the bars of its cage.

"What's in there?" Ackroyd asked, and pointed to a cage that was higher than the rest, and whose narrowly-placed bars were reinforced by stout plain glass.

"Go an' ave a look," Monkey replied. They did, and what they saw was unpleasant.

CHAPTER 22.

THE following morning found Ackroyd with the commissioner, who, having just emerged from a spot of bother of his own, was having something to say about it.

"What the Home Secretary didn't say to me doesn't come within the category of language. And small blame to him either. Six murders—to say nothing of poor Appa, who, I'm glad to say, is doing well—and the attempts on your life, on the life of Miss Moreland and young Fortescue. And the man known to be responsible, with a

clean get-away every time, and we without the remotest idea of his whereabouts. With the newspapers what they are, can you wonder the Home Secretary's running round in circles?"

He broke off to glance at the lank inspector in mingled commiseration and affection.

"And unless by the time questions come to be asked in the House, as inevitably they will be, he's in a position to quell the tumult and the shouting by a report that the murderer's in custody, he's got to find someone to lay the blame on," he added, feelingly. "And you're in charge of the case."

Ackroyd's mobile mouth drew down at the corners.

"Then it'll be the high jump and silver tea-service from my regretful colleagues on retirement for me, all right," he said resignedly. "What's more, I shall have deserved it. The high-jump, I mean, not the tea-service."

"But..." the commissioner began, when the telephone broke into the sentence.

"For you," he said, and handed Ackroyd the receiver. Watching, Sir Redvers saw his subordinate's jaw-muscles tense; the gaunt face whiten; the hand that held the receiver grow unsteady. When, at last, he spoke, his voice, too, was uncertain.

"I'll be right along," he said quietly, and slowly and with deliberation replaced the receiver. The face he turned to the commissioner was of an older man than a few minutes before.

"Sainter's got Monkey Baines," he said. "I'm going there straight away."

SIR REDVERS, his florid face distorted, said several things quickly, and none of them printable.

"If we don't lay hands on that madman before many days are out," he said with conviction, "it isn't only you who'll be for the high-jump. And after all these years I should loathe to be superannuated for incompetency." He got to his feet and reached for his hat. "That's why I'm coming with you. Not that I can do anything that you can't. It's that I'd like to be able to give a first-hand report."

It was Sir Redvers' own car that carried them to Poplar. There, outside the animal-dealer's premises, they found a constable keeping back the crowd. He saluted respectfully as the two stepped to the pavement.

"Who's in charge?" the commissioner inquired.

"Sergeant Pryor, of this Division, sir," the constable told him.

Except that, if possible, the animal smell was even more pungent, inside the ground floor room, where Ackroyd had interviewed Baines the previous evening, was just as it had been then, with the stock full-fed by one of the constables. In the passage, Sergeant Pryor, tall and sandy-complexioned, with a long and rather melancholy face, hurried to meet them.

"In the yard, sir," he said, "the doctor's with him now."

The commissioner looked at him in surprise.

"I thought Baines was dead," he said sharply.

"So it was thought, sir, at first," Sergeant Pryor replied. "Forehead smashed in, and no sign of life—our call to Inspector Ackroyd was put through before the doctor came, so's to lose no time. But Doctor Arncliffe says that it's only unconsciousness, and that probably, with an operation, he'll recover."

"We'll go and have a look at him," Sir Redvers decided, and followed the sergeant through the door and into the yard where were the larger animals.

Monkey, his simian face composed, now, in the death-like aloofness of those whose awareness of all pertaining to life has fled, but with an ugly purple depression above and immediately to the right of the right

eye, was lying on a rug with, ministering to him, a cheerful-looking man of middle age, who greeted the newcomers with the detachment characteristic of his profession towards officialdom.

"The ambulance'll be here in a few minutes," he said. "The man must have a head like high-speed steel to take what was handed him and still go on living."

But after the briefest glance at the injured man, Ackroyd had left the side of his chief, and now was engaged with the sergeant and a typical East-ender of the street-trader type the latter had latched from the kitchen premises.

"Here's the only man who seems to have any information but guesswork," Pryor said in introduction. "George Perkins, sir."

A broad, bow-legged and bright-eyed little man of forty or so, Perkins possessed the bird-like look of alertness that, seems the especial providence of those who wrest a living from the London streets.

"Well, what d'you know?" Ackroyd demanded, stung up his man.

"It was this way, sir," Perkins explained. "My pitch is the Ludgate 'Ill end o' Fleet—sellin' whatever fruit 'appens to be in season. An' to get good stuff cheap, you're ter be on the job bright an' early."

"Well, early this mornin' just as I wuz aht o' me 'oughter-be-wed, wot should I see drawn up alidside Monk's place 'ere but a motor-van. There wuz a bloke just crossin' the pavement from it to the yard door, so I only see 'is back. Shortish, tubby build o' feller, far as I c'd make aht."

"Was it Baines' own van you saw?" Ackroyd enquired.

"Old Monk didn't 'ave no van—not of 'is own," Perkins said definitely. "Wouldn't 'ave paid 'im to 'ave 'ad—'im wantin' the use o' one so seldom. When a ship came up w' anything for 'im aboard, or if 'e 'ad anything to deliver, 'e wuz 'ire whatever van was, as you might say, available."

A grin, cunning and appreciative, came into the coster's perky face.

"I'll tell yer something else, too," he confided. "'E didn't always 'ire from the owner ether. There's bin many a quid earned on the side by the drivers around 'ere—lettin' Monk use a delivery van wot didn't 'appen to be needed by the real owner."

Perkins winked knowingly.

"Last night it was one o' Thompson's tea vans."

"And then?" Ackroyd prompted.

"That's about the lot, sir," the coster said with finality. "I went dahstairs an' 'ad a bit of a wash at the kitchen sink, an' when I wuz in the yard collectin' the old bow-an'-arrow I 'eard the van alidside Monk's place drive away. An' that's all I know."

So that was that, and, with nothing more to be extracted, Perkins was dismissed. And as together commissioner and inspector made their examination of the premises, already the coster's description of a "shortish tubbly-build o' feller" had gone only to confirm their knowledge of the identity of the one responsible for the outrage.

Yet as they drove away something deeply within Ackroyd's inner consciousness remained unsatisfied; urgently, insistently, he was possessed of the feeling of having missed something, and that, could the omission be rectified, the result would be illuminating.

CHAPTER 23.

WELL, I don't envy you the experience," Sally said, and meant it. She was seated with Hilary in the cosy sitting-room at the Waverly House, and he had been relating the happenings of the previous night.

"What do you suppose is going to happen

now?" she went on to ask, and there was unwonted anxiety in the question.

Hilary shrugged his shoulders reassuringly.

"It's the beginning of the end, I should hope," he said.

He felt a sudden trembling of the fingers that now were clasped tightly about his own.

"But not before my worthy uncle has had another shot at me," she said.

Then, for the first time, it came to Hilary how fundamental was Sally's dread of that abnormal man; for the first time was able to appreciate as well the almost superhuman courage that, when he himself was in peril, had been able to put aside that terror and drag him literally from the jaws of murder. And with this so-gallantly-concealed fear in view, he was able to realise what inroads this last period of suspense had made into her nerves.

Hilary put his arm about her shoulders and drew her to him in the first intimate contact of their association. His heart pounded when she made no demur; seemed, indeed, to find comfort in nearness, for she rested quite contentedly against him.

"But, my dear," he protested, "what possible danger can you be in here—with outside a couple of the bestest C.I.D. men in captivity; in his cubby-hole at the entrance an ex-policeman of brawn and Highland determination; and here in the room with you, as often and as long as you'll have him—me? I may not be a Camera to look at, but you can take it I'd do my best to give anyone who tried to get gay with you a pretty brisk time of it."

Very gently she pressed his fingers.

"You needn't tell me that," she said gratefully. "And I know all about the bodyguard downstairs; each and severally ready to die in my defence. And yet I'm scared stiff."

HE glanced at his wrist-watch to find that it was well past noon.

"What you need, my dear, is a cocktail," he diagnosed. Gently releasing her, with the intention of ringing for the waiter, he got up. "Just one" old Duff's side-cars, and you'll feel like a strong man about to run a race."

As, to return to his place on the chesterfield, he reached the window, he noted idly that a red Post Office van was on the point of drawing up outside, and, leaning against the gatepost at the bottom of the short flight of steps from street to entrance-door, the stalwart figure of Sergeant Bird, with one subordinate between the hotel and Bayswater Road, and the other lounging nonchalantly against the railings a little down the Gardens.

Added to this protection, the alert and experienced ex-Inspector Duff, immediately within the entrance, not much danger to a girl on the second floor, it occurred to him comfortably.

Barely had he taken his seat again—an interval when the sound of the changing gears of the Post Office van came up to him, so that he knew that it was turning, than there was a knock at the door.

"Come in," Sally called, and, not the waiter, as he had expected, but the hall porter, came in.

"Will you be good enough, miss," he said, "to come downstairs and sign for a registered parcel."

"But why can't one of your people sign for me?" Sally inquired, wondering whom the parcel was from and what it might contain.

"The postman won't accept any signature but yours, miss," the porter explained. "Says he wouldn't mind if it was an ordinary register—for a £5 insurance. But this is insured up to the maximum of £400, so he's got to see you sign for himself."

Sally looked her astonishment.

"But who on earth's sending me something worth all that much?" she exclaimed.

and stood up. "I came of age a long time ago, so it isn't anything from the lawyers."

With Sergeant Bird on duty immediately outside, Hilary did not hesitate.

"Let's go and collect the valuables, anyway?" he suggested.

The lift was moving upward when they were on the landing, and with only two downwards flights to negotiate it wasn't worth waiting for it. Presumably it was the thickness of the walls of that substantially-built early-Victorian house, combined with the running of the engine of the Post Office van outside, that muffled the sound of the three shots, in rapid succession that otherwise would have reached them from a point further down the Gardens. As they passed the office, that was immediately to the right of the entrance door, but cut off by the projecting porch from view of the street, they noticed only casually that it was unoccupied.

Parcel in hand, the postman handed Sally his book of receipts.

"Sign here, please, miss," he said respectfully, pointing, before handing her book and pencil.

AS she bent to do so, with a quick movement he seized her round the waist, and, a podgy hand of incredible strength clapped over her mouth, scampered with her down the steps.

Wholly unprepared as he was, Hilary, with a tremendous shout, darted forward.

Only, blinded and impotent, stricken with a more agonising pain than he had known himself capable of enduring, to stagger back. For, with that movement, a second figure had darted out from behind the pillar that supported the porch, and with deadly accuracy flung a handful of pepper directly into his eyes, and the next instant was flying down the steps in the wake of his heavily-laden but swiftly-moving accomplice. A moment later still Sally was thrown incontinently through the open door in the rear of the van.

Swiftly the van moved off; red doors slamming, turned left into Bayswater Road. Guided only by the sound, Hilary staggered blindly and hopelessly down the steps and futilely after it.

Had he been able to follow its progress he would better have been able to realise the fiendish ingenuity that had inspired the capture. For the van continued only a few yards down the main road before turning sharp left up Ossington Street, and from thence into Moscow Road. Only a little way up there, and then into the tiny stretch of quiet Salem Road.

Here the driver pulled up; glanced keenly about him. No one in sight, nor at any of the windows. His finger went to a button on the switchboard; pressed it.

Each of the scarlet sides and end of the vehicle consisted of two narrow strips of metal, each pivoted through the centre. And with that pressure from the driving-seat, simultaneously these sheets revolved, each on its own axis, so that what a moment before had been the outer side now faced inward; what had been crimson, with the Royal Arms and G.R. in gold, now was cream-colored, with in a replica of handwriting scrawled diagonally across the surface, "Thompson's Tasty Teas."

A shabby raincoat slipped over the blue Post Office uniform, a peaked cap drawn down over the narrow face of the driver, the man proceeded in leisurely fashion into Queen's Road.

CHAPTER 24.

WHEN Bird and ex-Inspector Duff came panting back to Hilary, to an extent the pain had diminished, and though his eyes were streaming, dimly he was able to distinguish the larger objects about him.

Frantically, to the now pallid Sergeant Bird, he explained what had happened.

"But what were you doing away from your post?" he demanded furiously when, in all its stark menace to the girl he loved, his story was assimilated.

The sergeant pulled himself together.

"We were all in our places, sir, when suddenly there came a shot from down the street. Mr. Duff and myself rushed out and saw a man pointing a gun at Mrs. Moreland's window. Our two detectives were going for him, and we followed, fearing he might get them with a bullet and make his getaway. Instead of that, he fired twice more at the window, and then ran. My two fellows went after him. Mr. Duff and I came back and found you..."

"Yes, I know."

In his fear for Sally, Hilary was curt. The sergeant passed a trembling hand over his brow.

"That man with the gun was only a decoy," he said. "Someone to draw us all out of the way, while the abduction took place. Well, I'd better get through to the Yard."

"In here," said Duff, and turned them into the reception office, and through a further door, to his private one.

"Wait," said Bird. He went to the telephone, and was put through to Scotland Yard. Oates, to whom he spoke, appeared to take the news more to heart even than Bird had anticipated, which is saying much.

"We'll have a call put through for every Royal Mail van in the Metropolitan Area to be stopped and examined," he promised, pessimistically. "But what the Inspector's going to say when he gets back to find Miss Moreland gone won't be found in any book of moral fables for the young."

"Where is the Inspector?" Bird asked sharply.

"Sudden call out to Hoxton—to Monkey Baines' place—where he was last night," the Yorkshireman told him. "If I were you, I'd be back here waiting for him."

"A pleasant reunion, I don't think!" Bird moaned, and rang off.

THERE was a knock at the door, and, his face troubled at the news he had heard from the hall porter, Lord FitzRalph came in.

"We'll get back to the Yard right away," Bird said. "The Inspector's been called away, but let's hope he won't be long."

Arrived there, Ackroyd had not returned, and it was a full hour before he did so. The gaunt face was gaunter, now, even than usual; there was a tenseness about him, and an air of strain.

"More trouble," he said, and flung his hat into a corner. "Sainter's done in—or as near as makes no matter—old Monkey Baines. Smashed his head in, and left him lying spread-eagled in the yard among his menagerie. Sainter arrived and left in a van in the early hours of this morning."

Bird started.

"A van?" he repeated. Then, quickly: "What color?"

From the glance Ackroyd cast at his subordinate, it was apparent he realised the question was significant.

"Cream," he replied. "Got up to represent one of Thompson's Tea deliveries. Why?"

Bird's face registered disappointment. "Not the same," he pronounced. "The one Sainter carried Miss Moreland off in was a G.P.O. parcels van."

Ackroyd, who had thrown himself dispiritedly into his chair, leaped to his feet. He had come straight from the street to his office, and, not yet having glanced at the papers on his desk, this was the first he had heard of Sally's abduction.

"What!" he shouted, and from his tone there was trouble coming for somebody.

And Bird had been in charge of Sally's guard.

"I know!" the latter muttered resignedly. "I deserve everything that's coming to me." . . . He cleared his throat. "But even now, I'm blamed if I see how I could have acted any way different from what I did."

After all, when you're made responsible for a young lady's safety, and someone starts pumping shots through the window of the very room she occupies, it's not unnatural to make a bee-line for the marksmen. And look at Mr. Fortescue's eyes . . .

Ackroyd, relowering himself slowly into his chair, said:

"Let's have the full bedtime story, anyway. Including what steps you've taken to trace her?"

Whereupon, categorically, Bird related what had occurred. Towards the end, rather to his indignation, the lank inspector seemed almost to lose interest. Head tilted backwards, eyes fixed unseeingly upon the ceiling, the two vertical lines between his brows seemed to grow deeper and ever deeper.

"A van," he said slowly, as Bird fell to silence. "A van!" Then, more slowly still. "Now, why in Sam Hill did Sainter choose to drive to Monkey's place in a van?"

"Instead of drawing attention to himself, you'd think a man who went to commit murder would be out to attract as little notice as possible," Sergeant Bird agreed.

Ackroyd's glance shifted from the ceiling to his subordinate.

"I didn't ask for a string of platitudes," he said shortly. "I asked a question. I'll put it to you again. In calling at a house or shop, ninety-nine times in a hundred, why does a man call with a van?"

Illumination dawned upon the never very obtuse brain of Sergeant Bird.

"Either to deliver, or to collect," he said promptly.

A strange, eager light in their depths. Ackroyd's eyes narrowed. It seemed to Hilary that the next question was for the purpose of clarifying his thoughts.

"Deliver or collect what?" he said. "Either to deliver the goods he deals in, or to collect those the other party deals in," Bird elucidated.

Ackroyd visualised a malodorous East End parlor, the whorl of moonlight glinting on grubby cobblestones, a row of cages, behind the bars of which, eyes shining balefully in that same moonlight, captives of the wilds stirred and whined uneasily. Of one cage in particular, higher than the rest, and narrow-meshed; of how, the previous night, it had been occupied by the deadliest and most dreadful denizen of all. . . . And of how, this morning . . .

ACRY bitten-off before it could find outlet, bony face drained suddenly of color, he shot bolt upright in his chair. Instantly, dreadfully, Sergeant Bird's last words rang in his ear. . . . "To collect those the other party deals in," he had said. . . . Another memory, more vivid still. . . . Of another East End cellar, approached through the concealed entrance of a kitchen-range; of a murderer disappearing like Harlequin through a trap-door in the roof; of a lovely white-faced girl, bound and helpless in the corner. . . . Of a high, narrow plate-glass case divided into two. . . . Like a flash his hand went to the telephone.

"And hurry!" he jerked, when he spoke into the receiver.

The door opened and Sergeant Oates came in. Quickly, concisely, Ackroyd gave his orders.

Oates saluted; left at the double.

Ackroyd's eye collected those of Lord FitzRalph.

"That your Rolls outside?" he asked.

FitzRalph nodded.

"Sure," he said quickly. "Want it?"

Already Ackroyd was at the door.

"Drive like hell!" he said, and they followed him down a series of corridors and flights of stairs, to the Embankment entrance, where Oates awaited him.

Ackroyd beside him, FitzRalph sprang to the driving-seat. The others piled inside.

"Let me get this without possibility of mistake," FitzRalph said quickly. "Just exactly where am I to drive like hell?"

"Olive's Model Dwellings," said Ackroyd.

CHAPTER 25.

IT was a wild ride to Poplar, speed-signals treated as of no account, rules of the road ignored, so that, however long-drawn-out it seemed to those sweatingly anxious men, it was well under the half-hour when FitzRalph drew the Rolls to a standstill outside the main entrance to the block.

Parker, the ex-Sergeant-Major of Grenadier Guards janitor, was not in the vestibule.

"Probably slipped out for a quick one," Ackroyd pronounced, and made for the concealed door that would bring them to the trapdoor through which, upon that previous occasion, Sainter had escaped them.

"Excellent vantage point that," Ackroyd pronounced. "Commands the whole cellar, so that one or more of you can keep him covered while I swarm down the rope."

But when they came to the trapdoor it was to discover that, without disclosing their presence and wasting invaluable time, that course was impracticable. The butterfly nuts by which, when not in use, the trapdoor was held in place, had been sawn through level with the floor.

Though only for a moment, brows contracted, the inspector contemplated that disappointment, judging from his expression the situation did not look too good. Then abruptly he turned.

"Through the kitchen of the tenement," he ordered abruptly, and hurried back in the way they had come, through the big entrance hall to the street, and into the crazy house where was the range. That they had no difficulty in forcing the door did not appear to afford Ackroyd the satisfaction that might have been anticipated.

"In conjunction with that trapdoor, just a bit too easy," he said meditatively, when in the kitchen he had manipulated the damper and the mouth of the passage yawned eerily before them. "Keep your eyes skinned and watch your step."

ACKROYD in the van, then Sergeant Oates, FitzRalph hard on his heels, and Hilary in the rear, they passed through the opening.

To Hilary at least it was an experience to the last degree eerie, and, because of Sally and that sickening fear of what might already have befallen her, one of feverish impatience.

A little way ahead the uncertain form of Ackroyd loomed only a shade more darkly than the surrounding dimness, and above all the strange sense of something impending that from the first moment of their entering had closed in upon him, insistent, compelling, as though he was in the clutch of spiritual warning from some inner sixth sense, combined to maintain him at a hair-trigger of alertness. But, to rescue Sally from what would, or already had come to her, he would have faced a battalion of fiends.

Yet, as happens so frequently, prelude to climax came prosaically enough. The medium was the loose stone against which he stubbed his toe, so that, unable by

reason of his injured arm to save himself, he fell face forward to ground. By the time he picked himself up he was well behind the others.

Actually, it was just as, having reached the upright, he was peering ahead to discover them that the sound came—a low swoosh from above, and in advance of him. As he hurried forward he heard, and dimly perceived, the others check speculatively in their stride. They were still some distance ahead, however, when that rushing sound came again, this time from immediately overhead, and considerably louder than before—high-pitched and whining.

It was at this instant that the subconscious in Hilary clamored the most urgent warning yet. For a split-second he checked in his stride. Then, like one possessed, flung himself not forward, but backward, and only by that feat of spontaneous acrobatics was able to save himself.

Even as it was he felt on his cheeks the disturbance of air as, swiftly and smoothly as the blade of a descending guillotine, something brushed past his face, came to ground, and there motionless remained so that he was possessed of an odd sensation of being confronted with some impassable barrier.

Gropingly he advanced his hand—to find that his fingers closed about the thin steel bars of a grille that, extending as high as he could reach on tip-toe, entirely cut him off from his companions. That was the moment also when shatteringly the faint glimmer that from time to time had shone out from ahead was reinforced to a strong and garish light.

THE reflection came from the same arrangement of rail-roads that on their first visit had shown the interior of the cellar into which, at right angles, the passage turned. The additional light enabled him to see that, as well as the grille that isolated him from his party, they, in turn, were cut off from advancing by a further grille that had descended some twenty feet or so ahead of the first, so that it was as if they were in a cage.

Hilary stood without moving. For a moment his capacity for thought seemed frozen at its source. At what so clearly was revealed within that brilliantly-lighted chamber itself he was capable only of horror, gripping, numbing.

Backed against the high, dark curtains at the further end was the glass case, high and narrow, to which Sally had expressed such prophetic aversion when they had rescued her from this same room, and that, by a partition of the same material, was divided into two equally-sized compartments. Now, feet clamped immovably to ground, she was gazing in benumbed terror at the supreme and ultimate horror that, in the second compartment, confronted her.

Even Hilary, who had lived in a snake-infested country, had never seen or imagined a boa-constrictor as gross, or so untellably loathsome as the writhing avid monster that curled about the iron column that ran from floor to roof of the compartment.

"And so, gentlemen," said a smooth and pleasant voice that, by some peculiarity of acoustics was rendered as clear as if they had been in the same room with him, "you have been clever enough to discover my retreat."

A smile of genuine pleasure on his pink and chubby face, Mr. Sainter was lounging comfortably in an armchair immediately confronting the case. Rigid and motionless in a smaller chair beside him was Sancho.

Having spoken, Mr. Sainter half-turned his head, so that in the mirror his benevolent face appeared in half-profile.

"And I can only express the hope, gentlemen," he added sincerely, "that having found your way here you will have no

occasion to question the genuine warmth of your welcome."

In the mirror they saw him smiling again.

"And now about this grille," he continued. "Although the barrier itself is strong, the material into which it is set, alas, is more liable to breakdown. Hence, if you are sufficiently interested to cast your glance upward, you will discover the method I have adopted to counteract that weakness."

THEY looked to see that from the top bar of the grille, running the full length of the passage and into the chamber beyond were insulated wires that terminated at a switch within easy reach of Mr. Sainter's hand.

"I will give you exactly thirty seconds to remove your hands from the bars," that bland person observed pleasantly.

There was that in his voice which induced even that fighting spirit to obey. That it was as well he did so was shown a few seconds later, when, reaching out his delicate hand, Mr. Sainter pressed down the switch, and there followed the low, ominous hum of the dynamo.

"Over two thousand volts, gentlemen," he said complacently. "One finger on those bars now and the result from your point of view would be more episodic than pleasant."

There, then, they were, as impotent as any other caged creatures, with the bland and cherubic Sainter free to bring to fruition whatever devilishness his madman's brain had prepared.

It was apparent, too, from the widened smile and the excess of geniality that shone from his eyes as, by a slow turn of the head, he brought his face into half-profile, that the scheme was on the point of climax.

And now, for the first time, Hilary saw that between his thumb and forefinger their captor held a small indiarubber bulb that by a thin tube communicated with the glass partition that separated Sally from the snake.

"A slight demonstration of what—though I deprecate the self-commendation—I like to think of as my ingenuity," he said happily, and slightly pressed the bulb.

The result came with a horror less mitigated than any of which Hilary had known or imagined. Ahead he heard the sharp intake of Ackroyd's breath, a deep animal-like growl from Oates.

For where, before, the two halves of the glass partition had met so closely as to render the dividing line almost imperceptible, now, consequent upon that faint pressure, they had drawn a fraction of an inch apart.

Curiously, perhaps, that proved the one circumstance that had been necessary to arouse Hilary to action. Devastatingly clear it was that, after he had sufficiently slaked his sadistic spirit with the long-drawn-out threat of it, Sainter's intention was slowly to widen the breach until there should remain no barrier between the snake and its victim.

It was in a sudden flash that Hilary received his inspiration. There was just the hope that, separated and well back from the others as he was, the madman had not seen him; a stronger hope that, even if his presence had been detected, in the very short interval of absence he would not be missed.

Swiftly but unobtrusively he edged back from the grille, and, catching FitzRalph's eyes as he did so, motioned him to cover the space he had left. Then, keeping to the shadows of the wall, swiftly but silently he ran back to the steps, to the kitchen, the street, and to the vestibule of the main block. Fortunately for his purpose the street was deserted.

To his relief, the janitor had returned. Standing immobily in the middle of the

door, there was startled suspicion in the glance he threw at that dishevelled figure.

With no time for preliminaries, Hilary dug the barrel of his automatic a good couple of inches into the ex-soldier's barrel-stave-like ribs.

"I'll give you just one minute," he said, in unconscious emulation of Mr. Sainter himself, "to put me wise as to the other entrance into that underground room of Sainter's."

Instantly, and with exultation, he read from the mingled fear and consternation in the coarse, red face that Parker knew. He was able to realise, also, the conflict the demand brought with it; knew the man between the devil of Sainter's vengeance and the deep sea of this more imminent peril.

The ex-soldier's staring glance roved desperately for the help that, fortunately for Hilary, was not forthcoming. But the time limit went, and still Parker had not spoken.

"Time," said Hilary. He pressed the pistol-muzzle into the fleshy part of the janitor's forearm, and pressed the trigger.

WITH the report, the stabbing, burning pain, and the instantaneous spread of blood to extinguish the smouldering sieve, Parker screamed—a high-pitched yelp of pure terror.

Hilary's response was to lower the pistol-muzzle an inch or so down the forearm.

"Five seconds," he said, his voice cold and level. "I'll be through the bone the next time. After that—through the head. And if you make the mistake of thinking I don't mean it, it'll be the last mistake you'll make."

A subscriber, apparently, to Miss Chick's dictum that there is a time when endurance becomes ridiculous, if not culpable, the janitor gave way. He pointed to the concealed door under the stairs, by which access could be gained to the whole range of flats.

"Next door. Cellar. Second peg on left behind the stove. Press in and half-turn to right," he said hoarsely.

Hilary jerked to the upright.

"Good," he said, though his voice remained ominous. "But if you've sold me a pup I'd recommend you to occupy the interval until we meet again in prayer, because you'll need all of them there are."

The man was subdued now, and made no bones about showing it.

"It's right what I've said," he muttered, but already Hilary was through the hidden door.

CHAPTER 21.

IN the vestibule of the next flat a door was situated in the place that corresponded to the one which, in the main entrance, led to the trap-door that was in the roof of the torture cellar.

Here, however, a flight of steps led downward.

A moment later, his torch showing the way, he was speeding down the steps to discover with satisfaction that the flight corresponded in depth with that from the basement kitchen to the underground passage.

At the bottom, his torch showed a tunnel to the right that ended, at last, in a cellar that by its comparatively new condition he judged to be immediately below the vestibule.

It was large and cold, but dry. On the wall immediately in rear of the furnace was a row of implements—a sieve, a saw, an axe; Hilary's heart pounded as he observed that of the row of pegs from which these hung the second one was vacant.

He strode over to it, pushed it violently, and felt it sink a couple of inches or more into the wall. The limit reached, he gave it a sharp half-turn to the right, and felt it catch so that it stayed put.

Simultaneously, as smoothly and even more silently than a theatre curtain, the

whole section of wall slid gently upward. And there in front of him, not six feet away from where he stood, were the heavy, dark curtains that he knew must be those that were the backing to that dreadful glass container.

And, even as for an instant he stood, gathering himself together for the final, decisive move, Mr. Sainter's voice, cultured, suave, but with an underlying malevolence that now as the devilish climax approach came sheerly demonic, was drawing to its close.

CAUTIOUSLY, brain and body tensed, Hilary peered through the tiny opening between the curtains. There was a note in those smooth, cultivated tones that was immeasurably wild and undisciplined. Now what he saw told him that had he been delayed for but a further few minutes he would have been too late.

In the time of his absence, Sainter's face had undergone an amazing transformation; it was as if some latent demon had arisen to the surface and taken possession. Formerly so pink and jolly and smiling, that countenance was white and fallen away; the eyes glaring, the lips thin and drawn back, so that the teeth gleamed beneath; at the mouth corners were little flecks of foam.

"At last, I confess to finding more joy in the punishment of the evildoer than in the redress of the wrongs for which he was responsible," that smoothly jarring voice continued. "It was a joy that, because the retribution had necessarily to be so swiftly executed, never could find lasting satisfaction."

Suddenly, again, that strained voice broke off; watching, Hilary saw flood into the distorted face a look of such untellable malignancy as, literally, to turn him cold.

"Then, on the night of a few days ago," Sainter went on, "and from what doubtless the unintelligent would proclaim as the goodness of her heart, my niece brought back to my house the very man whom, only a few hours previously, Sancho, my valet and loyal comrade, had reported as having been dealt with adequately in return for the interference that had rendered his continued existence dangerous. In other words, apart from Sancho himself, he was the one man living who was in possession of my secret. It was only a day later than the one that saw him installed in my house that I discovered by niece to be planning, not only to turn him loose to disclose my secret to the world, but actually to accompany him. So that when, by the exhibition of qualities with which I must admit not hitherto to have credited her, she effected that purpose, it was to the last degree essential they should be recaptured."

Unexpectedly, then, and horribly, he broke into a thin and high-pitched cackle of laughter.

"But while of necessity our unfortunate failure to regain custody of the chief of those two busybodies must mean the end of our activities," he went on with, incredibly, a return to something of his old bland smile, "at least I remain in a position to stage a fitting curtain to my career."

He waved a white and now unsteady hand towards the case.

With that slight but unrelenting pressure on the bulb, the partition between the serpent and the bedazed and immobile girl had separated now by some couple of inches. And even as Hilary watched, to his inexpressible relief slowly Sally's eyes closed, the face, from which already all trace of color had fled, became suffused with grey.

She had fainted.

Steadying himself, Hilary took deliberate aim with his automatic at the yellow, unblinking eyes of the serpent. Then he pressed the trigger—and with the shock of the failure that resulted, thought for a

moment that he, too, was on the point of fainting.

The cartridge was defective.

When he attempted to clear the breach the pistol jammed.

And now, however slowly and with whatever calculated cruelty, the space between the snake and its unconscious victim was opening ever wider.

For a moment frenzy seized him; he jerked and tore at trigger and breach like one demented. Then in the hard, cold light of necessity reason flooded back, and he was able to pull himself together. Not only Sally's life and his own, but the lives of FitzRalph and those good comrades of the C.I.D. were dependent upon his inspiration.

Turning, he tip-toed swiftly back to the cellar; there glanced about for any weapon that might happen to be at hand. His eye rested upon, and an instant later his hands had closed about, the heavy iron furnace-rake.

HE turned swiftly back to the curtain and without attempt at concealment flung it aside. Then, his wounded shoulder forgotten, with a strength derived from some hidden well of energy, he swung that iron bar as easily as if it had been a lath, so that he smashed through not only the glass close to him but that on the other side of the case. A piece three or four feet square shattered to pieces at the feet of Mr. Sainter.

With a low, inarticulate cry that startled and wholly demented man jerked to the upright, as though unable to realise the situation, took a couple of quick steps towards the breach in that awful cage.

What instantaneously transpired came too quickly for the eye to follow, too ghastly terrible for the dazed brain to assimilate. To Hilary it seemed that the serpent, blinded on the one side by splinters, maddened by the trinity of fear and pain and hunger, struck instinctively at that which was the nearest to hand.

Something like a streak of light shot forward, solid, but scintillating; there was an inextinguishable convulsion, a writhing and a seething. It must have been little more than a second of time from his first movement that Sainter, philanthropist, multiple murderer, and maniac, was held immovably and without hope of release within those irresistible coils.

What, at the time, contributed the last culminating horror was that predominant in the confusion was the lithe and utterly frenzied figure of the Filipino. Simultaneously, as it seemed to Hilary, with the striking of the snake, came the crash of his overturned chair; the detonation of his pistol as he pumped shot after shot into those ever more closely constricting coils.

But for any practical help he was able to give to his master, he might not have been there. Rage and hate and excitement at his attack on the one to whom his devotion was not so much an emotion as a religion rendered his hand unsteady; the bullets neither severed the spinal cord nor crashed into the brain. By the time an emptied magazine rendered the weapon useless, Sainter was beyond aid.

Hilary cast a glance, quick and anxious, at Sally. Not yet showing signs of returning consciousness, and with that which was more urgent to hand, she could safely be left for a moment. He thrust through the opening in the glass on his own side, and with the rake smashed one of corresponding size on the other. Then, posing himself for an instant on the ledge, he leapt upon the Filipino.

Unprepared and, through the "allana" that had come to him, to the last degree indifferent to anything else that might transpire, Sancho crashed to the ground. His head hit the stone floor.

This accomplished, leaving him there, Hilary switched off the current that fed

the grille; carrying the heavy rake, strode over to it.

"Stand back!" he said, and with all his strength battered at the lock. This was substantial but, from his own side, projected so far from the gate as, with the force and weight he was able to bring to bear, soon to give way. Within three or four minutes Ackroyd, Oates and FitzRalph were through.

"Good for you, Mr. Fortescue," the laconic inspector said briefly, and pushed past him round the turning to the cellar. As, with the others close behind, Hilary turned to follow, a light shone brightly from the further end of the passage.

There was the sound of hurrying footsteps.

"Bird and his men," he said, and pointed to the rake that lay where he had dropped it. "Break down the further grille so they can come through."

Once in the cellar again, Hilary was just in time to release Sally before he, too, fainted. So that he did not see Ackroyd, his hand steady as though at target practice, bring death to the already wounded serpent.

CHAPTER 27.

IT was three days later. Hilary, shoulder expertly bound, was lying on the chesterfield in the library of Lord FitzRalph's house at Hampstead. As well as that good sportsman himself, Inspector Ackroyd was there, and with him those other stalwarts, Detective-Sergeants Oates and Bird. By Hilary's side, pale still from her experience, but looking, as FitzRalph pointed out, "like flowers that bloom in the spring"—Sally.

"There's just one point left I've simply got to be satisfied on," Hilary was saying. "What made you determine so suddenly that Sainter had doubled back to the cellar?"

Ackroyd coughed a little.

"Genius," he said modestly. "When I came away from seeing poor Monkey Baines, it was with a vague feeling of something not being in that yard that ought to be. Something missing. Coupled with that was the question why, when he's so obviously been out for murder, when you'd think he'd want to make himself as inconspicuous as possible, had he driven up in a van? Then, all of a sudden it flashed upon me that 'what was missing from Monkey's place was a snake; that when I'd called to interview him there was a tall, narrow case in the yard that held a big box-constrictor, and that after Monkey was cowed, while the case was there still, the snake was not. That in those two hours between my visits to the shop, Sainter—whom you must remember was supposed to exercise a wonderful control over livestock—had called with a van! Then, like a flash, it came to me that in his cellar at Oliver's was a glass case that, in size and shape, was a replica of the one in Monkey Baines' yard. . . . And as he had Miss Moreland in his clutches it occurred to me the sooner we were at Poplar the greater our chance'd be of saving her life. Voilà!"

BEHIND his monocle FitzRalph's eyes caught Ackroyd's; from there turned for an instant to the two on the chesterfield. Sally was staying with a relative in Clarges St., and because of what she had so recently endured had given promises of an early return for bed.

"There's a room in this house that ought to interest you three sleuths," FitzRalph observed, turning to the inspector, who raised lazy eyebrows.

"The wine cellar?" he said.

"I said 'interest,' not 'absorb,'" his host pointed out. "The one I have in mind is one of the few examples of a genuine secret room in the London area—for the reason

that most of the really old houses have been demolished. It was used as a hide-out for Jacobite refugees after the '45 Rebellion—it has the further interest, too, that it was there those more efficient predecessors of yours, the Bow Street Runners, ran Ben Callaway, the highwayman, to earth, two days after he'd held up the Lord Chief Justice's coach on the Heath here. I've still got one of his pistols and his gold-laced three-cornered hats. Like to see the room?"

Ackroyd got up from his chair.

"After the way our present incumbent of that office summed-up in favor of the last murderer I had before him," he said bitterly, "I'd like to see the relics of anybody who put one over a Lord Chief Justice."

Left to themselves, those two on the chesterfield talked a little in desultory fashion, for, on this first occasion they had been alone together since the night of that wild dash across Hampstead Heath, there was an odd sense of restraint, some invisible barrier that neither seemed able to beat down. So far as concerned Hilary, her nearness had such an effect on his heart's action as to make him rather breathless; her nearness and the dearth of her. And after what so recently she had endured, the shock of it, and the loss, how possibly could he intrude?

Eventually, however, it was she who broke into the silence.

"Would you mind awfully lending me my hand for a moment?" she said. "I shan't keep it long, of course, only I've dropped my hankie, and I can't get at it with the other one."

Though it was only then he realised he was still holding it, it was with reluctance he released it.

"I shall want it back the moment you've done with it," he reminded her.

Following upon those altruistic reflections of a moment ago, he was never able to understand the unanswerable impulse that urged him; the words seemed to come outside his own volition.

"For always," he added.

Busy with the interior of her vanity-bag, she was so long before she replied that, bleakly, it came to him that with this entirely premature move he had dashed any chances that, but much later, he might have achieved.

Yet when, slowly, she turned to him, swiftly, incredulously, that impression was dissolved at something he read in her eyes.

"Why?" she said, and could not have put a question more easy to answer.

"Because," he said, "I loved you, desperately and irrevocably, from the first moment I saw you."

Now her eyes, turned from his, were looking intently at the floor.

"Didn't something tell you that?" he said.

Pausing, she met his glance. As, holding it, she read his eyes, the color came into her face. If there was a glint of humor in hers, her mouth was very tender.

"I'll own I didn't have to look into the teacups to know I was going to have trouble with a dark man," she said.

It was some quarter of an hour later that the door opened, and a face, lean, and with deceptively lazy eyes, projected for a moment into the room. Then, with a kind of hasty deliberation, the door closed again.

Outside, Inspector Ackroyd turned a lank and expressionless countenance upon his friend and host.

"What, exactly, might be the trouble in there?" the younger man inquired, his face as devoid of expression as that of the detective.

Ackroyd thought for a moment.

"I don't quite know," he said at last. "Unless, of course, they've been taking lessons from that snake."

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.)

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